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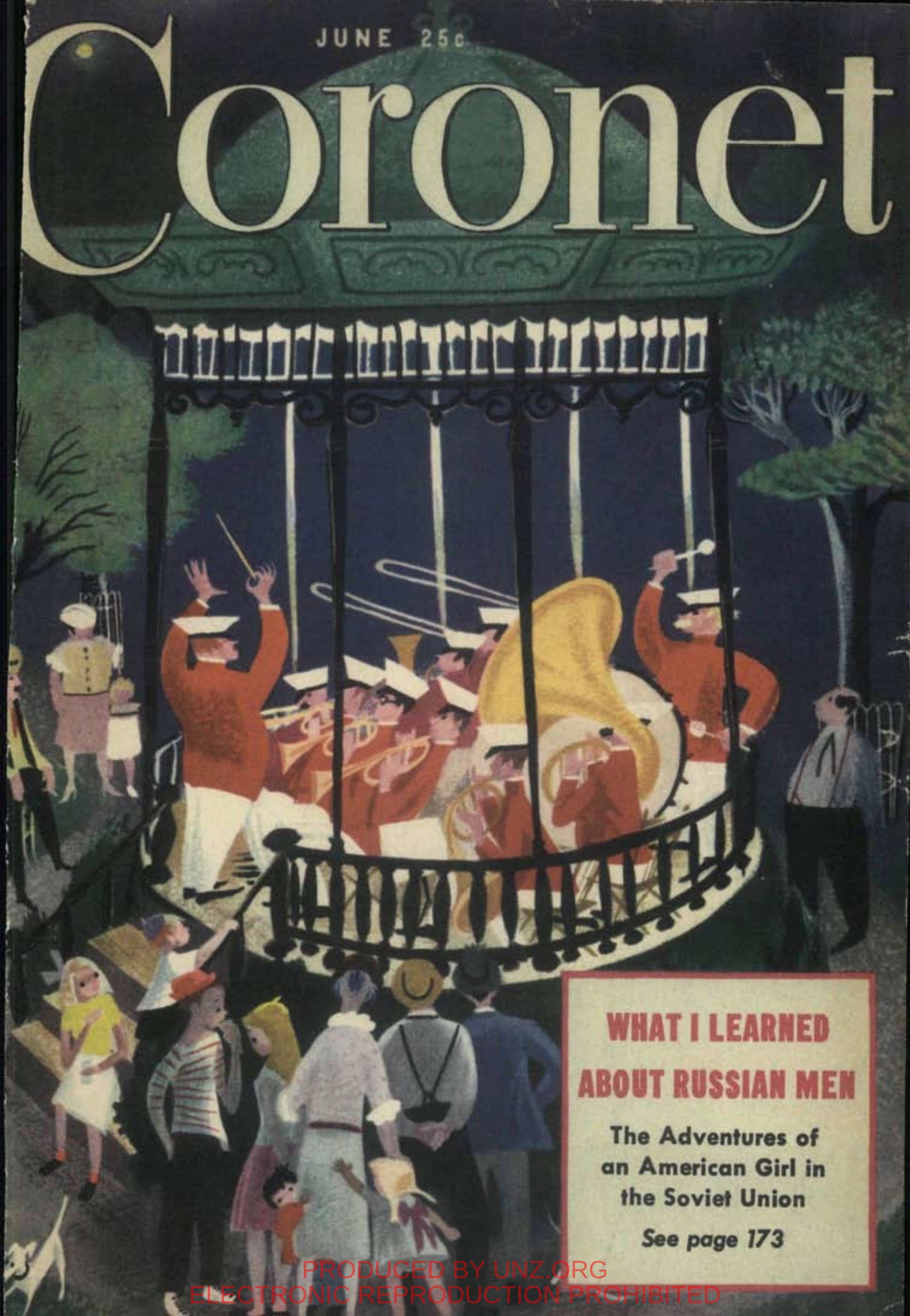
Coronet



WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT RUSSIAN MEN

The Adventures of
an American Girl in
the Soviet Union

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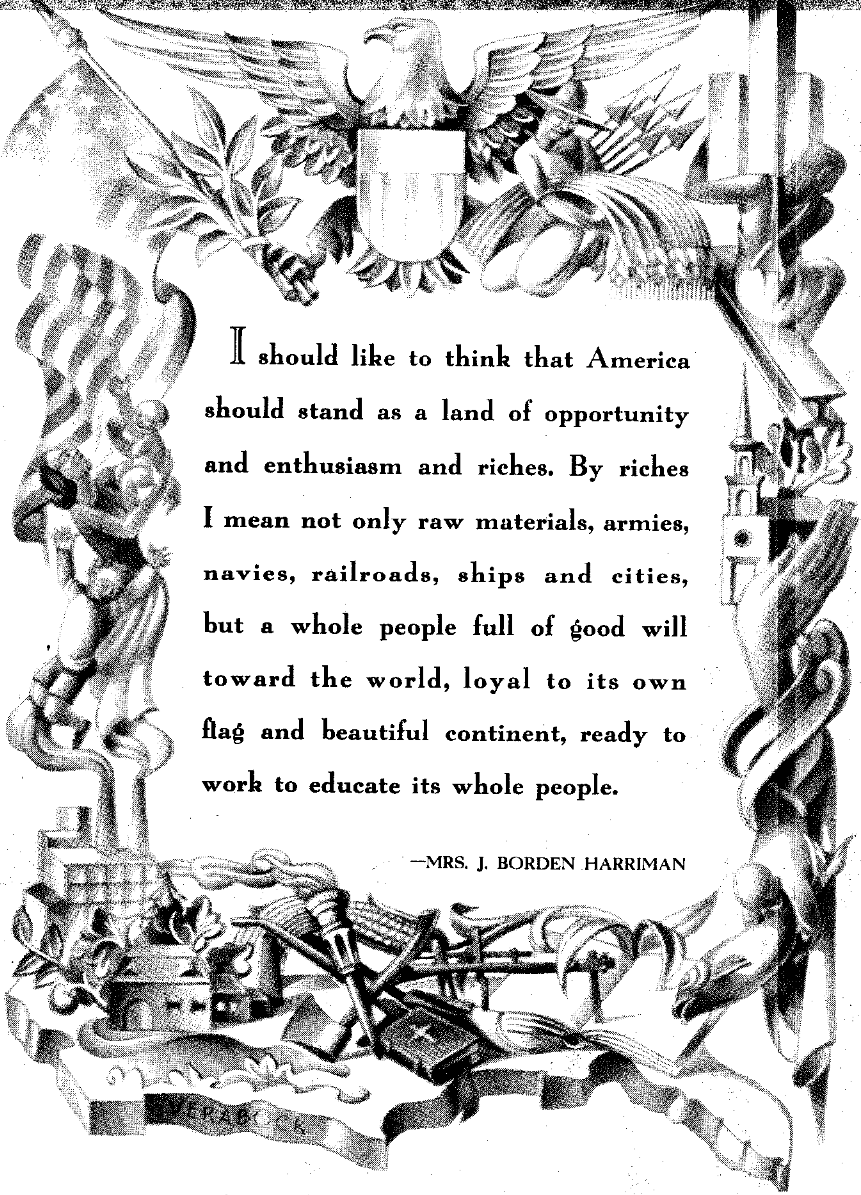


I should like to think that America should stand as a land of opportunity and enthusiasm and riches. By riches I mean not only raw materials, armies, navies, railroads, ships and cities, but a whole people full of good will toward the world, loyal to its own flag and beautiful continent, ready to work to educate its whole people.

—MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN

In this striking illumination, Vera Bock has symbolized America's God-given riches of freedom and plenty to illustrate the inspiring ideal voiced by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, civic leader and diplomat.

Vol. 22, No. 2 Coronet June, 1947
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

The Black Scandal of Our COUNTY JAILS

by NORMAN CARLISLE

I HAVE JUST HAD A shocking experience—so shocking that I find myself asking, "Did this really happen in 20th-century America?" I have walked along pleasant, tree-shaded Main Streets and stepped off them into dimly lit, ill-smelling, filthy county jails where men are fed on 15 cents a day, where children are beaten by degenerate criminals, where human beings are crowded together in cells like wild beasts.

Into these medieval dungeons are herded burglars, insane persons, vagrants, drunks, pickpockets, prostitutes, murderers, and worst of all, the children, many of whom are guilty of no crime at all. What is equally shocking, these county jails are flourishing schools of crime, training new recruits for our ever-growing army of criminals, who already cost the nation more than $15,000,000,000 a year!

Legally speaking the county jail has a legitimate place in our penal system. Its purpose is not primarily to punish or even to reform, but simply to provide decent housing for three broad classes of prisoners: those awaiting trial, those serving short sentences for minor offenses, and those held as material witnesses. Yet in these simple and legitimate purposes, it is failing horribly.

Your instant impression upon entering the average jail is darkness. You blink your eyes and find yourself in a *Black Hole of Calcutta*. In one jail I visited, the only light for a row of cells came from two tiny barred windows at each

Vol. 22, No. 2; Whole No. 128. *Coronet* is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U.S.A.

end of the corridor. The jailer assured me that the windows provided ample cross-ventilation, and that prisoners were allowed to keep electric lights burning in the daytime.

In these dismal holes, humans are confined for 24 hours at a stretch. Very few county jails have facilities for outdoor recreation, some lack even exercise yards. Prisoners are expected to exercise in the narrow, dirty corridors.

A sentence of hard labor would be welcomed by the men condemned to spend their days in idleness. Prisoners while away their time playing cards, shooting craps and discussing the two top subjects of crime and sex. Here is the training school for the youth who is new to the ways of crime. A week or two in county jail is guaranteed to give him a basic course in how to be a criminal.

The average windowless jail is sweltering in summer. When prisoners are jammed into overcrowded cells, many collapse from the combined stench and heat. In winter, heating systems are often as antiquated as the one in a Midwestern jail, where heat comes from an ancient stove which can't keep up with the job. Prisoners there have been treated for frost-bitten feet, while dampness and dripping walls are commonplace.

Sleeping accommodations in many jails are so incredibly bad that prisoners are forced to sleep on the floor. In one Eastern jail where floors were damp and cold, prisoners begged the sheriff to provide cots. He didn't produce the cots, but as a special dispensation permitted the prisoners to sleep atop their steel cages.

Yet frankly, cots are little better than the floor in most jails. Bedding in some cases is changed only twice a year, being handed on, unwashed, from prisoner to prisoner. In one Southern lock-up, blankets are washed but once a year!

Rarely is enough bedding provided. A kindly Southern sheriff solves the problem by permitting prisoners to huddle together in cold weather. Bedbugs and lice are accepted as a matter of course, although some jails make a half-hearted effort at cleanliness by applying liberal quantities of ill-smelling disinfectant.

THE FOOD PROVIDED in many jails sounds more like the menu of a Nazi concentration camp than that of an American institution just off Main Street. In one Western jail I visited, breakfast consisted of two soggy, sour pancakes, topped by an egg, served on battered tin pans. That was all.

Prisoners made their own coffee in a tin can by using hot water from a faucet. *Ten hours later*, at 5:30, came the next and last meal for the day—a plate of boiled beans, two pieces of bread and a slice of stale pie.

"If the prisoners are hungry," a deputy told me, "they can buy more food. I go to the grocery two or three times a day."

He seemed proud that neither he nor the sheriff profited through the practice. This was unusual, for in many communities the sheriff gets a rake-off on all extra food sold. One sheriff made a practice of buying stale pies from a bakery at 21 cents apiece. He sold them to prisoners for 50 cents and raised the price to 60 when he knew the prisoner had enough money.

In an Eastern jail, the average fare consisted of an 8:30 breakfast of oatmeal without sugar or milk, dry bread and black coffee. The only other meal was served at 2:30 P.M., comprising the inevitable plate of beans, two pieces of dry bread and black coffee. In this jail the sheriff was fond of putting prisoners who protested about the fare on a diet of bread and water. "That saves him 15 cents a day," an ex-prisoner told me sardonically.

Actually, this figure of 15 cents a day is not far from the norm. In Missouri, an investigation revealed that in many jails the expenditure did not exceed this, although sheriffs were receiving food allowances of as much as 75 cents a day per prisoner.

Which brings us to one of the major causes for the shocking conditions in our county jails. This is the fantastic method by which sheriffs are compensated in perhaps half the counties of the U.S. Overcrowding, wretched food and insanitary conditions prevail in these jails because, to put it plainly, the sheriff is in the prisoner business.

He actually gets a commission, in the form of a daily allowance, on every prisoner in his jail. This is a sure incentive for him to collect as many prisoners as possible, and to keep them in cells as long as possible. Thus the office of sheriff has become one of the juiciest of political plums.

Take the case of a West Virginia sheriff who started with a legitimate salary of $5,000. Added to that was another item of $5,841, based on the county law which gave him 1½ per cent of the taxes collected above 85 per cent of the tax roll. Yet even at that this sheriff couldn't make both ends meet, so the county turned over to him $34,560.02 to feed the prisoners a minimum diet. Of this sum, he managed to keep $13,824 by feeding his prisoners less—and worse—food.

But all this doesn't quite complete the picture of the sheriff's income possibilities. The very wretchedness of the food helped him to maintain a thriving commissary where he sold food, at fancy prices, to any hungry prisoner who had money. This sheriff considered it a poor year when he finished with less than $30,000 gross.

Yet even this thumping income looks small to sheriffs of some populous counties where, by skimping on food, bedding and other necessities, they can pick up from 50 cents to $1 a day per prisoner's allowance. Of course, the sheriff may argue that he cannot keep all his ill-gotten gains, for he must make contributions to the political machine that put him in office. The moral to this is obvious: remove the pork barrel, and county politics will get cleaner—and, I might add, a lot cheaper for the taxpayer.

However, in fairness to many law officers, it must be admitted that they recognize the vicious nature of their jail system. "I'm sick and tired of being blamed for conditions," said one sheriff whose jail is reasonably well run. "The place is as clean as I can make a building that is 75 years old and should have been condemned long ago.

"The food is all you can expect for 50 cents a day per prisoner, with prices as they are. I'm not pocketing a dime from the food budget. I've made repeated appeals to the County Commissioners for a bigger appropriation, but they think I'm getting soft and want to go easy on the prisoners.

"We need an extra $10,000 a year to hire people to run this jail right—but we won't get it. The committees that squawk to me could do a lot more if they would just recognize the fact that it costs money to improve conditions."

Of all the vicious practices indulged in county jails none is more savage than the Kangaroo Court. Putting it bluntly, the Kangaroo Court is a method by which hardened criminals are allowed to establish tyranny over weaker prisoners. It is a method by which corrupt and cynical jailers practically relinquish the job of jail management to the worst thugs lodged in the institution.

Suppose you should be thrown in jail—just for being suspected of an offense you didn't commit. Quickly you would find yourself amidst tough-looking characters, one of whom would announce that he was "Judge." Then he would point to a wall sign indicating the fine imposed on every newcomer to the jail. It might be as low as $2, or as high as $10.

The penalty for non-payment? Twenty-five lashes with a strap. And when you were able to walk again, you would be "ordered" to work out your fine at ten cents a day, by doing all the dirty work around the cells. Calling on the sheriff or jailer for aid would do no good, because the whole scheme is actually encouraged by them.

A hypothetical case? Not at all. It happens to thousands of prisoners every year, including children. It may be happening right now in your own town. But the fines levied on jail newcomers — "fresh fish," as they are termed—are only part of the reign of terror imposed by a Kangaroo Court. More revolting is the fact that young prisoners are forced to submit to degraded sexual practices. If they refuse, they are sentenced by the court to brutal beatings.

Usually such unfortunates emerge from prison maimed and brutalized but afraid to talk because of fear of retaliation. Occasionally the evil reaches the public eye when a bolder person brings suit. A boy held in a Midwestern jail where he was injured by other prisoners was awarded $6,000. In a similar case in the West the award was $8,500. But all too seldom do counties which "save" money by employing callous sheriffs and jailers have to pay for their folly.

Many county sheriffs think nothing of the consequences when they put a young girl, charged with a ten-cent-store theft, into a cell with hardened prostitutes. In one Midwestern jail an insane man was held for eight months after the sheriff said he was "harmless." In an Eastern jail, 12 per cent of the prisoners were in such poor physical condition that they needed medical attention, but received none. Sixteen per cent of the prisoners in another jail were feeble-minded, and should not have been imprisoned at all.

Many states have segregation laws, but apparently they are ignored. California, for instance, requires four separate compartments in every county jail: one for men awaiting trial, one for men serving sentence, one for witnesses and people held for routine purposes, and one for women. Yet I have visited California jails where all categories were treated alike. Prison inspectors say that similar situations exist in many other states.

Most appalling tragedy of our jail situation is the fact that filthy, criminal-ruled dungeons are used as prisons for children. Ten- and twelve-year-old girls are thrown into cells with streetwalkers; boys of the same age are put into the hands of veteran criminals. Jail records are so badly kept, or disguised, that no one has exact figures on the number of children jailed each year, but the National Probation Association thinks that the figure may run as high as 40,000!

Why are children put in jail? The answer is that most towns don't have any other place to send them. Few communities in America have public detention homes. This makes a mockery of laws prohibiting the jailing of children, which are on the statute books of 28 states and the District of Columbia.

Even more disconcerting, many judges who should know better apparently believe that it does some good to send children to county jails. One Midwestern judge actually announced that 48 hours of solitary confinement for every juvenile offender would do away with repeaters!

In one jail, a Federal inspector found a frightened 12-year-old boy who had been brought in *20 days before* by railroad policemen.

"The boy's mother was dead, the father trying to keep the family together," said the indignant inspector. "The boy was salvaging bits of coal from railroad tracks, not from cars. The state's attorney had told the Department of Welfare to return the child home. But neither the sheriff nor the jailer had done anything about it.

"Every day the child stayed in jail earned a few more pennies for the sheriff under the vicious fee system. Think what it meant for a boy, in a space six-by-seven feet, with no bed except a filthy pallet, with two skimpy meals a day, with the mumbling of an insane man in the next cell, with perverts for neighbors, with neither fresh air nor sunshine. All of this, 24 hours a day for 20 days!"

Children are frequently bewildered as to why they are in jail. In a North Carolina lockup, a girl told an inspector:

"I don't know why I was put here. My mother died in January. I was brought here four days after they buried her."

This girl was not released until March, when authorities finally had her transferred to a training school. Thus did our society help her through a period of misery and sorrow.

THIS ARTICLE TELLS the grim story of our county jails, as I have personally seen them and as they have been described by hundreds of investigators. What should be done about this national disgrace? There are six major reforms that must be effected if the county jail is to perform a legitimate role in our scheme of society:

1. Get the children out of jail,

by providing decent detention homes for them.

2. Abolish the fee system. It is a vicious, outmoded method of compensating sheriffs that leads to political graft, ill treatment of prisoners and needlessly high costs.

3. Provide proper segregation for prisoners. Murderers should not be herded with people serving sentences for minor offenses.

4. Clean up the jails to meet minimum standards of cleanliness and sanitation.

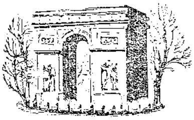
5. Provide decent food for prisoners. A man cannot be kept alive and well on an allotment of 50 cents a day, much less on the 15 cents that some unscrupulous sheriffs are actually spending.

6. Provide recreational facilities, so that prisoners are not kept in dangerous idleness.

These changes can be made—and at remarkably little cost in increased taxes. Visit your county jail, and if it is anything like the vast majority in the country, you will be desperately ashamed that such a degrading institution exists in your community.

Civic organizations, churches and citizens can start reform by simply showing interest in what's happening in county jails. The sheriff is an elected official, susceptible to civic pressure. If he isn't susceptible, another sheriff should be elected in his place.

One visit to your county jail won't be enough, for new state laws are needed and teeth must be put into laws that already exist. But the job can be done, and the best place for you to start doing it is in *your own community.*



The American Way

SHORTLY AFTER THE liberation of Paris, two American soldiers, seated at a sidewalk café, saw a lean, scraggly horse pulling a ramshackle cart down the street. On it was a coffin, draped in the French Tricolor. A single mourner followed—a little old woman with bowed head, lost in the intensity of her grief.

Quietly the doughboys rose to their feet, removed their caps, and took positions behind the old woman. Other American soldiers caught the meaning of the little procession and joined in. Soon, scores of men were following the unknown soldier to his grave.

After the coffin was lowered, the old woman raised her eyes and looked about her in astonishment. Then she understood, and tears filled her eyes. She turned to the two soldiers who had led the procession.

"For the honor you have paid my son, I say, 'God bless you,'" she murmured. "And for the honor you have paid a soldier of France, my country says, 'Thank you.'"

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

This Summer:

50 Million Vacation Casualties!

by **Henry Lee**

Wherever you go for your summer holiday, dangers will be lurking overhead or underfoot, ready to strike you down; even the sun can kill you, unless you observe some common-sense safety rules

A RUGGED AND BRAWNY young man swaggered into his doctor's office, exhibiting painfully red arms and shoulders. "Dab a little ointment on this, will you, Doc?" he asked carelessly.

"Hmm," said the doctor. "Not so fast! This looks like dermatitis caused by actinic rays. You have a dilation of the capillaries."

"No!" said the young patient in sudden alarm.

"Furthermore," the doctor went on, "your kidneys are overstrained. Possibly you will develop toxemia or shock. In some cases like this, the patients even die."

"For Heaven's sake, Doc, what did I pick up?"

"Just what you thought," said the doctor. "Sunburn!"

National health experts wish that more doctors would scare their patients as this one did, for too many of us arrogantly dismiss summer hazards—until they hospitalize or kill us.

This summer, the experts say, will produce a bumper crop of blistered, aching, bleeding vacationists. Perhaps 50,000,000 of us will fall victim to poison ivy, snakes, chiggers, ticks, spiders, or even Old Sol himself. Wherever you travel, dangers will be lurking underfoot or overhead. Some of them will *kill*. And any of them can ruin the best-planned vacation.

Yet there's no need for it, since there is a remedy or preventive for virtually every known summer hazard. You can save your family and yourself from the vacation miseries by three simple precautions:

(1) Consult local experts about the summer hazards in your neighborhood; (2) get the address of the nearest doctor; (3) learn to recognize and combat these perils, through Public Health Service pamphlets—and your corner druggist.

Take the sun, for example. Do you know that heat *stroke* and heat *prostration* are precisely the opposite? The stroke victim suddenly acquires a splitting headache, sees red and loses consciousness. His temperature rises incredibly, to 110 or higher. He may die. In cases where first

Sunburn Preparations

Any druggist can make up these preparations, recommended by the U. S. Public Health Service:

Suntan Oil—White mineral oil, 44 per cent; sesame oil, 45 per cent; methyl salicylate, 10 per cent; hydroquinone, 0.2 per cent; perfume, 0.8 per cent.

Suntan Cream—Cold cream, 39 per cent; vanishing cream, 39 per cent; sesame oil, 15 per cent; methyl anthranilate, 5 per cent, and cholesterol, 2 per cent.

Suntan Lotion—Ethyl alcohol, 86 per cent; sesame oil, 10 per cent; butyl benzyl acetone oxalate, 2 per cent; tannic acid, 1 per cent; hydroquinone, 0.2 per cent; perfume, 0.8 per cent.

For those who hope to stay in the sun without tanning or freckling, a heavy cold cream containing 15 to 20 per cent of zinc oxide, or titanium oxide, or calamine, is recommended.

aid seems advisable, its purpose is to bring the fever *down.*

On the other hand, in heat prostration or "heat exhaustion," the temperature drops and the victim feels clammy. He is suffering from the equivalent of shock after injury. First aid, even though the mercury is in the 90s, is designed to bring the temperature *up.*

In either case, the wrong treatment can kill the person you're trying to save!

All of us make our first and worst mistake in dismissing the sun from our vacation plans. Undoubtedly the sun is a genius as germ-killer and ricket-curer, but he also kills, maims and blinds.

With light, loose clothing, a hat on his head and common sense inside it, the average person will escape the sun's anger. But some people must take extra precautions—the old and the very young, alcoholics, people with heart trouble and those who have previously suffered heat prostration or stroke.

Sunburn is something else again. The sun worshipers urge that you go around all day as bare as the local ordinances allow. This is nonsense. In about three minutes, you absorb enough Vitamin D for the day. Thereafter, you're inviting trouble.

The smart thing is to limit your first sunbath to 15 minutes, preferably after 4 P. M., when the sun's rays are slower to burn. Thereafter, increase the exposure 15 minutes daily. Your skin will slowly thicken, and there will be increases in your pigmentation and circulation.

Sunburn is nothing to laugh off. It can strain the heart and blood vessels—cause chills, fever, delirium. When one-third of the body surface suffers second- or third-degree burns, death may result.

Next to the sun, the unwary vacationist's greatest hazard is the amazingly stubborn poison ivy. *Alias* poison oak, mercury, picry, climbing sumac, markweed and poison vine, it abounds from Mexico to Canada.

Vacationists put their faith in some 250 poison-ivy remedies, or brag of their "immunity." Yet, although some people seem to have unusually strong resistance to the poison, repeated contact usually breaks that down. Botanists will tell you of persons who safely handled the stuff for 25 years—and then came down with the poisoning. It's hardly worth the experiment. Poison ivy can put you in the hospital for a month.

Although you will find poison ivy in many shapes and localities throughout the country, remember the old saw: "Leaves three, leave it be!" The leaves are always divided into three leaflets, one-to-four inches in length, usually notched and indented.

The poison is contained in the milky sap, akin to carbolic acid. In contact with the skin it sets up a malign chemical action, causing blisters to form.

Last winter, a party of skiers in Massachusetts recognized several bare stalks of the plant and carefully burned them. Though none touched the stalks, or even remained near the fire, three skiers came down next day with the poison. The droplets, carried by the smoke, had reached their faces.

It is not true, as many people believe, that you can catch the itch out of the air. But you can pick it up just by shaking hands. It will cling from one season to the next on shoelaces, clothing and golf balls. Dogs and cats carry it on their fur, and transmit the irritant to their owners.

The Public Health Service has contributed some brave work in poison-ivy control. After devising a new preventive, PHS tested it on volunteers. Their skin was coated with the pollution, and then a poison-ivy extract, 30 times as powerful as any natural poison, was *rubbed* on them. They came through unscathed, and the preparation was released to the public.

IN SNAKE-BITE, THE chances are 100 to 1 that you can blame only yourself. You must protect your legs with high boots or loose

Poison-Ivy Remedies

THE PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE recommends a 10 per cent solution of tannic acid dissolved in alcohol, applied vigorously enough to rub off the tops of the blisters. The treatment should be repeated three or four times at six-hour intervals.

Other remedies include a 10 per cent solution of the photographer's "hypo" solution, (sodium thiosulphate) applied as a wet dressing; local applications of a solution of baking soda or Epsom salts; calamine lotion, in the early stages, and the addition of 2 per cent phenol to the lotion to relieve itching.

In acute stages, ointments should be avoided. Compounds with a fatty base tend to spread any poison remaining on the skin.

First Aid for Snake-Bite

BANDAGE FIRMLY ABOVE the fang marks to prevent poison from traveling into the body. Then cut once through each fang mark, about a half-inch in length and a quarter-inch in depth. The cuts must be lengthwise of the limb to avoid severing blood vessels or tendons.

A scalpel from a snake-bite kit or a sterilized knife or razor blade can be used. The blood and venom should ooze out. If there is spurting, bandage more tightly. *Don't* cauterize the wound.

For half an hour thereafter, draw the venom out with the suction pump from a snake-bite kit. You can also suck the venom with your mouth, spitting it out, of course. Unless you have open sores on mouth or lips, you run no danger.

Halfway through, remove the bandage for a minute. If the swelling progresses up the limb, keep the bandage always above it. Every 15 minutes, remove the bandage again for a minute.

After suction treatment, put an ice pack over the wounds. At the same time try to prevent chill through doses of hot tea or coffee. Any movement may spread the poison. Gentle, even movement—and not speed—is the most important thing in getting the victim to a doctor.

trousers, walk warily and watch where you put your hands. Snakes seem to prefer fields, wheat stacks, marshes, shallow water, trees and bushes in their search for food. For rest and sunning, they choose deserted houses, fences, rocky ledges, and the shade of rock and bush.

After snake-bite, the victim's flesh swells and discolors, and there is an immediate burning pain. Treatment, both first-aid and anti-venin, must be given as soon as possible.

First-aid removes most of the poison and delays the rest of it from reaching vital organs. Anti-venin neutralizes most of the poison already absorbed. Fortunately, a single anti-venin will counteract the bite of every North American poisonous snake, except the Gulf Region coral variety. But even after it is administered, a doctor must attend the patient, since serious complications often follow snake-bite.

Despite the name, Rocky Mountain spotted fever is now a nationwide disease, flaring up in spring and summer when the ticks come out of winter repose. From four to 12 days after the infected tick bites, a fever may appear, accompanied by chill, severe headache, restlessness, insomnia. Three or four days later, pinkish spots may spread over the entire body. The victim, complaining chiefly of pain in his head, may lapse into delirium. His condition is grave.

Until recently, there was no specific treatment. Today, thanks to the National Institute of Health, a serum is available. It is, in the cautious words of science, "probably of value" in treatment. The serum is produced commercially, and in emergencies can be obtained from the National Institute of Health at Bethesda, Maryland, and at the Rocky Mountain Laboratory, Hamilton, Montana.

In tick areas, persons should examine their clothing and bodies daily. The tick must be extracted with supreme care, for if crushed, its blood on the skin may be infectious. Use of a tweezer or bit of paper is recommended. Paint the bite with an antiseptic; thoroughly wash hands or rinse them in alcohol.

A similar but far less dangerous summer pest is the tiny "chigger," found wherever there are weeds and shrubbery. Once well fed, the "chigger" drops off, leaving his itching, wriggling victim to suffer for two or three days, or perhaps for several weeks.

There are several treatments, but the best idea is to outwit these tiny pests in the first place. Doctors advise dabbing flowers of sulfur on stockings and underclothing when in "chigger" territory. But once exposed, you should thickly lather soap all over your body, allowing it to remain on for ten minutes. Then lather well a second time and rinse thoroughly with clean water.

PROBABLY THE NASTIEST-tempered summer nuisance is the Black Widow spider, common to certain localities in the South and West. A half-inch, coal-black vixen, with a red hourglass on her underabdomen, the Black Widow bites in senseless rage if you disturb her.

The bite often goes unnoticed at first, but soon there are unpleasant symptoms: purpling of the area around the bite, sometimes severe pain all over the body, nausea, vomiting, difficult breathing, heavy perspiration, persistent hiccoughs.

Usually the discomfort subsides in a few hours, and the victim recovers in two or three days. But death may follow the Black Widow's kiss. A doctor's attention is imperative for injections of magnesium sulphate and calcium gluconate.

After this catalogue of vacation miseries, it is pleasant to report one or two things on the rosy side. Take poisonous snakes. There is scientific ground for believing that you will not encounter them either in Maine or New Hampshire. And, secondly, take hay fever. The Pure Food Administration has approved a new drug, Pyribensamine, which relieved 85 per cent of a test group of sneezers.

Besides that, we can report on the authority of the government that the western part of the U.S., the southern tip of Florida and northern New England are practically free from ragweed pollen. But Puget Sound and Western Oregon are *completely* free.

So—go West, young man!

Philosophy Footnote

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well. —*Stats* by **WALTER STEIGLEMAN**

Horse Racing:

A Seven-Billion-Dollar Racket!

Here's the amazing low-down on a fantastic "business" that's rotten to the core

"I AM GIVING my life today . . ." In the midnight loneliness of a Toledo hotel room a man sat at a typewriter, pecking out a six-page "last will and testament." Enmeshed in a $30,000 web of horse-race bets, George D. Wilcox, a Detroit advertising executive, had pronounced sentence of death upon himself. The legacy he was leaving was a list of all gambling establishments in the Toledo area.

To state and federal officials he wrote this message:

"I am giving my life today for a cause worthy of your relentless campaigning to rid this section of gambling racketeers who are destroying whole families without regard for the human life and happiness involved. I don't want to die. I am persuaded to take this step only after long months of sober judgment for the avowed purpose of sacrificing my life to the end that others will find it increasingly difficult to meet ruination at the hands of big-time gamblers."

It was morning before he finished. Then he took an overdose of sleeping tablets and lay down on the bed—to die.

The picture painted by this advertising executive whose $35,000-a-year salary lacked elasticity to cover daily wagers that often reached $2,500, was only a regional view of the national shame of race-track gambling. Even while his body lay undiscovered in his hotel room, some 15,000 bookmakers in every fair-sized community in America were listening rapturously to the multi-billion-dollar tune tinkling on their cash registers.

George Wilcox's suicide was totally fruitless, of course. In a business in which gangsters, murderers and thugs have joined forces with gamblers, touts and political sharpers to push true sportsmen into the background, a single man's desire to atone could not make a dent in the huge machine. Wilcox was bucking a fantastic seven-billion-dollar-a-year business — estimated conservatively. America's largest industry, if you please—bigger than the movie, steel or auto industries!

Every day except Sunday, about 1,000,000 people make one or more wagers on the races, even though fewer than 50,000 of them have ever seen a race horse. There is hardly a place so small, so remote, that one can't place a bet on a "sure thing" in the fifth at Belmont.

While the legalized pari-mutuel machines in some 65 U.S. race tracks were clicking off almost a cool two billion dollars last year, of which a fat slice went to the states as taxes, three times that amount was being handled tax-free by the nation's thousands of illegal (except in Nevada) bookmakers. And while communities complacently shut their eyes, the 5½ illegal billions continued to pour in, corrupting public officials and stirring up turmoil among political and criminal groups competing for a share of the lush bonanza.

THESE ARE STAGGERING facts, worth a moment's consideration. We bet a total in excess of seven billions yearly. How much is seven billion dollars a year? Well, it's more than four times our national income from banking, more than twice what we allot each year for education, and nearly twice our combined medical care and death expenses. The sum is so great, in fact, that it means Americans are illegally betting more money *every week* on the horse races than is collected annually by the Red Cross and March of Dimes combined!

Some communities, like one in Illinois with a population of 40,000, actually share sub rosa in the illegal venture. Each month every bookmaker is raided and fined $500 to $1,500, depending upon the volume of business. Fines are estimated for a year in advance as a regular item in the municipal budget!

The postmaster in a western city of 120,000 was $15,000 in debt to the horses before he ended his life. A New York bookmaking ring, posing as jockeys, mulcted businessmen in the eastern United States of $300,000 by selling them fake tips. And none of their customers earned less than $15,000 a year.

Various movie and radio stars lose heavily to the bookmakers. A former major-league manager was virtually ousted from organized baseball for being too friendly with bookmakers. A retired industrialist in an eastern city was so busy handicapping three contenders in a horse race that a committee calling to inform him that he had been chosen the "man of the year" was kept waiting in his anteroom.

A few years ago, a woman widely celebrated as a shining example of American motherhood surprised interviewers by declaring that she preferred playing the horses to mending or washing dishes. Two thousand people at a matinee con-

cert fidgeted while the guest artist waited backstage until the horses had crossed the finish line at a New York track. Local critics who called his performance "inspired" might have given credit to the artist's horse—which came home at odds of 3 to 1.

Bookie customers who feel their business or social prestige does not permit them to visit a betting parlor, maintain charge accounts and telephone their wagers. Some are like the Connecticut physician who employs an extra "nurse" to tabulate his betting system and call in wagers on race-to-race progression.

The large bookmakers maintain "runners" to make the rounds of office buildings on regular schedule. A horse player, no matter where he lives, can place a bet if he has a nickel to call his bookmaker or the energy to walk a block or two downtown. If his city is undergoing a periodical vice clean-up, or if he doesn't want his name on local bookmaking lists, he can simply wire his wagers to any metropolitan center.

Large bookmakers even in moderate-sized cities travel in the best circles, belong to exclusive clubs, contribute liberally to civic ventures. They send their sons and daughters to the best schools. The campus queen recently crowned at a Midwestern university believes her father's vocation is "broker"—but a few close associates know him as the biggest handbook operator in the state.

In addition to the big bookies and independent operators, there are all manner of marginal bookies not counted in the census of 15,000 horse-race parlors. Their rooms are little hideaways in the rear of poolrooms, cigar stores, barber shops and cheap restaurants. One bookie operated in the washroom of a New York public library. Still another received bets during a matinee intermission at the Metropolitan Opera. And a third bookie, serving a sentence in the District of Columbia jail, made $100,000 profit on an industrial magnate confined there with him.

Walter Steigleman, an associate professor of journalism at Indiana University, has made a coast-to-coast investigation of the horse-racing racket. He has traveled with touts from city to city, has interviewed most of the biggest mail tipsters, and has visited the central headquarters from which 12,000 miles of leased wires carry race news to bookies throughout the U.S. Recognized as an expert on turf betting, Steigleman testified before a New York state legislative committee on a pending racing bill; his testimony resulted in a sweeping raid on mail tipsters who had fleeced bettors of some $17,000,000 a year. He is the author of *Money Makes the Mare Go,* a forthcoming Prentice-Hall book about the turf racket.

A SEVEN-BILLION-DOLLAR-a-year business obviously makes news. Let's take one typical day in 1946, and scan the good and bad news from bookies and bettors.

An Indiana banker, who had worked his way from office boy to vice-president, was admitting in Federal court that a sizeable portion of the $142,000 he had embezzled was lost on horses. In Washington, D.C., the mother of two children confessed that daily bets of $75 to $125 caused a $45,000 shortage in her accounts as bookkeeper for a manufacturing company. A New York bank teller took

$8,000 from his cage and bet it on a "sure thing" that ran fifth.

A Detroit labor leader was ousted because horses had put his union accounts $16,000 in the red. The manager of a West Coast laundry was arrested for losing $25,000 of the company's money to bookmakers. And a California radio station interrupted its noon-day devotion hour to flash the latest race results from the East.

Bookmakers had some bad spots that day, too. Four, including two women, were fined $6,000 in Baltimore, while city fathers began investigating four detectives whose names were on a memorandum in the bookie parlor. An Illinois grand jury was told that one of Cook County's 1,000 parlors did a $362,000 business in nine months. Boston authorities, impounding the bank boxes of half a dozen bookmakers, uncovered $500,000 in cash.

Things weren't too bad, however, for the bookmaking fraternity. With new equipment available and wire facilities able to expand, some 5,000 others were preparing to enter the business to satisfy America's craze over horses.

Small wonder, then, that although some reformers are still sniping at actual racing itself, it is the five-and-a-half-billion-dollar-a-year off-track betting that today is the target for heaviest attack. *But there is little likelihood that either attack will score much success.*

Attacks on racing itself are futile because of two vital changes. The invention of the pari-mutuel system of wagering permits the states to tap the racing dollar. Thus the state has become a partner of the track, and the principal racing states receive more than $85,000,000 a year as their share of the bettor's dollar. In fact, racing receipts are such important budget items that three states hurriedly summoned their legislatures to enact new taxes when tracks closed for five months during the war.

Municipalities, led by New York City, are finding that they can also share the racing wealth. Little Saratoga Springs, New York, following the example of its big sister downstate, also imposed a five per cent tax and in 1946 collected $1,062,000—or $132,000 above its yearly total budget.

The second vital change that checks attacks on racing itself is the new complexion of the crowds. Even New York tracks receive the bulk of their $400,000,000-a-year wagers at the $2 windows. The little man has become the backbone of racing. He will never vote out of existence an institution that in little more than a minute-and-a-half may miraculously transform his $2 bill into $10 or $100.

The fight against the big-money side of racing—the four billion or more in off-track betting—is similarly doomed to failure. After all, a four-billion-dollar business is not easily outlawed—especially when again it is the little man with $2 who has the most important voice.

TO DATE THE ONLY realistic method of control suggested is the move to legalize bookie betting, license the bookmaking establishments and levy heavy taxes on all money bet. *Curiously, the element* which most strongly opposes such a move derives its chief support from the race tracks themselves, who argue that the idea of the sport—to "improve the breed of race horses"—would be destroyed.

But the track opposition loses force when one realizes that the race tracks should certainly have the power to eliminate the very backbone of the bookie business any time they desire—by merely stopping the wire services which supply the bookies (through 12,000 miles of wire) with play-by-play information.

A patron at the race track is virtually in a vacuum. No phones are available to him: the telegraph station under the grandstand "censors" outgoing messages if they contain the name of a horse. Yet despite this vacuum, the odds, results and other useful information are flashed instantaneously to bookie parlors from coast to coast. And believe it or not, the tracks say they have no idea how this information reaches the bookies!

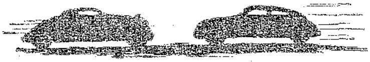
Other efforts to stifle the bookies are completely ineffectual, because the public has clearly shown that it wants to bet on the horses—and if necessary will sneak down alleys and tap on doors to lay a wager.

Few large bookmakers are ever raided without their knowledge and tacit permission. In some cities, when the reform element becomes too vociferous, a token raid is staged as the "opening gun of an intensive war against vice." As zero hour approaches, the bookie tells his customers: "That's all today, boys. If you want anything in the late races, put it in now."

The customers are then shooed out, and bookie employees sit down nonchalantly to await the law. If the reform voice is not too strong, the raiding squad reports "no evidence." If the demands of justice are loud, one bookie employee takes the blame because he knows his fine will be reimbursed with a bonus. And the day's betting slips are carefully preserved to permit the bookie to settle accounts later.

And so it goes—a wealth of evidence on which to indict America's No. 1 industry—an industry which does good to no one and harm to millions of citizens. And when all the evidence is in, two indisputable facts remain: racing will continue exactly as long as the public wishes it to continue, and uncontrolled betting will continue just as long as racing does.

At a time when there has been dispute over an expenditure of ten billion dollars *for our entire national defense*, it is interesting—and sickening—to contemplate an industry which manages to handle three-fourths that sum with no more return to the people than the "thrill" of trying to pick a winner from a manipulated pool of horseflesh.



Famous Last Words

Well, if he won't dim his, I won't dim mine!

—American Freeman

RECOVERY, INC.

The Road Back to Sanity

by **Keith Harris**

By practicing self-help and scorning concealment, a group of former mental patients has found the key to health

HARLAN TARBELL HAS mystified audiences from coast to coast with his baffling sleight of hand and mental feats. But he has never surpassed the performance he once staged for the inmates of a Chicago mental hospital. To their delight he did all the tricks—and a few extra ones—which have won him recognition as one of America's top magicians.

As unusual as Tarbell's audience was the reason for his performance. In 1937 he was himself a patient in the institution. He doesn't conceal the fact; indeed, while performing, he sometimes jokes about his hospital experiences and offers himself as evidence that the adage, "Once mentally ill, always mentally ill," is false.

"The mind can get sick just like any other part of the body," says Tarbell. "But there's a stigma attached to mental disease which dates back to ancient times when deranged minds were considered the work of evil spirits. I refused from the start to be stigmatized. I have been cured for ten years and in that time I have entertained thousands of audiences with difficult mental feats."

In scorning to conceal mental disease, Tarbell is expressing the aims of a unique Chicago organization known simply as Recovery, Inc., of which he is a charter member. Recovery's motto is: "Nobody must be held responsible for the kind of disease he has contracted."

Founded in 1937 as a non-profit organization by former patients of the Illinois Psychiatric Institute of the University of Illinois—now the Illinois Neuropsychiatric Hospital—and the State Department of Public Welfare, Recovery has pioneered with a program of group instruction and self-help. Its technique might well serve as a pattern for dealing with the many thousands of mental patients and psychoneurotics whose ranks were swelled by the war.

Directing the activities of Recovery as medical adviser is Dr. A. A. Low, associate professor of psychiatry of the University of Illinois College of Medicine, who first conceived the need for such an organization. Through group instruction in private classes, Dr. Low lays the groundwork for Recovery's self-help program by dispelling the patient's three basic fears—fear of mental collapse, fear of physical collapse and fear of permanent handicap. Once the patient has been taught that mental disease is a breakdown of the nervous system and can be treated like any physical ailment, he is equipped to guard against relapse.

The physician can restore health, Dr. Low points out, but he cannot prevent a relapse; this is the responsibility of the patient. The extremely low incidence of relapse in Recovery indicates how well the members have learned this lesson.

Dr. Low makes it clear that Recovery is not a welfare organization "doing good by making people feel better." Its real objective is to train former mental and nervous patients so that they can handle themselves; to free them from a feeling of panic should traces of their old symptoms return.

RECOVERY HOLDS PUBLIC meetings every Saturday and on two Wednesdays each month. The presence of outsiders does not embarrass or distract the 200 members, who are former patients and their relatives. Like magician Tarbell, they refuse to be the skeletons in their family closets.

Each Saturday, several recovered patients conduct a panel discussion on some aspect of after-care, drawing frankly on their own experiences before, during and after hospitalization or illness. The emphasis is always on the will to get well and stay well.

Leader of the forum is Mrs. Annette Brocken, 35-year-old schoolteacher and former patient, who has been president of Recovery for four years. Tall and slender, with smiling blue eyes, Mrs. Brocken deftly guides the discussion.

At a recent meeting, the subject was "Sabotaging the Will to Health." One participant was a young man who had suffered a mental breakdown during his second year in college. He told how he recovered his health but retained a stubborn tendency to procrastinate. He lost job after job because of tardiness or absence from work. Then he joined Recovery.

Dr. Low found that he was not suffering actual fatigue but rather a *sense* of fatigue. By submitting to this feeling instead of fighting it, he was "sabotaging" the will to get well. Once he had been instructed in the fundamentals of self-help, the young man took another job and held it without backsliding.

His is only one of scores of examples of self-help in action. Senior members act as sponsors for new members. A newly-admitted ex-patient is encouraged to phone or visit his sponsor whenever he is in distress. As a time-saver he is taught the "Recovery Language": that sensations are "distressing but not dangerous"; that in order to eliminate tenseness he must cut through "the vicious cycle of fear aggravating the sensation and the sensation fanning the fear"; that once symptoms have been diagnosed as nervous he should not judge his condition by "his own personal experience but by the authoritative knowledge of the physician.

While Recovery has concentrated on self-help, it has also attempted a crusade against the ignorance and suspicion which the mental patient encounters upon returning to a normal environment. Discriminated against in the field of employment, unaccepted socially, the victim is usually considered incompetent even by his family.

Recovery undertook to foster a more enlightened home attitude through family instruction that begins when the patient first becomes ill and continues for months after he has returned. As for the public, Recovery recognized that it was ill-informed rather than ill-intentioned. It needed correct information, and the former patients decided to give it.

But they soon discovered that the public was disinterested. Lectures and radio programs brought only a few letters of encouragement. From then on, Recovery concentrated with new vigor on self-help.

Today, Dr. Low and members of Recovery are deeply concerned about the countless thousands of mental patients and psychoneurotics, among them many ex-servicemen, who crowd our hospitals and institutions. Plainly, Dr. Low feels, some form of psychotherapy for group treatment is called for—therapy along the lines of the Recovery program. Competent psychiatrists would require at least a year's training before they could undertake such a program, he believes. But once trained, the number of patients they could reach would be astonishingly large.

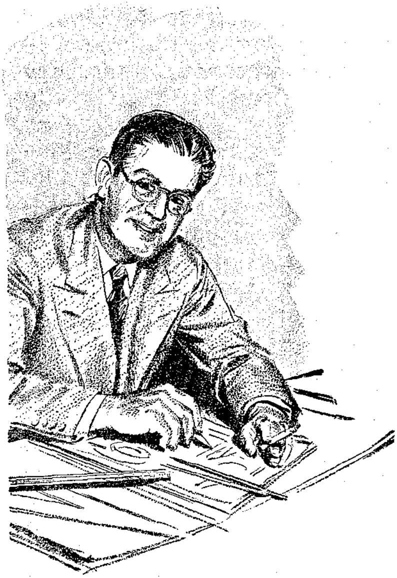
Like mental patients throughout the U.S., members of Recovery represent a cross-section of American life. At a typical meeting, women in fur coats exchange confidences with shabby housewives; pretty young girls rub elbows with motherly women; young college students discuss experiences with merchants or professional men. But whatever their walk in life, when they get together to practice self-help and blaze a trail in mental therapy, they meet on common ground and speak a common language—the language of Recovery.

Worth Remembering

John Paul Stack, general manager of the Henry Hudson Hotel, has this sign posted in his office: "I am a little thing with a big meaning. I help everybody. I unlock doors, open hearts, dispel prejudice. I create friendships and good will.

"I inspire respect and admiration. Everybody loves me. I bore nobody, I violate no law. I cost nothing. Many have praised me, none have condemned me. I am pleasing to those of high and low degree. I am useful every moment of the day. I am courtesy."

—Sid Ascher in *Caravan*



by J. D. RATCLIFF

Designer for Streamlined Living

Whether it's a fly swatter or an ocean liner, it's likely that Henry Dreyfuss had a hand in bringing it up to date

IN 1924, HENRY DREYFUSS received as severe a piece of criticism as any artist has ever had to swallow. He was teaching art in a progressive school in New York when a six-year-old expressed glowering disapproval of both Dreyfuss and his works.

Finally the youngster decided the moment had come for action. He ran up, grasped Dreyfuss' hand and sank his teeth into it.

In the 23 years that have elapsed since then, the world has been kinder. Dreyfuss has become a leader of that small band of men who are bringing art to the machine age. As an industrial designer, he has made hundreds of mass-produced items better looking, more efficient. He has designed everything from fly swatters to trans-Atlantic liners. Knowingly or not, we all spend a good part of our daily lives with Dreyfuss creations.

A sampling would include the Big Ben alarm clock, the Hoover vacuum cleaner, Crane plumbing fixtures, General Electric refrigerators, Royal typewriters and the Twentieth Century Limited. Dreyfuss also designed a line of dime-store pots and pans, and the interior of the Perisphere at the New York World's Fair.

It is as difficult to rank industrial designers as it is to rank artists, sculptors, novelists, surgeons, bankers or chiropractors. Yet few people will dispute Dreyfuss' position as one of the three top industrial designers in the U. S.—which is to say the world, since this is strictly an American profession.

The Germans tackled functional design in the early '20s, producing a few chairs, tables and cabinets, all handmade on a limited scale.

But the idea of bringing art to mass production had never occurred to anyone. Nearly everything produced by industry was a product of engineering evolution—the typewriter looking not unlike the first machine of its kind ever built, cooking utensils being much the same as in Roman times, washing machines resembling hasty weddings of old-fashioned tubs and wringers.

Industrial design was barely getting started when the Depression struck in the 1930s. America's economic collapse may have meant calamity for millions of people, but for the designers it spelled golden opportunity. Savage competition became the rule. To stay in business, a manufacturer had to give his products new utility, new eye-appeal. The industrial designers were ready for the job.

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN represents a good deal more than drawing a few sketches of what the designer thinks a product should look like. This can be best illustrated by scrutinizing the Big Ben alarm clock. Dreyfuss' first step on this job was to confer with engineers, production men and salesmen. What could the engineers build, what could the production men produce, what could the salesmen sell?

Then Dreyfuss spent weeks hanging around clock counters in various types of stores, listening to customers' comments. Meanwhile he had eight clocks on his bedside table where he could test legibility of clock faces with his own sleep-fogged eyes. Some of the clocks had bells calculated to produce nervous collapse; others had shut-off buttons hard to find; still others had stubby winding keys which wrecked a woman's fingernails.

In his sketches and models, Dreyfuss corrected these things. But could engineers squeeze clock works into the proposed case? Could production men add the new features without boosting costs? And most important of all, did salesmen think people would buy the new clock? When these questions were answered satisfactorily, the new clock went into production.

Dreyfuss is a hound for detail. In designing a typewriter, he measured the fingers of hundreds of typists. In creating a new chair for plane or train, he doesn't settle for the fact that the chair *seems* comfortable. He hires an orthopedic surgeon to advise.

When he got the job of designing new bedrooms for Statler hotels, he had an old-style bedroom set up in a New York warehouse and lived there for several days. Once he knew what was wrong, he started designing the new room piece by piece.

Recently he did much the same with the "mock-up" of Consolidated's big new 204-passenger plane. To test comfort of seats, beds, washroom and dining facilities, he locked 85 people in the contraption and kept them there for 24 hours!

In a New York warehouse there are sample staterooms for three trans-Atlantic liners which he is designing for American Export Lines. He harries the staff of his New York office by making them pack trunks and suitcases, move into dummy staterooms, unpack and settle down for long voyages to nowhere. Dreyfuss feels that only such attention to detail can give the answer to questions of space, comfort, convenience and color scheme.

At 43, Henry Dreyfuss is enormously successful, a fact which he makes every effort to conceal. He could pass better as an English teacher in a small university than as an artistic oracle for big business. Yet his modest and casual exterior is somewhat misleading. He has a quick, incisive mind and can handle his own in rough-and-tumble contract negotiations with any management group.

Of necessity, he leads a hurly-burly life. Both he and his wife—and their three children—like California climate. They have a home in Pasadena. But most of the Dreyfuss business is in New York. This makes him a top transcontinental commuter by plane and train.

His clients represent the Social Register of business. He could, if he wished, have several times this number, but he likes to maintain a doctor-patient relationship with clients, and feels that if there were more of them this might be lost. As it is, they provide enough work to keep 35 people busy in New York and Pasadena. The Bell Telephone Laboratories alone has scores of design jobs a year—for switchboards, chairs for telephone operators, transmitters and such.

Dreyfuss was born in New York City in 1904. After high school and a trip to Europe to develop his flair for art, he got a theatrical job helping Norman Bel Geddes design stage settings. When this was finished, Dreyfuss decided to branch out on his own.

Brashly he wrote a highly critical letter to the manager of the Strand Theater in New York, a movie house which had stage shows as well. A startled letter came back. Did Mr. Dreyfuss—whoever he was—think he could design better stage sets? Dreyfuss hastily replied that he could—for $50 a week.

Using this opportunity as a springboard, he was hired to do sets for a number of Manhattan plays and musicals. But by 1929, Dreyfuss' interest in the theater had begun to wane. He opened his own office, borrowing the space and furnishing it mostly with card tables. He didn't know a great deal about design, but then, neither did his prospective customers.

At first, business was something less than stimulating. Dreyfuss designed door hinges, cedar chests, nursery furniture and medicine bottles. Business picked up when he was asked to rehabilitate several RKO theaters, and it took a spurt when he modernized the piano for the American Piano Company. His enterprise became a going concern when Bell Telephone Laboratories signed for his services.

Since then, the Dreyfuss career has been a pretty monotonous series of successes. The day he opened his office, he set as his goal the designing of a new Twentieth Century Limited for the New York Central. He got the job in 1937.

If the company wanted a new train, Dreyfuss wanted it to be new in every respect. This led him to consider such details as menu cards, wrappings for lump sugar, uniforms for personnel, and even ticket stubs. So far as furnishings of the train itself were concerned, they struck a new high in luxury travel.

In this, as in all jobs, Dreyfuss placed special emphasis on color. In some cases, he believes color should be eye-catching. In others it should be as unobtrusive as possible. In any transport vehicle, he avoids yellows—because he has found that they tend to make people sick. Yellow, however, is all right in the kitchen—as Dreyfuss demonstrated with a line of 10-cent-store pots and pans, which sold by the million.

Color can be used in a hundred subtle ways in the designing business. On trains, for example, pale blues and greens tend to give an air of spaciousness. On planes, Dreyfuss likes earthy browns and greens, since they produce a feeling of earthbound security.

When he was assigned the job of re-designing the General Electric refrigerator, Dreyfuss had little choice as to color. Refrigerators have to be white, to fit any kitchen decorative scheme. But in redesigning the refrigerator, Dreyfuss did the housewife one good turn. He moved machinery from top to bottom of the box, thereby providing her with a place to put the butcher's bill, her pocketbook and unripened bananas.

EVEN WITH HIS PASSION for detail, Dreyfuss occasionally overlooks an important point. Thus, when he was demonstrating a washing machine to Sears Roebuck directors in their plush board room, the machine churned up handsome suds and the directors were properly impressed. Then, slightly confused, Dreyfuss threw the wrong lever and emptied the whole thing over an expensive Persian carpet. But the machine was so well liked that the *faux pas* wasn't held against him.

Probably the simplest piece of work ever to come his way was presented by a fly-swatter manufacturer. Was there, the gentleman wanted to know, any way of adding sex appeal to this humble instrument of destruction? Dreyfuss sketched his idea of what a fly-swatter should be—a plastic-handled affair with concentric target circles on the swatter. There would, he said, be no charge since the sketch had taken only ten minutes of his time.

But the incident caught the usually shrewd Dreyfuss off guard. His idea of what a fly-swatter should be coincided exactly with what the public thought it should be. Millions of the new fly-swatters were sold with no royalties accruing to the Dreyfuss office.

If this job was easy, another one was difficult enough to put gray hairs in the heads of Dreyfuss' staff. During the war, the joint Chiefs of Staff asked Dreyfuss to design the room where most Allied strategy was planned.

Guarded by G-men and marines, Dreyfuss set to work in an abandoned brewery on 10th Avenue in New York City. The room had to have a wall-sized map of the world with symbol pegs that showed the locations of troops, convoys, fighting ships and bombing planes. It also had to have a movie screen for showing films rushed home from fighting fronts, and a soundproof projection booth so the operator couldn't overhear conversations in the room.

When the room, largely built of

plywood, was finished, it was trucked to Washington. Dreyfuss was allowed 24 hours to install it in the old U.S. Public Health Service Building, then the home of the joint Chiefs of Staff. Generals aren't the back-patting type, but apparently the room was all they wished for. At least there were no complaints, and the war came to a satisfactory conclusion.

All along, Dreyfuss has been pretty dissatisfied with the shape of things in our mundane world. Right now, he sees a number of jobs to be done in that ephemeral place, the world of tomorrow. On motor cars, for one thing.

Up to now, he contends, all emphasis has been placed on sleek exteriors. He would stress better design for people riding in the car, rather than for the edification of those watching it pass.

The same is true of trains. A good portion of the traveling public regards a train trip as a luxury—and should be treated as luxury lovers, Dreyfuss believes. This means they should have more room, more comfort, more diversions.

In plane travel, emphasis so far has been placed on speed. This tendency, thinks Dreyfuss, is about to end. From now on, people who travel by air will demand speed *plus* comfort. First-class planes will be bigger, roomier, will have bars, public rooms, movies.

The old question—"Whither are we drifting?"—may stump philosophers, but not Henry Dreyfuss. Under his persistent urging we are drifting, as painlessly as possible, into a sleek and functional world. It may not be a better world—but at least he promises it will be a better-looking one.

Did You Know—

That every year about 5,000 Americans die of appendicitis, many of them because they don't get to the hospital soon enough?

*

That most dreams do not last much more than about five seconds?

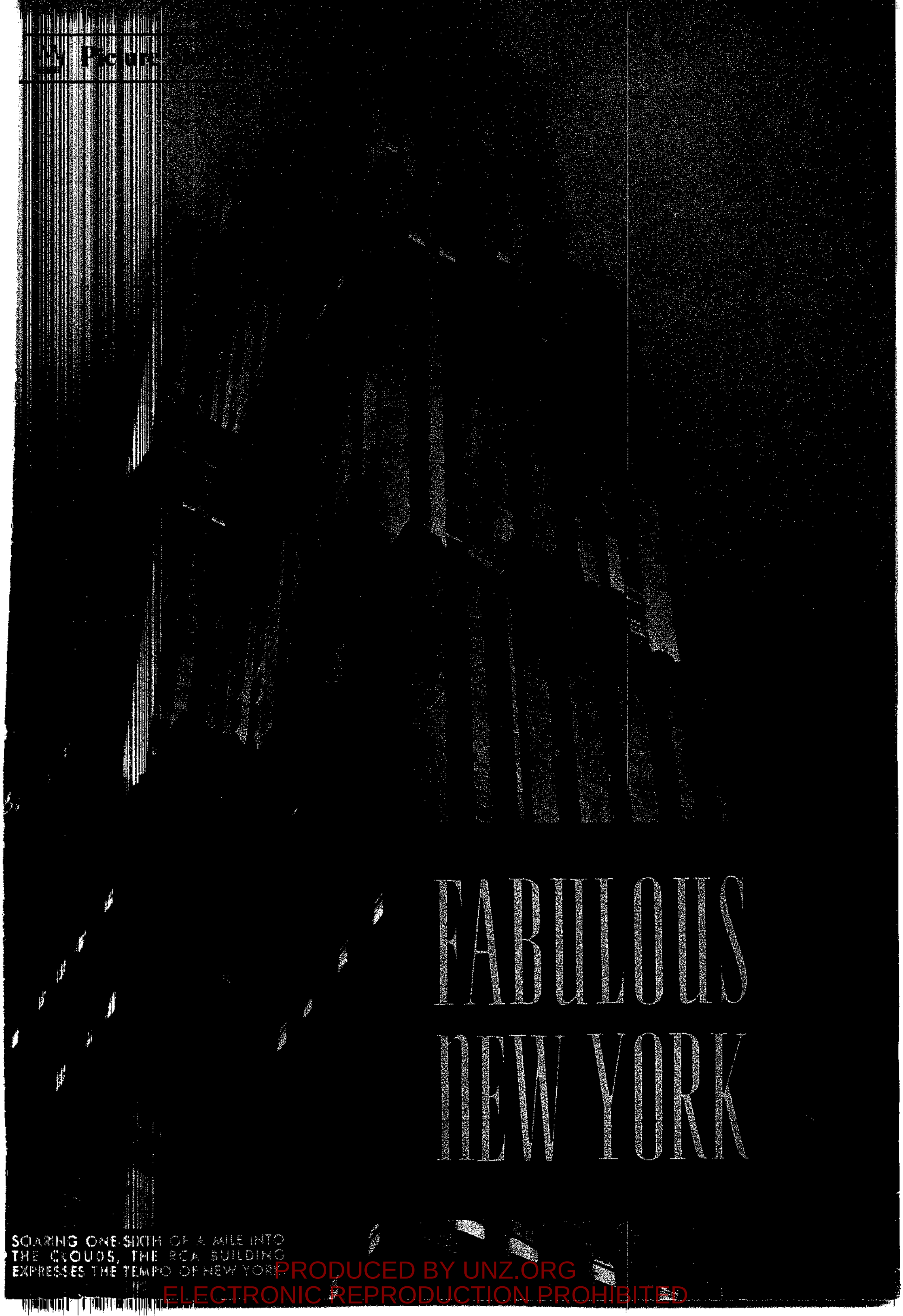
*

That after he's 40, man starts shrinking at the rate of one-quarter of an inch every ten years?

*

That the body functions best with a room temperature of 68 degrees F.?

—William Gombar



FABULOUS NEW YORK

SOARING ONE-SIXTH OF A MILE INTO THE CLOUDS, THE RCA BUILDING EXPRESSES THE TEMPO OF NEW YORK

CROWDED INTO the 22 square miles of Manhattan Island, like gigantic ramrods of steel and concrete stuck into a colossal pincushion, the buildings of New York City represent the greatest concentration of skyscrapers in the world.

The photograph above reveals just one small section—about 70 blocks—of the jam-packed panorama of New York. Yet it includes one of the world's largest hotels—the twin-towered Waldorf-Astoria in the center of the picture—and the world's tallest structure—the Empire State Building at the far left. All about them other towers heighten the portrait of soaring magnificence which is, for all the world, the familiar face of New York City.

Because New York is so big and has so much, few facts can convey its full meaning to outsiders. You've got to live with New York's noise, work in its gleaming office buildings or huge factories, ride in its bleak, unbelievably crowded subways, and taste the excitement of its throbbing night-life to believe that it is all real. And, even then, you've got to see its skyscrapers lying massed against the sky like giants of a magic world to appreciate the magnitude and the immense beauty of New York. Now, on the following pages, you will see those skyscrapers—in a series of photographs especially selected by the editors of Coronet to bring you a rare and thrilling look at the world's most fabulous city.

This is the portrait of a world capital—a close-up, head-on view of New York City, its docks reaching out, its mighty towers pushing into the sky in a display of strength without equal anywhere on earth.

Behind the face of New York, a forest of buildings stretches over [illegible] [illegible] boroughs to house [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]

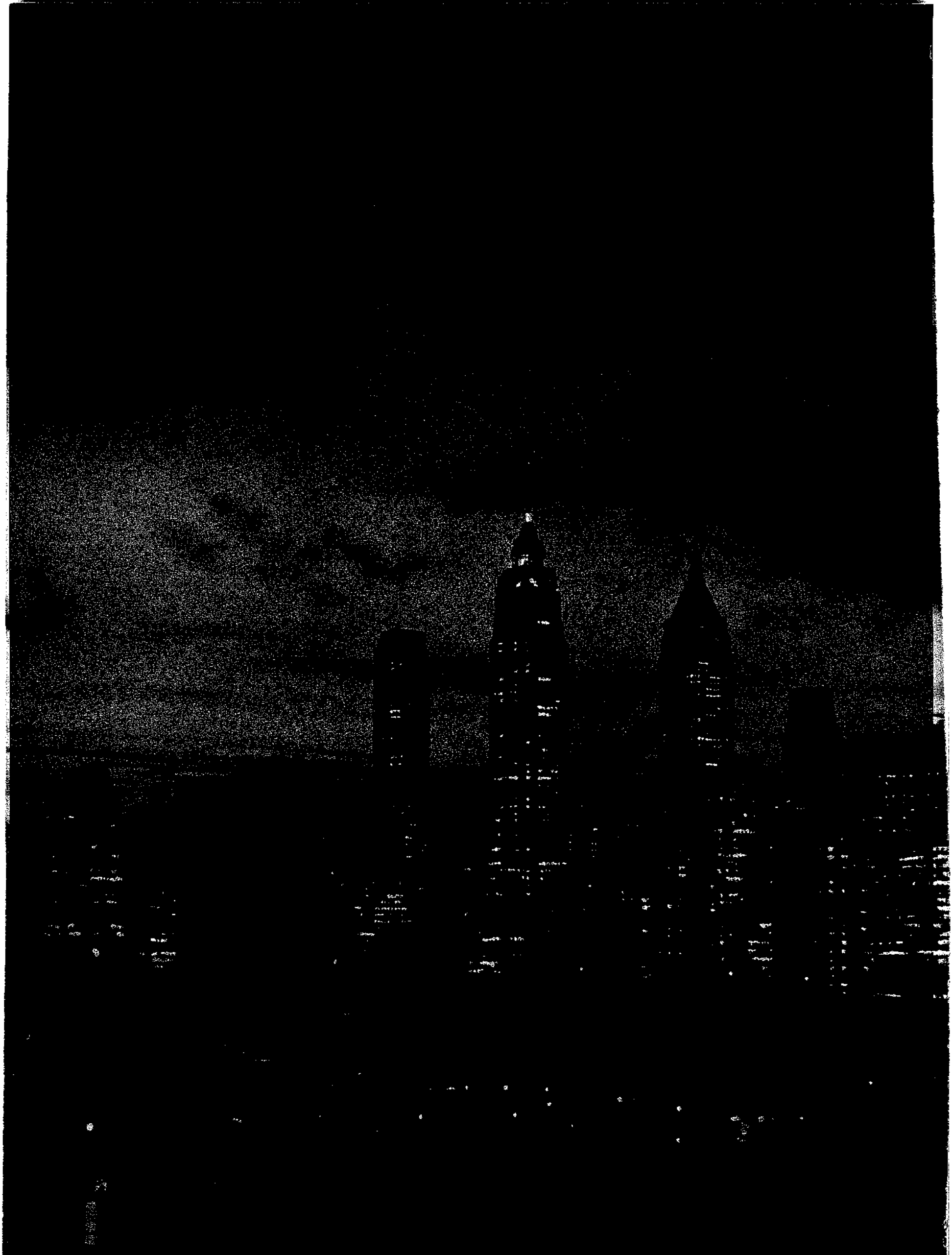
So impressive is New York's skyline that almost any view of it is breath-taking, but the most awe-inspiring view of all is this one, in which the soaring towers of lower Manhattan make a striking background for the soft and graceful lines of the Statue of Liberty. In this photograph, made from the New Jersey shore, the city and the Statue combine to make a picture which is virtually a symbol of the entire nation: for here, burning against the night sky, are the myriad lights of industry shining in the glow of Liberty's brilliant torch.

This is the end of the day in New York City, and soon the center of light will move uptown to Times Square and Broadway, to the theaters and the restaurants, the dance halls, the great, glamorous hotels, and the glittering night clubs. But first the people of the city will stop work and go home. The men and women in the commercial offices, in the shops, in the dress factories, in the sugar-refining plants, the shipyards and the shoe factories, in the warehouses and markets, the men and women who make New York a living city will begin to move homeward in masses unequaled for size in any other city on the face of the earth.

Tens of thousands of trains and trolley cars, busses and taxicabs begin to roll and shuttle, shift and bang and rattle and creak in a gigantic procession northward and

southward, east and west, out of the heart of the city and into its boroughs and outskirts. The great mass of people—worn and weary with the day's work—are crowding and shoving and pushing to reach the borough of Brooklyn, to reach the boroughs of the Bronx and Queens. The people from across the Hudson River and New York Bay are going back to their quiet suburbs in New Jersey and to the outlying borough of Staten Island. On the suburban railways men are chatting as they ride to homes in Westchester, Connecticut, and Long Island; and on the subway trains stenographers and stock clerks, accountants and salesmen are riding to apartments in all of the residential sections of the great city, sections like Flatbush, Washington Heights, and Forest Hills.

As night falls, the lights of commerce dim and the lights of relaxation and fun brighten the mecca which has for so long beckoned the young men and women from the plains and the hills, from the small towns and the villages all over America. For New York, with its bright lights and shimmering skyscrapers, is a great magnet drawing ambitious youngsters. To these youngsters and to its own citizens, New York will always be a city full of promises, a city of stone and steel, tough and loud and confusing —a great city—yet a city never so big that it will turn anyone aside



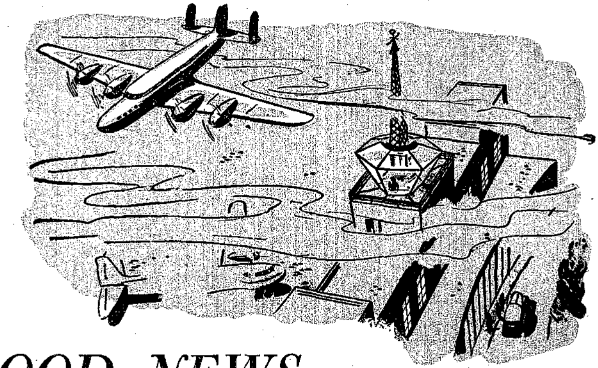
Too fast, too noisy, too big for many visitors to like, New York is vastly beautiful. Seen against the glow of evening, its skyline becomes a splendid crown and a mighty jewel to vie with nature's sunset.

Above the East River, the Brooklyn Bridge swings toward Manhattan in an arch repeated over and over again, as bridge after bridge links Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens with the teeming heart of the city.

Times Square makes a skyline of its own in the middle of New York. Every night this great, brilliant canyon throbs with tens of thousands of people thrilling to America's gaudiest, gayest and brightest night-life.

A startling new method of routing fog is reducing one of the hazards of flying

by **DONN LEVERING**



GOOD NEWS for AIR TRAVELERS

THE CEILING WAS ZERO and the hangars of Long Beach airport outside Los Angeles were blanketed in fog. It looked like a bad day for a small group of Air Force men gathered around the Army's first 400-mile-an-hour bomber, a Douglas XB-42. The crew had hoped to set a transcontinental record in a flight to Washington, D.C.

Then somebody thought of sending for Clellan Ross Pleasants, a bespectacled little San Franciscan who has come up with an invention that England, Japan and this country spent millions trying to perfect during World War II—a quick and practical method of shooing fog away.

Pleasants, who was in Los Angeles experimenting with his fog destroyer, was delighted to help. He set up four tanks that looked like trash barrels and into them shoveled ordinary blacksmith's coal. Then he dumped in several powdered chemicals, one being calcium chloride.

"Looks screwy to me," muttered an Army flier.

The little San Franciscan just went on shoveling. As soon as the coal was ignited, black smoke belched up into the fog and disappeared. Soon the 50-gallon burners began to grow white-hot under the draft of electric blowers.

"This is what I've been waiting for," said Maj. L. L. Kolb of the Air Forces weather staff, who had come along to watch. "We can all see the fog. Now let's see it disappear."

"Don't worry," answered E. H. Dimity, San Francisco realtor and

Pleasants' partner. "We'll have this field cleared in a few minutes."

Sure enough, the fog along the runways soon began to lift. First the administration building appeared, then the sun began to come through. That was all the Army crew needed. While the bomber warmed up, an area of blue sky opened up through one of the heaviest fogs of the season.

"I've seen all I need to," said Major Kolb. "Boys, it works!" And as he spoke, the bomber raced down the runway and took off.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF Pleasants' discovery can change the travel habits of millions of people. Besides keeping airports clear, pilots can carry fog killer skyward to open up foggy air for emergency landings. In a test of this sort made over San Francisco, 25 pounds of Pleasants' powder was dumped from a plane equipped with a small chute.

"The fog began to boil," the pilot reported enthusiastically. "Then it split and a hole at least 1,000 feet square opened up below. If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it!"

Carrying experiments with fog prevention on the ground one step further, Pleasants and his associates are now attempting to gear meteorological instruments to the generators of their latest streamlined, automatically-fed machines. When fog begins to gather, particles of repellent will be released in sufficient quantities to meet the need. When the atmosphere clears, the motors will shut off.

The uses for Pleasants' fog killer, however, are not confined to aviation. His machines may make harbors fog-free for shipping, and as with planes, fog killer can be carried aboard ship to clear a path through shrouded waters.

Via miniature machines beside highways, visibility can be maintained so that cars need not creep along with yellow lights stabbing at ground mists. Following the same principle, whole cities may ultimately be able to exercise a miracle control over fog.

Pleasants' chemical compound and his method of using it, now patented in ten countries, are getting results at low cost, as compared with Fido, the expensive dispersal technique used in England during the war. The Fido apparatus, a network of pipelines providing fire lanes along runways, costs about $200,000 for installation along a mile-long runway; and the cost of clearing fog over a complete landing area runs from $15 to $45 a minute, depending on density of the fog, wind direction and velocity, and other factors. The coal and chemicals used in one of Pleasants' standard demonstrations, on the other hand, cost about $12.

Instead of the Fido process of heating air, the American discovery chases fog away by changing the humidity of an area. In so doing, it offers future potentialities as a refrigerant, an air-conditioning aid, and as a substitute for the cumbersome smudge-pot system used to protect citrus orchards from frost. Pleasants estimates that one machine will protect about five acres of fruit from fog's colder cousin.

Oddly enough, Pleasants' No-fog process seems to be one of those discoveries that happen occasionally and for a brief time seem to contradict rules of science. After he had performed several successful daylight experiments, skeptical scientists challenged him to a night demonstration, claiming it would be impossible to get results without the presence of the sun. But Pleasants brought the moon and stars through the fog with the same ease with which he had re-established earthly contact with the sun in his daytime tests.

"While the sun helps some," he says, "in getting the action started in the atmosphere, it isn't essential. But as to how it comes in, we're not sure. We know what chemicals go into the formula, but we're not able to explain entirely the actions that come out."

THE NOFOG IDEA WAS BORN in 1930, when Pleasants, an engineer, began seeking a substitute for ethyl gasoline. He was puttering with chemicals one evening when his wife Mary glanced at cars crawling through the San Francisco fog on the street outside. But as she looked straight up, she was surprised to see that the stars were twinkling brightly.

"What are you doing down there that keeps the fog away?" she shouted to Clel in the basement.

"Just working on a new kind of gasoline," he answered, laughing at her silly idea that his experiments had anything to do with a hole in the fog. But Mary was not satisfied. That back closet of hers, for example—it used to "sweat" all the time. But ever since her husband had been hanging his workshop clothes there, the closet hadn't even been damp.

She continued to insist that his experiments had something to do with it. So at 2 o'clock one morning, Clel and his wife sneaked out of the house with a bucketful of chemicals. On the top of Twin Peaks overlooking San Francisco, they found a big fog pocket and dumped the bucket into it. The fog vanished.

Clel tried to laugh it off as coincidence, but after a dozen such coincidences he began to believe that perhaps he had something. Nevertheless, some skeptics referred to him laughingly as "the man who wants to put salt on the fog's tail."

Then, in 1935, Clel met Dimity, at that time owner of an aircraft appliance company. One demonstration was enough for Dimity. He financed a small laboratory for Pleasants, and with the help of an engineer they developed machinery to vaporize the mixture and send it skyward with the aid of heat.

Although Pleasants worked quietly, word began to get around, and gradually a few air notables became interested. One was Amelia Earhart, who gave Nofog a successful tryout. When she made her last flight across the Pacific in 1937, a supply of Pleasants' fog killer was in the plane.

Just before World War II began, Pleasants received letters from England, France, Germany and Japan. Britain, in fact, was interested enough to send a commodore over to witness tests. Dimity and Pleasants joyfully set up their equipment right on the coast, where they'd be sure to get fog. But California's unpredictable weather was against them, and not even a slight overcast interrupted the sunshine.

"After waiting 23 days without

seeing a wisp of fog, the commodore finally got tired and went home," Pleasants recalls sadly.

When the U. S. finally entered the war, Pleasants was able to get supplies for his experiments and a certain degree of protection. But that was all. He was never able to break through Army and Navy red tape to stage a demonstration for top-ranking officers.

"We just didn't seem to have the right connections," says Dimity.

But today, the long years of experimentation are almost over for the tireless little San Franciscan with his big idea—so big, as one aviation official remarks, that it is "equal to radar in helping the forward march of aviation." Not only are Pleasants, Dimity and associates now planning their first test installation of commercial-type fog machines—at Long Beach airport—but a Hollywood producer has been pestering them to chase fog away from outdoor film locations. And one current test is not even connected with fog but with smog—man-made industrial haze that hangs over big factory centers.

Meanwhile, Dimity talks of one grand experiment as a finale to Nofog's development. He wants Pleasants to set up their latest big push-button units at a major airdrome under Weather Bureau supervision and eliminate all fog from that area for three months. After such a decisive demonstration, he hopes that civil aeronautical authorities will call for Nofog as regular safety equipment at every airfield in America.

The foundation for this program has already been laid. Besides demonstrations in San Francisco, Los Angeles and elsewhere, two of the 54-year-old tinkerer's machines have operated successfully at a proving ground adjacent to Army property on the shores of Golden Gate. And not long ago, crude handmade burners cleared away 16 square miles of fog in San Francisco Bay with Army and Navy witnesses on hand.

After each such demonstration, Pleasants obligingly attempts a technical explanation of the fog chaser for mystified observers. But to laymen the language means little. They prefer Dimity's simple statement:

"All we do is start some process that as yet we can't fathom. We just give Nature a good-sized pill—and she does the rest."

Any Boy Knows That!

A TEACHER ASKED A BOY this question in fractions: "Suppose your mother baked a pie and there were seven of you—your parents and five children. What fraction of the pie would you get?"

"A sixth," answered the boy.

"But there are seven of you," said the teacher. "Don't you know anything about fractions?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "I know about fractions, but I know about mothers, too. Mother would say she didn't want any pie."

—William James

FREE ROAD MAPS FOR AMERICA'S TOURISTS

by Madelyn Wood

Turned out by the millions each year for the motorist's convenience, they make cross-country traveling a snap

THE MAN DRIVING NORTH on State Highway 17 peered grimly ahead. The river had overflowed and a rising muddy tide was rolling over the road. In a moment the engine coughed and then died.

Two hours later a farmer in a rowboat rescued the marooned driver. At the farmhouse he rushed to the phone and called the State Highway Department. Then he got Chicago on the wire to give some quick instructions.

"They say 17 is going to be out for three months. There'll be a detour onto State 19 via County F. Got that?"

"I've got it," the voice on the other end said with a groan. "But brother, this means trouble! Those maps are supposed to be printed in the morning. We'll have to work all night."

Twenty-four hours later, new road maps were being distributed to service stations all over the state, and on them was marked the new routing of 17. The man who had dared a flood to get the news through was an oil company map scout, sent out to rove the highways for exactly that purpose.

While not all changes are made on a 24-hour basis, this instance of behind-the-scenes effort to keep maps up to date is typical of the business of supplying U.S. motorists with more than 150,000,000 free maps every year.

The peculiarly American institution of the free map has now reached astonishing proportions. Yet it all began quite simply in 1895 when the Chicago *Times Herald* sponsored an auto race over a 92-mile course from Chicago to Waukegan and back. The race itself was a dismal affair in which one of the two contestants ended up in a ditch, but the contest made history, for the *Times Herald*, to aid motorist spectators, published a map showing the route. Thus the road map was born.

In that day, the hardy motorist who ventured forth on ancient and muddy roads was likely to get lost. With no road maps or signs, and only the sun as a guide, his chances of finding his way were aided but little by hostile farmers who sneered at his "gol-danged contraption."

Then, in 1901, the motorist was given his first opportunity to purchase the *Official Automobile Blue Book*, which covered the Eastern United States and contained, along with other touring information, four maps. But the individual chart did not make its debut until some years later, when Rand McNally issued an automobile road map of New York City and vicinity. Soon after, still fancier guidebooks began to appear, containing photographs and detailed directions that left little to the motorist's imagination.

The real turning point in the saga of the road map came in 1913, when William B. Akin, a Pittsburgh advertising man, approached the Gulf Oil Company with an idea. Why not print maps and *give* them to motorists? The company agreed it might be worth trying. Soon 10,000 road maps of Allegheny County were mailed to astonished yet gratified motorists. The idea was a howling success, and next year 300,000 maps of New York, New Jersey, New England and Pennsylvania were handed out free at Gulf service stations.

Today, the oil companies print and distribute some $5,000,000 worth of maps a year. In addition, thousands of requests for travel information pour through the mails and end up at the companies' tourist bureaus.

Everybody seems to want road maps, including people who fancy them for papering walls, schoolteachers in foreign countries who use them to teach students about the U.S., traveling salesmen, city police departments, state troopers, the U.S. Army and even hitchhikers.

One letter from a would-be hitchhiker received more attention than the writer desired. A boy from a Midwestern town scrawled a letter to an oil company, asking for information about routes between his home and New York City. The touring officials put two and two together and wrote to the boy's parents, suggesting that their son might be planning to run away. A few weeks later a grateful letter arrived, telling the company their deductions had been correct and that the prospective runaway had changed his mind.

DURING THE WAR, PATHETIC letters came from GI's overseas. Often written in pencil on mud-stained paper, the letters asked for U.S. maps with expensive tours outlined, covering areas of the country that GI's hoped to explore in new cars. As the war dragged on and the men became more and more homesick, Red Cross canteens asked for maps to put on the wall. GI visitors would stand there for hours, pondering in silent nostalgia the highways of their distant homeland.

Now that the war is over, many letters come from foreign countries. One, written in boyish scrawl, was postmarked Freetown, West Africa. "I am anxious to have your nice, lovely and magnificent maps," it said. There was no resisting the appeal, even though granting it would hardly result in the sale of gasoline, so off went a bundle.

A month later, six more letters

arrived from Freetown, all worded the same. Apparently the boy had told his friends about a wonderful formula. You merely wrote certain words and miraculously a collection of beautiful maps arrived from that distant and incredible America.

Of course, most requests for information come from motorists who simply ask the company to mark the best route from one city to another. Yet, occasionally, an inquiry taxes the travel experts' ingenuity. One woman wrote that she and her family were planning a trip from New York to Ohio—the same trip she had made as a child with her father, many years before. She remembered a "quaint" ferry that crossed the Susquehanna River somewhere in Pennsylvania, and she wanted to include this spot in the itinerary. The location was forgotten, but the ferry had been named "The Roaring Bull."

At the company office, a study of maps revealed no such crossing, so a map scout covering that territory was asked to investigate. He finally found the spot, but the ferry had been discontinued a decade before. Regretfully, the company passed the news along to the woman.

Some travelers have unusual problems to be considered when planning a trip. One woman whose husband had heart trouble required a special route for a transcontinental trip. Her husband's doctor had warned him not to go above an altitude of 5,000 feet. Could the oil company select a route that would keep them at low altitudes for the journey from Virginia to California? It took much poring over maps and atlases, but the company fulfilled the request, and the man later wrote to say that he had enjoyed the trip immensely.

A surprising number of motorists write for road maps to Labrador, and some are upset when informed that Labrador has no roads. One motorist accused the company to which he wrote of trying to keep business away from competitive concerns, which he was sure must operate service stations in Labrador.

At the moment, oil companies are deluged with requests for maps of the Alcan and Pan-American highways. The companies do their best to answer such requests, but the replies are usually discouraging to adventurous motorists who often forget the little problem of buying gasoline en route.

Sometimes, the companies have to put a damper on the plans of would-be travelers. One fisherman wrote for routing which would take him to the Adirondack lakes, and then on to Quebec for some Canadian fishing. The letter closed with a postscript. He planned, he said, on making the trip with a woman who was not his wife. Would they have trouble crossing the Canadian border? If so, could the company suggest a back road for by-passing customs officials? That was one request on which the company had no advice to offer.

BACK IN THE "GOOD OLD DAYS," the task of making road maps was vastly more difficult than it is today. In 1917, for instance, Rand McNally employees had to cruise around *marking* the highways before they could issue maps to guide motorists. Rand McNally trucks were a familiar sight as they went from one telephone pole to the next, painting colorful signs. They furnished hundreds of thousands of signs on 50,000 miles of highway before the states got around to taking over the job.

Although today's mapmaker finds the highways marked, he still has to keep his scouts checking on conditions. In your driving you may strike only an occasional detour, but the mapmaker may be forced to incorporate as many as 2,000 changes a year in a single state.

The little-known scouts drive in all weather to keep timely information pouring in. The scout can't be fooled by what somebody tells him about road conditions in his territory. He has driven the roads and he *knows*. One scout, driving a back road in Colorado, was caught in a flash flood. Although his car was almost demolished by rolling boulders, that road was kept on the map, but marked *unsafe*.

Another scout, taking a short cut through the desert near Twenty-nine Palms, California, got stuck in the sand and had to hike ten miles for help. The road is now indicated as *very sandy*.

With highway news constantly changing, the map production office sometimes resembles a newspaper city room. Usually, however, the changes involve the less exciting process of checking and re-checking against 6,000 different sources of information, ranging from maps of all kinds to publicity releases of state tourist bureaus.

The mapmaking is done by cartographers who have developed astonishing skill, and the actual printing of the four-color maps is a triumph of modern lithography, which brings them rolling out of high-speed presses at a cost of about three cents each. Yet this need for quantity production is one reason why just three big companies turn out most of the folders given away by oil concerns.

Rand McNally accounts for some 60,000,000 maps a year. General Drafting of New York takes care of another 30,000,000 or so. The third is the H. M. Gousha Company (pronounced Goo-shay) of Chicago, which accounts for 60 to 70 million.

As a youth, Gousha made a hobby of marking roads in the Midwest. Once a farmer asked him what he was up to and Gousha replied, "Markers and maps will make traveling a lot easier."

"Maps?" the farmer snorted. "Young man, nobody's ever going to drive *that* far!" But Gousha thought differently, and today his company is the biggest exclusive producer of road maps.

Most maps are folded either accordion or napkin style, with many a motorist complaining that, either way, the map is more likely to resemble a tablecloth when it is opened out. In attempts to solve this difficulty the oil companies have experimented with publishing several small maps to replace the single larger one, but have found the cost prohibitive.

Sometimes the mapmakers face the problem of which town to put on a map when they have two names and only room for one. Usually the company will select the town that is at a junction point or has the larger population.

Many tourists who formerly did not read the legends at the bottom of the map are now discovering a new source of useful information. Map legends usually indicate types of roads, time-zone boundaries, national and state parks, state capitals and county seats. Some maps even contain the call letters and wave-lengths of radio stations in the area, state traffic laws, scenic attractions and detailed charts of larger cities. It's up to the tourist to make full use of the map to get the most from his trip.

Probably no motorist ever derived as much satisfaction from free maps as the man who wrote to an oil company, inquiring about a projected 50,000-mile trip which would take him along virtually every major highway in the U. S. Surprised at the magnitude of his plans, the company asked politely just why he was taking such an extended journey.

The reply set the whole department hustling to plan a long and happy "trip." For the letter confessed that the man was not really going to travel at all. He was dying of cancer, he said, and unable to leave bed. But every night before going to sleep, he would step into his imaginary new car, get out his maps and use them to guide him on a 200-mile make-believe journey.

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He Worked Wonders -with Faith and a Dime!

by HERMAN STYLER

In making a wonderful dream come true, Willie Lee Buffington enriched the lives of thousands of his backwoods neighbors

IN THE BACKWOODS OF South Carolina, where the smoke from hundreds of shacks spirals skyward, stands a log cabin dedicated to humanity. Built with loving care by the residents of Plum Branch School District, it is a monument to a penniless mill hand, Willie Lee Buffington. The story of its growth exemplifies the truth that everyone, no matter how lowly, can do something to enrich the lives of others.

Inside the cabin are 2,000 books sent by a group of New Yorkers. They are all used and worn, but the print is still clear. As neighbors return from the cotton fields in the evening, they often stop in and carry home a dog-eared volume. For many it is the first time they have ever opened a book.

Buffington, a young mill hand, one day was walking the streets of Edgefield, South Carolina, with only a dime in his pocket. When he came to the post office he bought five two-cent stamps. Then he wrote to five people, asking each to donate a book for the poor Negroes of his neighborhood. If they couldn't spare a book, would they please return the stamp so he could write to someone else? Four people did not answer—but the fifth sent Buffington 1,000 volumes!

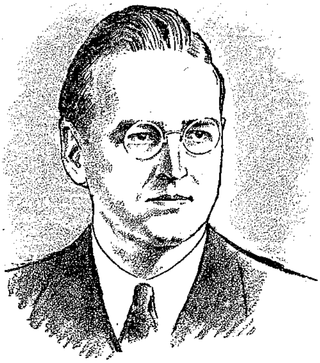
With friends, Willie Lee built a log cabin to house the books. Today, people from far and near walk a trail through the pines to see the Faith Cabin Library that was erected upon a boy's dream. College presidents, welfare workers and inter-racial groups have been among the visitors. And on the day the library was dedicated, they came to shake the hand of the shy young millworker who brought the light of reading to the Negro.

At the ceremonies, Buffington was quiet. But in his ears rang his grandmother's words: "Remember, Willie Lee, God makes the miracle." From the miracle of a boy's faith came the library. And from that library came 29 others scattered through South Carolina and knifing into Georgia, opening up a new world to countless people. Yet the whole idea was conceived and carried out not by a Negro but by a white youth who bridged the gap in a common cause.

As a boy, Willie's playmates included the Negro children of his pinewoods neighborhood. But when he was nine, an urchin in ragged overalls, he formed his first close friendship with a Negro—a strange, deep relation that was to shape his life. "Uncle Eury" Simpkins, a kindly schoolteacher, found Willie Lee in a sandpile, howling because someone had ruined his mud pie. Uncle Eury patted him gently and said, "Be a man, my son."

Willie Lee looked up at the wrinkled old face and stopped crying. When Uncle Eury walked on, the boy walked with him. And in the years that followed, Uncle Eury became one of the boy's advisers and his inspiration.

First, Willie Lee set out with ardor to gain an education in cotton-patch schools. But before graduation, he was needed at home, to work with his father in the fields. Then the boll weevil brought ruin to many cotton farmers in the South, and the Buffingtons lost the farm.


WILLIE LEE BUFFINGTON

Disheartened, Willie Lee and his father found work at a sawmill, and for five years they followed the mill from one plantation to another. Finally, his father heard of a Georgia school where a poor boy could work his way. "If you want to go, son, I will spare you somehow," he said.

The 17-year-old boy walked through the gate of the famous Martha Berry School in Rome, Georgia, with $3.85 in his pocket and trembling in his heart. Willie Lee Buffington was further away from home than he had ever been before, 200 miles from everyone he knew and loved in the world.

First they put him to digging ditches for an education, then he drove the school trash wagon, filled with scraps of paper and discarded magazines. Suddenly he made a discovery. There was real reading matter in this trash!

Down on his hands and knees he read the clippings, read every scrap hungrily. Then he took the papers to his room and made three scrapbooks of them. But they weren't trash any more; they were treasure.

One day he was in the field, feverishly reading scraps, when the school principal passed by. The principal stared, then strolled on silently. But soon the story of the backwoods boy who saved clippings spread through the school. And Willie Lee was assigned to the library as student assistant.

There the wonders of the world opened before him: the wisdom of all time between book covers! Yet he contrasted his good fortune with the poverty of the people back home. The white folks he knew had few books. Most of them had only a well-thumbed Bible or a *Pilgrim's Progress*. The Negroes had even less. If only they could read some of the things he was reading!

Instead of going home that summer, Willie Lee stayed on to work. But it was his first and last summer there. Lonely, homesick, in poor health, he had to give up education. That he remained more than a year was due in great part to Uncle Eury. Every month came a letter from his friend, warm and encouraging, and in each letter, to back up the words, a dollar bill.

Just a dollar, but how precious! Simple gift of the poor of one race to the poor of another. "Some day," Willie said, wiping tears away, "I'll pay it all back, pass it on. . . . "

Today Willie Lee has passed it on—a thousand times over. Countless children, white and black, would never have lived with Cinderella or Jack-and-the-Beanstalk if Willie Lee hadn't remembered.

He was 19 when he returned home and went back to work, helping his father at a cotton mill in the village of Ninety Six. When he was 23 he married his childhood sweetheart, Clara Rushton; now, on $12 a week, he had a wife to care for.

As he worked a loom he thought back to Berry School, felt again a glow of gratitude for old Uncle Eury. And soon, Uncle Eury invited him to the dedication of the new three-room school at Plum Branch, built with the aid of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

While Eury Simpkins was showing him the modern equipment, Willie Lee kept looking for the books. But there weren't any. Poor, kindly Uncle Eury had no books with which to teach. As Willie Lee journeyed home his heart was heavy. How could he help his friend who had given him so much?

That night, he dreamed long and vividly of a log cabin filled with books. Next morning the dream did not vanish. In fact as the days passed it gathered substance, became fixed in his mind.

A few weeks later he was walking the streets, memories of Uncle Eury flooding his mind. Suddenly he felt in his pocket. One thin dime. But with this he went into the post office and bought the five stamps. Then he went home and wrote the five letters. The man who sent 1,000 volumes was Dr. L. H. King, pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church in New York, who had appealed to his congregation from the pulpit.

When the books arrived, Willie Lee just stared at them, tears in his eyes. Gift of a lifetime—gift for his people. It was all just a dream and yet it had come true!

Happily he set about building a cabin to hold the treasure. Uncle Eury called a project meeting with the books stacked on the church altar. Everyone went to work. The men gave time, timber and labor—their women and children came to help. Every spare penny went into the library fund.

Chairs were made of barrel staves and covered with gay cretonnes, padded by nimble fingers. A broken piano was installed as a reading table. Books were stacked on rough-hewn shelves so that grown-ups and children could reach them. Uncle Eury became the first librarian. And when a representative of the State Department of Education said at the dedication, "So far as I know, this is the only thing of its kind in the South," they all felt like pioneers.

READING CLUBS AND STUDY groups now meet in the library each week. A radio, gift of a Pennsylvania woman, brings the day's news to this little community where once even a newspaper was unknown. But Uncle Eury is no longer there.

Two years ago he died and was buried near his beloved library. "He was a great soul," said Willie Lee in tribute. And Crozer Theological Seminary conferred an honorary degree upon the old gentleman shortly before he died. It was an A.B.—"*a Benefactor*."

Aware that what had started as a token of gratitude was growing rapidly, Willie Lee decided to devote his life to the work. He continued his education and was graduated from high school at 26, a married man with two children. And soon there were four Faith Cabin Libraries, serving readers in three counties. But his work was just beginning, for in some cotton-patch schools one geography book had to serve 30 children.

"I am pressed for time," he wrote a friend. "It is a job to be a husband, father, student, director of Faith Cabin Library and work on week ends in a grocery store."

As news of his backwoods crusade spread, people everywhere were inspired. Books have come from homes in every state and from all over the world. Protestants, Catholics and Jews, Negroes and whites, all have sent books, singly and in hundreds.

After Willie Lee talked at Oberlin College in Ohio, students organized a city-wide drive to collect several thousand books. In Iowa City, under the leadership of ministers, joint community campaigns brought in 10,000 volumes. And today, in Trenton, South Carolina, stands the Iowa City Unit of Willie Lee's Faith Libraries.

All over the country small groups have formed in response to the call of this soft-spoken Southerner. Queens Village, N. Y., campaigned successfully with the slogan "Ten Thousand Books in Ten Weeks." The record for a single collection—four tons—was made by Albert H. Stamm of Stryker, Ohio, a crippled veteran of World War I, who toured four counties pleading the cause of Faith Cabin Libraries.

Dartmouth College responded with such enthusiasm that the students' lockers looked as though a tornado had cleaned them out.

In all, almost 200,000 books have been gathered from America's dusty shelves. Called the most remarkable spiritual and intellectual institution in the country, the Faith Cabin Libraries have been hailed as a living example of how the individual can do practical good in a disordered world. Willie Lee Buffington has launched a venture in enlightened democracy that will go far toward building a better and stronger nation.

Any Coronet readers who have books to spare and would like to help the Faith Cabin Library project are invited to send the books, prepaid, to: Willie Lee Buffington, Faith Cabin Library, Paine College, Augusta, Ga.

If what you did yesterday still looks big to you, you haven't done much today.
—From *Trailer Talk*, edited by Jerome Fleishman

by LAWRENCE LADER

YOUR STAKE IN SOCIAL SECURITY

Here are the amazing facts, known to few of the millions who share its benefits, about the vital and far-reaching program which the government designed to protect you and your family against future want.

IN A SAN FRANCISCO doctor's office, the 66-year-old mechanic had heard the verdict. If he didn't retire immediately and regain his health, he wouldn't live six months.

Next day the mechanic stood nervously before the personnel director of his company.

"There's just $800 in your retirement fund," the director said. "What about your savings bank account?"

"Only $400," said the mechanic.

"Nothing else?"

"No, sir."

"What about your Social Security card?"

"I never thought much about it," said the mechanic.

The director smiled for the first time. "Maybe you never thought much about it," he said, "but it means $60 in your pocket every month. It's the one thing that makes it possible for you to retire and get back your health."

Because of a similar little white card, a Missouri girl of 17, whose father died recently, is now attending college. In Illinois, an old woman is able to keep her farm instead of going to a home for the aged. In Georgia, a young widow whose husband was killed in an auto accident is having an easier time raising her two children. For these people, and for thousands of other men, women and children throughout the country, Social Security has suddenly become the most important thing in life.

If you are one of 31,000,000 Americans who have $30 or less deducted each year from your pay for Old Age and Survivors Insurance, it may become the most important thing in your life too. But despite hearsay and gossip, do you *really* know what this insurance is, how it operates and what it will do for you?

Pick ten friends around the place you work and ask them the same question. If they are honest, nine will frankly admit their ignorance. Yet all of us should know as much about this long-range Federal security program as we do about our own bank accounts and life-insurance policies. That little Social Security card you carry so casually in your pocket may be one of the most valuable possessions you own!

BEFORE OLD AGE and Survivors Insurance was established by Congress in 1935, hundreds of thousands of poverty-stricken old people had to eke out a miserable existence through state assistance. Countless families suddenly faced financial disaster upon the death of the wage-earning father. Today, tragedies like these have been greatly reduced.

Through a simple system of compulsory Federal insurance, paid in equal amounts each month by you and your employer, a minimum income is guaranteed to you after 65, or to your widow and children if you should die before then. Yet the cost of this OASI protection is trifling because the burden is borne cooperatively by you, your employer and the government. Here is an example:

Under the Social Security law, the pay of each worker who is covered, up to $250 a month, can be taxed one per cent, or $2.50. If the deduction from your salary totals $30 a year (the maximum of 12 times $2.50), and if you start paying at the age of 30, by the time you are 65 your contribution to Uncle Sam will total $1,050. Yet at 65, you can start drawing retirement benefits *totaling $972 a year for you and your wife!* Even if you should die soon after retirement, your widow will receive benefits for the rest of her life.

An amazing return on your money, isn't it? Yet there are many amazing facts about Old Age and Survivors Insurance. For instance, when you ask those ten friends about OASI, one is almost certain to say: "Oh, that's just Social Security!"

Actually, OASI is only one part of the whole Social Security program, which includes other features like unemployment compensation and maternity care.

Another friend is likely to say: "Social Security? Oh, that's one of those government schemes that takes your money and gives it to bureaucrats! You'll never get a penny back."

Wrong again. The simple fact is that some 3,900,000 people have already received more than $1,239,100,000 in benefits. Every cent that you and your employer contribute is deposited in a special Trust Fund in the U.S. Treasury. There it remains—just as much your own as your war bonds.

So much for two popular misconceptions about Social Security. But there are others just as widely held. For instance:

1. *Old age insurance is "just another New Deal experiment."* Actually, this kind of government insurance was introduced in Germany in 1889, and has been functioning for years in more than a dozen other nations including Britain and Sweden. When the original bill was debated in our Congress in 1935, Republicans warmly supported it. An overwhelming coalition of Republicans and Democrats passed the legislation by 76-7 in the Senate and 372-33 in the House.

2. OASI *is "impractical," because it*

Eight Separate Programs in Social Security

Social Security is so wide in scope that Old Age and Survivors Insurance is just one of eight separate programs. The others, not discussed in this article, are unemployment insurance, old age assistance, aid to the needy blind, aid to dependent children, child welfare, services for crippled children, and maternal and child health.

Even though OASI wage deductions are paid by 31,000,000 people every week, there are five main categories of wage earners still uncovered: 8,000,000 farmers and agricultural workers; 2,300,000 Federal and 3,200,000 state and local government workers; 5,200,000 non-agricultural self-employed; 2,700,000 domestic workers, and those in educational and non-profit institutions; and 1,600,000 railroad workers.

Since OASI marked its tenth birthday on December 31, 1946, there are 35,500,000 workers in the country today who have been covered for ten years (or 40 quarters) and are thus "fully insured." This means that even if they stopped working tomorrow, they would be eligible for full benefits.

gives out too much for the amount taken in.

The truth is, the Treasury's fund has been growing steadily and should total between 16 and 18 billions by 1950. And it has been growing despite the fact that the one per cent tax on employers and employees, originally slated to be increased to three per cent by 1949, has been frozen at one per cent through 1947.

3. OASI *interferes with private insurance.*

On the contrary, the Federal program has helped private business. Most insurance companies praise OASI in their advertising. From 1936 to the end of 1946, the total of private life insurance in force increased from 105 to 174 billions, a trend due partly to the influence of OASI in making America insurance-conscious.

4. *People have to be poor or on relief to collect* OASI *benefits.*

This is completely untrue. Federal aid is not a handout to the poverty-stricken. The benefits are rightfully yours; you helped to pay for them during your working years. Both Henry Ford II and a clerk in his company earning $3,000 or more a year contribute the same one per cent, and are equally eligible for benefits.

5. OASI *plays favorites, giving the same amount of protection to everybody, despite the number of years he or she has contributed by wage deductions.*

The answer to this popular fallacy is that the man who starts paying at age 45 and collects at 65 does *not* hold any unfair advantage over the younger person. If you start contributing at 25, your ultimate benefits will be larger than his.

So much for common misconceptions about OASI. What you now want to know is this: what are *you* going to get out of old age insurance?

Most people are under the impression that *only* the insured person collects benefits. But the pleasant truth is that husband, wife and children are all eligible.

A. The insured man or woman draws monthly payments upon retiring at 65.

B. If the husband is insured, he not only receives benefits but his wife draws half the same amount at age 65.

C. A dependent, unmarried child under 18 also draws half the amount of the father's benefit, but not more than two children can so collect.

But there is a limit to the monthly total. No matter how many members of the family are eligible, the maximum monthly payment on any one account is $85.

Since benefits are limited to this total of $85, it is clear that OASI is not designed to provide an income to cover all family expenses. Instead, it is a minimum to depend upon as a guarantee that you and your survivors will never face utter poverty.

"All that OASI can do, or is intended to do," says Arthur J. Altmeyer, director of the Social Security Administration, "is to furnish the individual with a solid footing upon which to achieve security for himself."

Now for a little paper and pencil work, to calculate the amount of this "solid footing" in a specific family. Although no benefits can be gauged precisely until you actually retire, you can arrive at a reasonably accurate estimate by inserting your own figures in the following table, which is based on the government's actuarial statistics.

This family consists of a man with a wife and one child; he is retiring at 65 after earning an average monthly wage of $200 for ten years.

First take 40 per cent of first $50 of average monthly wage ($200)	$20.
Then take 10 per cent of the balance ($150)	15.
The basic benefit	35.
Add 1 per cent for each year insured (10 per cent)	3.50
The monthly benefit	38.50
Wife's benefit if she is over 65 (½ monthly benefit)	19.25
Child's benefit until 18 (also ½)	19.25
Total benefit for family	$77.00

But retirement benefits are not the whole story. Just as important, in case you should die after retirement, are survivors' benefits. Here are the members of your family who would be eligible:

1. If your widow is over 65, she will receive three-quarters of your monthly benefit.
2. If your widow does not remarry and has children under 18, she will receive three-quarters of your monthly benefit, no matter what her age, until the children reach 18. The benefits then cease—but begin again when the widow reaches 65.
3. Each child under 18 receives one-half your monthly benefit until he reaches 18.
4. If you leave no widow or chil-

dren under 18, then the benefits go to your parents, provided they were chiefly dependent on you for support at the time of your death.

Now take paper and pencil again and figure survivors' benefits. Let us say that your average monthly wage for ten years was $200, and that at your death you left a widow of 55 and two children of 16 and 17. Since your monthly benefit would have been $38.50, the same as in the first case, each child will draw one-half that sum, and your widow three-quarters of it.

Widow's benefit (until children reach 18, then beginning again when she reaches 65)	$28.87
Child of 16 for two years	19.25
Child of 17 for one year	19.25
	$67.37

This sum of $67.37 is what Altmeyer calls a "solid footing." And by using survivors' payments as a base, more and more people are reinforcing their families' "solid footing" by adding life insurance to OASI benefits, as in the typical plan worked out by a man of 30 with a wife and two children.

When he reached 65, or in case he died before then, he wanted his family to have $200 a month. If, before the advent of OASI, he had taken out a simple endowment policy maturing at 65, it would have cost about $800 a year for 35 years to provide the desired monthly income.

But with OASI providing a base of about $80 a month at 65, he was able to buy an endowment policy that cost less than $500 a year. Through this endowment policy, he also created a $20,000 estate which he could pass on to his wife and children in any form he desired.

A Spur to Insurance

Old Age and Survivors Insurance has given millions of Americans an entirely new appreciation of their own need for financial security, and has substantially broadened the market for life insurance. The foundation provided by Social Security now makes it possible for many people to afford an adequate income program for themselves and their families.

—Roger Hull, vice-president, Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Cases like his, as well as others presented in this article, show why OASI in ten short years has become an enormous influence in the lives of millions of American people. For visual proof, walk into any of the 455 local offices of the Social Security Administration.

At New York's 42nd Street office, one of the largest in the country, an average of 125 people appear each day to file claims. They are met by one of the eight interviewers. Within ten minutes, all the information needed to settle the claim is recorded. Within four weeks, the first benefit is usually paid.

For further proof, listen to some of the phone calls which come into field offices all over the country. Recently the widow of a young marine called a West Coast office, after a friend had said she might be entitled to benefits. When the office investigated, they found she was eligible for a lump-sum payment. Then a few weeks later she gave birth to a child, and both widow and child immediately began to receive benefits.

Look at some of the letters that pour into the field offices. "Two years ago when I was a junior in high school," a girl wrote from an Eastern university town, "my father died, leaving me and my mother alone in the world. I went to my principal and told him I was leaving school to take a job. He said I shouldn't decide too quickly and sent me to see you.

"It was then that I learned my father's Old Age and Survivors Insurance would give me $20.25 a month until I was 18. I was graduated from high school last year and got a scholarship in chemistry at this college.

"I won't be a Madame Curie, but I'm going to have a wonderful life just the same. My father's insurance made the difference between having to leave school and getting this opportunity."

Old Age and Survivors Insurance has brought a new freedom to the American people. Just as the Constitution guarantees freedom of speech and religion, government insurance now guarantees a minimum of individual security for our old age. Yet no one has handed us this security on a silver platter, for each of us has worked for it and helped to pay for it out of our own pockets.

To the tens of millions of American men, women and children who live under the shelter of our Social Security law, it is one more inspiring chapter in the endless story of making this nation a better place in which to live.

Juvenile Jive

THE CLASS HAD been given a rather difficult sum to do for homework, and strange to relate, Tommy, the dunce of the class, was the only one with the correct answer.

"Did your big brother help you with this, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," truthfully replied Tommy. "He did it alone." —W. E. GOLDEN

* * *

JUNIOR WAS A PROBLEM child, but the psychiatrist said he must be humored.

"I'll get you anything you want to eat," said the father.

The child thought for a moment. "I want an earthworm."

In the back yard the father found one and set it before Junior.

"I wanted it cooked," Junior objected. The father took the worm back to the kitchen and boiled it.

The child regarded it critically. "You eat half," he told his father, "and I'll eat the other half."

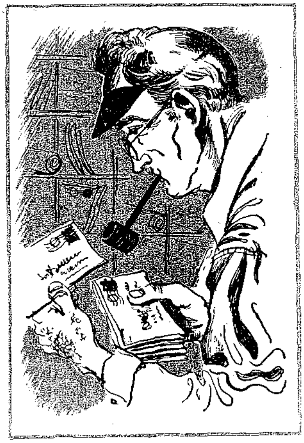
The long-suffering father managed to choke down half the earthworm. Suddenly the child let out a wild howl. "You ate my half!" he wailed. *—March of Progress*

Here's the inside story of one "public servant" who really lives up to his name

Secrets of a Small-town POSTMASTER

As told to **Ellen Crane**

MOST PEOPLE IN OUR town have an idea that being postmaster is a soft job, handed out by a grateful political party for services rendered. They assume that all I have to do is wear a necktie, peddle stamps and, of course, read post cards. Well, maybe it was once that way, but nowadays the job is more complicated and after ten years as postmaster of my small Midwestern town I think that the person who thought up the term "public servant" really had something.



Besides getting the mail in and out of town, a routine job which is forever entangling me in non-routine problems, I also do a banking business, sell government bonds, dispense civil service information, manage an office building and, ex-officio, make out income-tax returns, wrap packages and act as town information bureau.

To handle this multiple job, I should really have been trained as a combination bookkeeper, baggage smasher, mind reader, bank clerk and psychologist. Instead of which I am just an average small-town citizen, trying to keep both the postal inspectors and the postal public happy.

Perhaps it is this combination that causes most of my problems. By themselves, the inspectors would be a pushover. Once I had learned that the Post Office Department was serious about my filling out all these forms, I stopped worrying over the inspector's visits. What is more, the government is consistent. I know what to expect from it—or, if I don't, I can consult the regulations. My customers, however, are something else. Their only point of consistency is that they don't give a hang about the rules—they just want service.

Take the matter of hours. In our town the post office is open from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., except Sundays and holidays. Theoretically I am my own man from 6 o'clock Saturday evening until 8 Monday morning, free to sing in the church choir, go fishing—or just sleep. But actually, I can't remember a week end since I hung my hat on a government hook when I haven't had at least one call about something which, to somebody, was an emergency.

It began the week I took over. At 7:30 on Saturday evening I was resting comfortably on the living-room sofa while Marge, my wife, was upstairs primping, preparatory to playing bridge with next-door neighbors. I was feeling pretty smug about my new job. The pay, while not spectacular, was regular; the hours too. No staying open evenings or being hauled out on Sundays, as in the automobile business.

The phone roused me. "Pudge? This is Charlie Miller. How about a duck stamp? The season opens tomorrow."

"Golly, Charlie," I answered, "the post office closed at 6. Won't be open till Monday morning."

"Sure, but it'll only take a minute—and I want to get in a little hunting tomorrow. Bill Gregory always did it for me."

Certainly I could do no less than my predecessor had done, so I replied: "Okay, Charlie. I'll be right down."

Charlie wasn't far wrong. It took me only 15 minutes to walk to the office, open the safe, extract a stamp, make the book entry and get back home. But I had scarcely set up the bridge table when the phone rang again. John Bates wanted to shoot ducks next day too, and since I had opened up for Charlie, I couldn't do less for John. Nor for Jesse Grimes, who was on the phone when I got back the second time.

By this time Marge was angry, the neighbors were bored and I was tired. Although I was not sure just what rules I might be breaking I stuck a sheet of duck stamps in my pocket and brought them home.

It was 11 o'clock, and the bridge game had long since turned into three-handed poker, when I doled out the last—and 28th—stamp!

OF COURSE, ALL my week ends aren't so busy, yet there's always something. Mrs. Grant, for instance, will choose Sunday morning to phone me about a suitcase sent by parcel post which has not arrived yet. There's nothing I can do about it until Monday, but Mrs. Grant wants her suitcase *now*—and the fact that she's known me since I was a baby doesn't make it any easier for me to explain the situation.

As a matter of fact, I'm not supposed to handle such complaints even during office hours. They are the responsibility of the clerk on duty. My job, as outlined by the Department, is to assign duties to the staff, deposit the money and keep up-to-date on paper work. But just try to stay within these limits in a town of 2,500, where you know everyone and everyone knows you!

Take Jim Budlong, for example. It was on a Sunday afternoon that Jim got his man—me—in the midst of a golf game. Could I open the mailbox on the village square and extract a post card he had mailed without addressing? Of course he could have gone to the hotel three doors away, bought another penny card and rewritten his message. But Jim got sore when I suggested it, and he hasn't spoken to me since.

There are other people, too, who aren't exactly jovial in my presence. When I took over, it was routine for the town's leading banker and the local judge to saunter to the post office on holidays to pick up their morning papers. Fourth of July or Christmas, rain or shine, they appeared, rattled on the window and asked the busy clerk for their *Tribunes*. This had been going on for years, despite the fact that they could rent a box for 60 cents a quarter or buy a *Tribune* from the newsdealer for a nickel. So I decided to do something about it.

When Thanksgiving came and I heard the knock on the window, I poked my head through the door.

"Just came for our *Tribunes*," said the judge.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "we have about 300 *Tribs* in here and it will take the clerk half an hour to find yours. The government, which pays him 65 cents an hour, has decided this is a waste of the taxpayers' money. So, instead, it will give you five cents apiece and you can go to the newsstand and buy your papers."

I held out two nickels. The judge's face flamed as he clumped out, the banker on his heels. They've never been back since—and never been very friendly, either.

MY JOB, WHICH some people think is a political plum, begins at 8 A.M. The first of eight daily mails arrives at 8:30 and is distributed by three clerks. Some goes to town and rural carriers, some to lock boxes, some to general delivery. In theory there is a boy on hand to deliver the "specials," but since so few come to our town, it doesn't pay to keep a kid to meet every mail. So I carry them myself.

Back at the office I begin on paper work, sending to the Central Accounting Office whatever money we have taken in for money orders and postal notes, the cash received from bonds and postal savings whenever it reaches $50 or more, and, twice a month, the revenue from stamps. Then I read the day's mail—my own, that is—and the Postal Bulletin, to find out what the Department wants and how many mistakes I've made.

Our supplies of stamps and the like are allotted on a "fixed credit" basis. Each of the two regular clerks has his own drawer, containing a few hundred dollars in stamps. They buy from my $5,000 stock every day. Once a month, before I remit to the Central Accounting Office, I check these drawers to make sure that our accounts balance. If a clerk's drawer is out of balance, he must reimburse it from personal funds, and if my accounts don't come out even, I, too, must pay up.

The Department doesn't fool around with its cogs. A postal employee can get demerits for anything from accepting an improperly wrapped package to failing to pay his debts, and 700 demerits in a year bring him under scrutiny for removal. Small errors bring five or ten demerits, but serious offenses cost plenty: for example, falsifying the time record, 500; being AWOL, 50 to 100 for the first day; misconduct off duty, which brings discredit on the service, from 50 to 500, depending on its seriousness; failure to pay just debts, 100 to 500.

This is all quite fair and logical,

but did you ever try to explain to a member of your mother's sewing circle why you can't accept the two jars of strawberry jam which she has wrapped in one layer of brown paper to send to her daughter in California? I have, and it isn't fun. That explains why I am now one of the finest package-wrappers in the country.

WE SELL ABOUT $20,000 worth of stamps a year, which automatically makes ours a second-class office and my pay $300 a month. We are not supposed to urge people to buy more stamps than they need, and proselytizing—trying to get people from near-by towns to patronize our office—would switch me into the ranks of the unemployed faster than a change of administration in Washington. One of my jobs, however, is to encourage people to use our service.

For instance, I suggested to the county treasurer that he notify people by post card of the amount of their taxes so that they could mail their checks and he, in turn, mail receipts. It saved a lot of crowding and confusion in his office during the last days before tax deadline—and sold a lot of extra stamps, too.

But most of the townfolk don't need urging to make use of our services, especially the extracurricular. It is no joke to me on a Sunday morning, when the temperature is below zero, to trudge to the office and dig out a box of flowers which was scheduled to arrive at midnight Saturday. But when there's a wedding or funeral in town, I'd be even meaner than people think I am if I refused.

My chief plaint, however, concerns our special baby-chick service, even though I thought it up in self-defense. For the benefit of city-bred folk, let me explain: instead of hatching eggs via the setting hen or incubator, most farmers nowadays order day-old chicks from near-by hatcheries. These are shipped by parcel post in cartons of 100 and invariably arrive at the office just after the rural carriers have left.

As a result, every day from January until June, we work to an obbligato of hundreds—sometimes thousands—of "cheep, cheeps." Maybe I could have learned eventually to enjoy this accompaniment, but I didn't have the stamina to find out. Instead I inaugurated the plan of phoning a purchaser as soon as his chicks arrived, so that he could pick them up. Most of the farmers are grateful for this special service but there are some who always suggest I make the delivery. And there are times when I've had to do it, too.

Then there is the problem of deciphering names on incoming mail. Since our town, like many small places, boasts a number of large families, we sometimes have trouble making prompt delivery. There are, by actual count, more than 200 Richardsons in the community, with plenty of Franks, Freds, F.K.'s, F.J.'s and Juniors among them. It's a neat trick to guess right when a letter comes addressed to F. J. Richardson, Jr.

Is it old Frank's boy who lives in the Casper place out near the Burlington station, or the one known locally as "Stinky," who's farming the Lacey place west of town? Chances are it will turn out to be the eight-year-old son of F. Jasper, president of the First National Bank, who's just begun to send away for comic books. But don't think that all of them, including the eight-year-old, won't be furious if their mail doesn't reach them promptly!

This identification business was a big headache during the war, when local boys met out-of-town girls, married them and shipped them home for the duration. Then came the allotment checks, all without street addresses and all made out to "Mrs. Maude Brown," "Mrs. Gladys Richardson" and the like, while the proud new brides insisted on calling themselves "Mrs. Ralph Brown" and "Mrs. Harry Richardson." If only Emily Post and the government had gotten together, it would have saved us a lot of grief.

The case that I remember best concerned Mrs. Milly Adams. When we received her first allotment check, we called all the Adamses in the phone book. None of them had ever heard of Milly, so when the check wasn't called for all we could do was return it.

Next came a letter from Corp. William Adams, very irate because we hadn't delivered his wife's check. It took two exchanges of letters to ferret out the fact that her given name was Laura, but he had always called her Milly so he used that name when listing her as a dependent. He still doesn't understand why I couldn't figure it out myself.

The department of romance and similar secret activities is another which keeps our aspirin supply depleted. Two-thirds of our lock boxes are rented by girls and women—girls who have reached the age where they don't want families prying into their love affairs, and women who are trying to conceal something, even if it's only a charge account, from their husbands. For some reason, however, the lock-box technique never seems to occur to men who may be straying off the range.

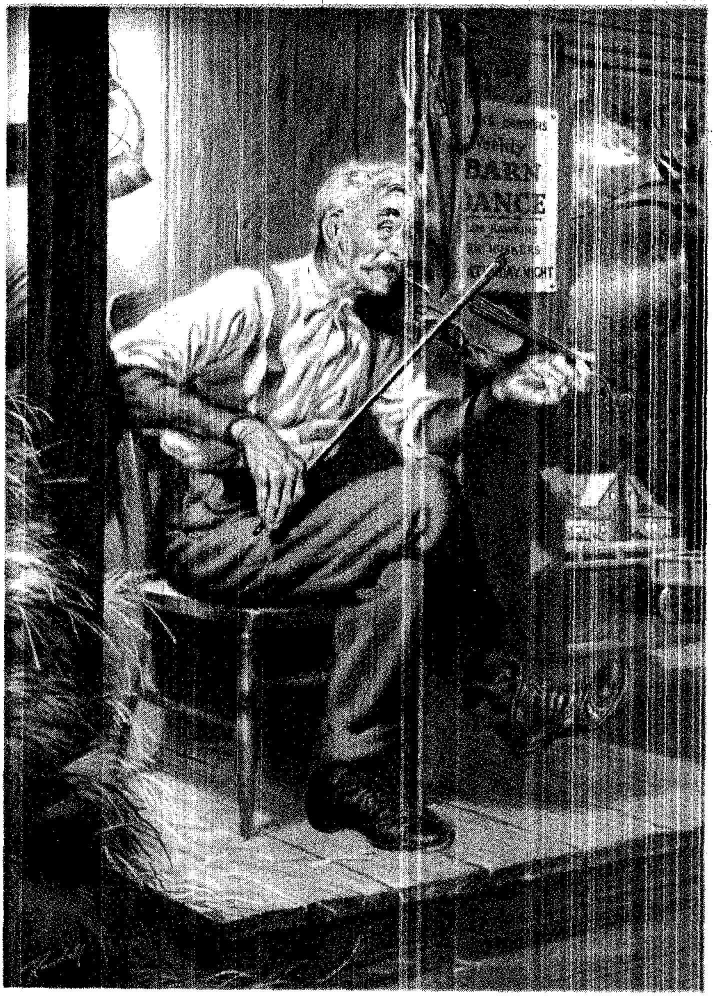
Suppose, for example, that Joe Blank, county engineer and a Grade B wolf, has attended a convention in the state capital. A week later, I happen on a letter addressed to Joe in feminine handwriting. The stationery is pink, the postmark is that of the convention city. I can either put it in the box rented by the county for its engineers, where it will be picked up by his talkative office girl, or I can toss it to the carrier for delivery to his home, where his wife will get first look.

Of course, the letter could be from his sister. What do I do? Well, what would you do?

Speaking of Speaking

A CERTAIN SOUTH AFRICAN tribe requires its public speakers to stand on one leg while addressing the others. As soon as the lifted foot touches the ground, the speech is automatically over. Somebody could make a lot of money selling that idea to Congress.

—DAVID STERNBERG



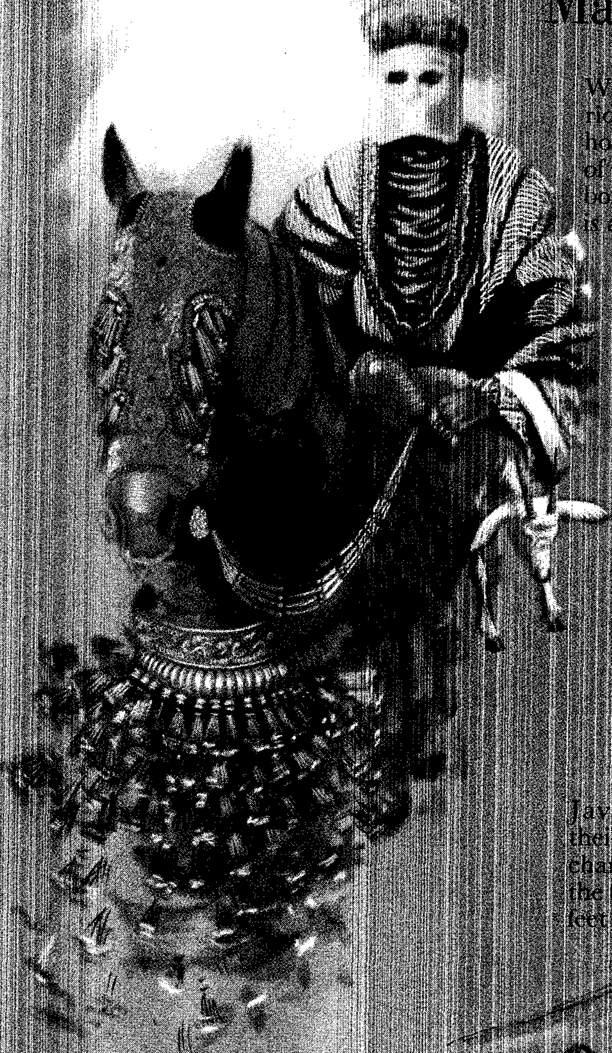
Barn Dance Tonight

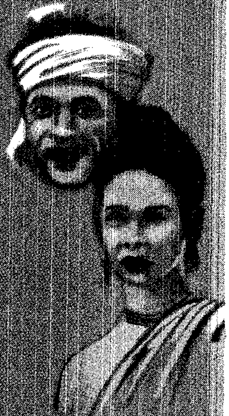
Fresh and clean and American to the core, the barn dance has survived for generations. And the fiddler, too, still carries on, stamping out the rhythm with his foot as he plays the beloved folk tunes for hours on end.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY BILL RANDALL.

Strange Marriage Customs

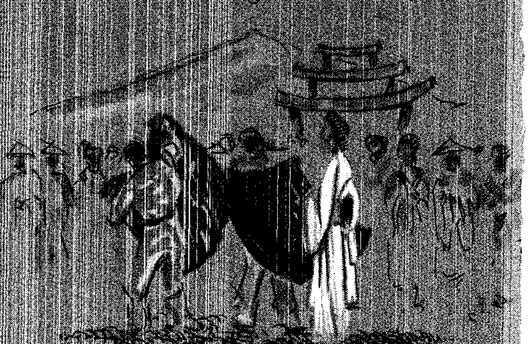
West Asia's Turkoman bride rides a spirited horse and holds on her lap the carcass of a lamb or goat, as a symbol of sacrifice. The groom is also on horseback.





Javanese couples blacken their teeth to enhance their charms. And at the wedding, the bride washes her groom's feet in sign of servitude.

In Japan, the wedding procession is headed by two men who wave a red flag to dispel evil spirits, thus insuring a happy marriage.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAM SMITH

by **EMILY LAWRENCE**

Romance Around the World

Surrounded by ancient traditions and superstitions, the marriage ceremony takes strange forms in far-off lands

IT WAS QUITE SOME TIME ago that poets and song writers made the happy discovery that "June" and "honeymoon" rhyme. And they will probably never let us forget it. Their persistence, however, is matched by their accuracy, for the June wedding *is* traditional. One popular explanation for the tradition is that, in primitive times, custom dictated that marriages should be celebrated only at planting time, to assure a fruitful union.

Many other traditions that surround our modern marriage ceremonies are relics of ancient rites and superstitions. The honeymoon itself is a survival of the days of marriage by capture, when the groom kept his abducted bride in seclusion to prevent communication with her relatives. Even today, on the east coast of Greenland, a marriage is official only after the bridegroom has gone to the girl's hut, caught her by the hair, and dragged her off to his home.

Our custom of wedding gifts, too, takes strange forms in other lands. On the Mediterranean island of Cyprus, the mattress for the betrothed couple is filled in public, while friends of the young lovers throw money into it. The money can be removed only after the couple has been married a year. And in Greece, bread for the marriage feast is kneaded in public while wedding guests toss money into the dough.

But there is no counterpart in our modern ceremony for some of the strange customs still practiced in other parts of the world. No one has ever suggested, for example, that an American man—like the men of the Herero tribe of western South Africa—should marry both his chosen bride and her older sister. Nor has any American bride ever walked over a human pathway, as do brides in the Cook Islands. There, young men of the village lie face down on the ground and the bride walks on their backs from her own home to the groom's.

And no U. S. couple has ever been married in so simple a ceremony as that of the Negrito tribe in the South Pacific. There, the bride and groom go to the elder of the tribe, who pronounces them man and wife by knocking their heads together.

by GEORGE WEINSTEIN

The Gentle Art of Raising Money

Meet the masters who coax millions out of America's pockets for worthy causes

SEVERAL YEARS AGO Adelphi College, then of Brooklyn, set out to raise $1,000,000 for much-needed improvements. Prospect lists, campaign literature and publicity were carefully prepared and the drive got under way. But things went badly from the start. And when A. B. See, elevator manufacturer whom President Blodgett of Adelphi had earmarked for $100,000, failed to donate, the campaign hit the doldrums.

Not only did See turn down Blodgett, but he declared that colleges for females were a waste of time. A girl could learn more in 12 months of hard manual labor than she could in four years at any college, he maintained.

Blodgett called a meeting of the trustees and broke the news, with a recommendation that the campaign be called off. The trustees were inclined to agree. But campaigner Jim Herrick, of the New York fund-raising firm of Tamblyn & Brown, spoke up.

"Gentlemen, Mr. See's statement is the best thing that could have happened. It's the shot-in-the-arm this campaign needed. Let me release it to the press and you'll see what I mean."

The board gave reluctant consent. The story, sent out next day, appeared on the front page of the New York *Times*. Not only that, but it was picked up by the Associated Press and reprinted in newspapers throughout the country.

Indignant letters—accompanied by checks—began to pour in from Maine to California. Thousands of contributions, some for as much as $5,000, were received from people who had never before heard of Adelphi. Thus the college got its million, thanks to the publicity-wise fund-raiser.

In 1945 Americans parted with almost $2,500,000,000 for philanthropic causes. They did not give up this huge sum spontaneously. Most of it had to be wheedled, cajoled and otherwise extracted from them by experts—professional fund-raisers whose masterful touch has made the business of opening hearts and pocketbooks a major American industry.

The solicitor who rings your doorbell and asks for a contribution for that new hospital in your town may be a simon-pure amateur. And the chairman of the drive—usually a big local name—may be an amateur too. But every argument the solicitor uses, every major move the chairman and his committee make, has probably been charted by a professional who directs the campaign behind the scenes.

There are about a dozen recognized fund-raising firms in the U. S. which help non-profit organizations raise money for worthy causes—anything from $20,000 to enlarge a boys' club to $20,000,000 to rebuild a university. A combined roster of their clients would include almost every well-known philanthropic organization in the country—the Red Cross, Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Catholic Charities, American Cancer Society, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, National Cathedral, Jewish Theological Seminary, Johns Hopkins Hospital and hundreds of others. These organizations have found that the professional fund-raisers can usually perform a better, faster job.

In the early 1920s, Dr. Mary Emma Woolley, then president of Mt. Holyoke and a non-believer in fund-raisers, undertook to raise $3,000,000 for the college. After three desperate tries, the campaign thermometer showed a total of only $100,000. Ready to abandon the drive, she was prevailed upon to call in professional help. Soon she had $2,600,000 of her fund.

In another instance, Horace Dutton Taft initiated a $2,000,000 campaign for Taft School. He was making little progress until a fund-raiser spotted the trouble. The school was Taft's personal property, and as such could expect only limited support. At the fund-raiser's suggestion, it was deeded over to the alumni, who appointed a board of trustees. The school became a non-profit institution, and after that there was no difficulty in raising the money.

Fund-raisers' fees, contrary to general opinion, are comparatively small. Reputable firms do not work on a percentage basis because that would encourage high-pressure tactics. The fee, based on the number of men assigned to the campaign and the time they need to put it over, sometimes is as little as ½ to 1½ per cent of the total raised. In most cases a single campaign director, at $400 to $700 a week, is all that is needed.

Expenses, such as printing, postage and advertising, are often donated or paid from campaign receipts. The over-all cost of a well-run drive usually averages from 6 to 9 per cent of the total, although it can range from 2 to 25 per cent. The larger the amount to be raised, the smaller the cost percentage.

Printing and postage are important items in every campaign. While fund-raisers know that personal solicitation is the best way to get money, they never underestimate the power of the printed word or the U.S. mail. A pamphlet mailed recently to a wealthy old gentleman drew a donation of $100,000 because he was delighted to read its large type without his glasses.

And when Mrs. Montgomery Ward received a brochure containing the architect's drawings for a new building projected for Northwestern University, she asked the university president how much he wanted. He took a deep breath and made a daring request—$100,000.

"I'm not interested in such a sum," said Mrs. Ward. "Send me your architect."

Five days later she contributed $3,000,000, the entire cost of the building, and subsequently $5,000,000 more for other purposes.

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FUND-RAISERS, EAGER to avoid unworthy causes, look over prospective clients carefully before taking on a campaign. One philanthropic agency which had been dispensing $250,000 a year came to a fund-raiser with plans for a $5,000,000 expansion campaign. After studying the situation, the fund-raiser reported that not only was there no need for expansion but there was no longer any need for the agency itself. This was a blow for the directors, but they voted to accept the report and dissolve the agency.

One of the biggest names in fund-raising is John Price Jones of New York, whose firm, the John Price Jones Corporation, has conducted more than 600 campaigns and has helped raise more than $600,000,000 since 1919. Harvard, Princeton, the University of Chicago, the Salvation Army, the YWCA and the National Cathedral are among his more prominent clients. Jones got into the money-raising business early in life by raising $150 to send himself to school.

Son of a mine foreman in Pennsylvania, young Jones decided that the coal pits were not for him. Determined to attend Exeter and then Harvard, he approached a bartender friend of his father's with the idea. The bartender was so impressed with the lad's vision that he advanced the money and charged it off to charity.

But within a week after Jones arrived at Exeter, he mailed back a first repayment of $25—out of earnings at school. He had taken on every job in sight—waiting on tables, clerking, cleaning and pressing clothes.

At Harvard he was correspondent for half a dozen newspapers. After graduation he went into newspaper work in New York, then got a job with an advertising agency. During World War I he assisted the Liberty Loan Committee, where he found money-raising so fascinating that he decided to make it his life's work. In 1920 he wrote fund-raising history by helping Harvard to raise $13,931,780, largest amount ever collected by an educational institution up to that time.

Jones' studies show that well over 50 per cent of all philanthropy comes from people making less than $5,000 a year. This group gives about 2½ per cent of its income. In the $5,000 to $10,000 class, the average contribution is $176 a year. For those making between $100,000 and $150,000, it is $3,970.

The million-dollar-a-year man gives away $113,243. But the pain of giving, especially for those in the higher tax brackets, is eased somewhat by Uncle Sam's generous provisions for income-tax deductions for charity.

CAMPAIGNS VARY IN difficulty. Those with a spiritual appeal, like a church, are the easiest to push through. Organizations that relieve suffering—hospitals, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross—are next. Educational institutions and research projects are tougher. But the hardest are memorial campaigns, such as those for popular figures like Knute Rockne, Will Rogers and Ernie Pyle. When such celebrities die, experience has shown that only intimate friends contribute substantially.

Most campaigns are launched with a "kick-off" dinner. The guest list is heavy with wealthy prospects, preferably those with a good philanthropic record. A campaign brochure or pamphlet is placed under each napkin and a persuasive speaker starts the program.

Fund-raisers still talk about the dinner several years ago on behalf of the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission of New York. One of the guests, a wealthy coal dealer, picked up and read the brochure. Deeply moved, he whispered to the chairman. That gentleman nearly fell from his chair but recovered sufficiently to announce that the drive was over. The coal dealer had subscribed the entire $100,000.

When Harvard brought in a fund-raiser to help collect $1,000,000 for its Arnold Arboretum, the stipulation was made that Harvard alumni, who had been tapped often of late, were not to be solicited as such. The fund-raiser solved that problem by inviting several hundred owners of large estates in Westchester County and Long Island to a banquet, where their interest in trees and shrubs was appealed to. Most of the money was raised that night.

To inaugurate a $20,000,000 campaign for the Yale Alumni Endowment Fund, the New York firm of Tamblyn & Brown staged what is believed to be the largest fund-raising dinner on record. It was held simultaneously in 220 cities, all of which, including New York, London, Paris and Tokyo, were tied in by radio. The entire fund was not raised that night, of course, but the world-wide dinner is credited with slicing a year off the three the campaign was scheduled to run.

During World War II, the Red Cross, United War Chest, USO, War Bonds and hundreds of other drives went over the top with regularity. But patriotism wasn't alone responsible. In the background, directing the far-flung machinery necessary for these prodigious drives, were the best fund-raising brains in the country—men like Jones and his vice-president, Dave Church; Alex MacIntosh of Tamblyn & Brown; Carl Kersting of Kersting

& Company; H. J. Seymour, rated by many the peer of them all; and dozens of others who were on loan to various agencies during the war.

Most of these men are back in private fund-raising again, and they admit they are going to need more resourcefulness and know-how than ever before. Since VJ Day, competition for the philanthropic dollar has become fierce.

In New York City alone, at almost any given time, anyone interested in giving money away can find at least a hundred drives in progress, with a combined goal of about $100,000,000.

Fund-raisers are expecting a situation reminiscent of the Princeton alumnus who, in 1942, received a letter of solicitation from his alma mater asking: "Where is your heart?" His carefully considered reply is now something of a classic in fund-raising circles:

"In addition to Princeton, my heart is in Manila, Wake Island, defense bonds, Community Chest, my wife's broken arm, Red Cross, Christ Episcopal Church, Hawaii, infantile paralysis, taxes, store bills, League for Hard of Hearing, my beloved daughter away at school, Keep 'em Flying, local hospital drive, Civilian Defense, my 88-year-old auntie, Crippled Children Fund, Save Paper, the British Navy, General MacArthur, groceries. So here find a small contribution."

But fund-raisers have nursed small contributions into big campaign totals before, and they suspect that henceforth they may be able to do so again.

Abraham Lincoln's Dream

One afternoon in 1865, President Lincoln's Cabinet entered a council room for a meeting, and found the President seated at the head of the table, his face buried in his hands. Presently he raised his head. His face was grave and worn.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before long you will have important news."

Someone inquired, "Have you bad news, Mr. President? Is it something serious?"

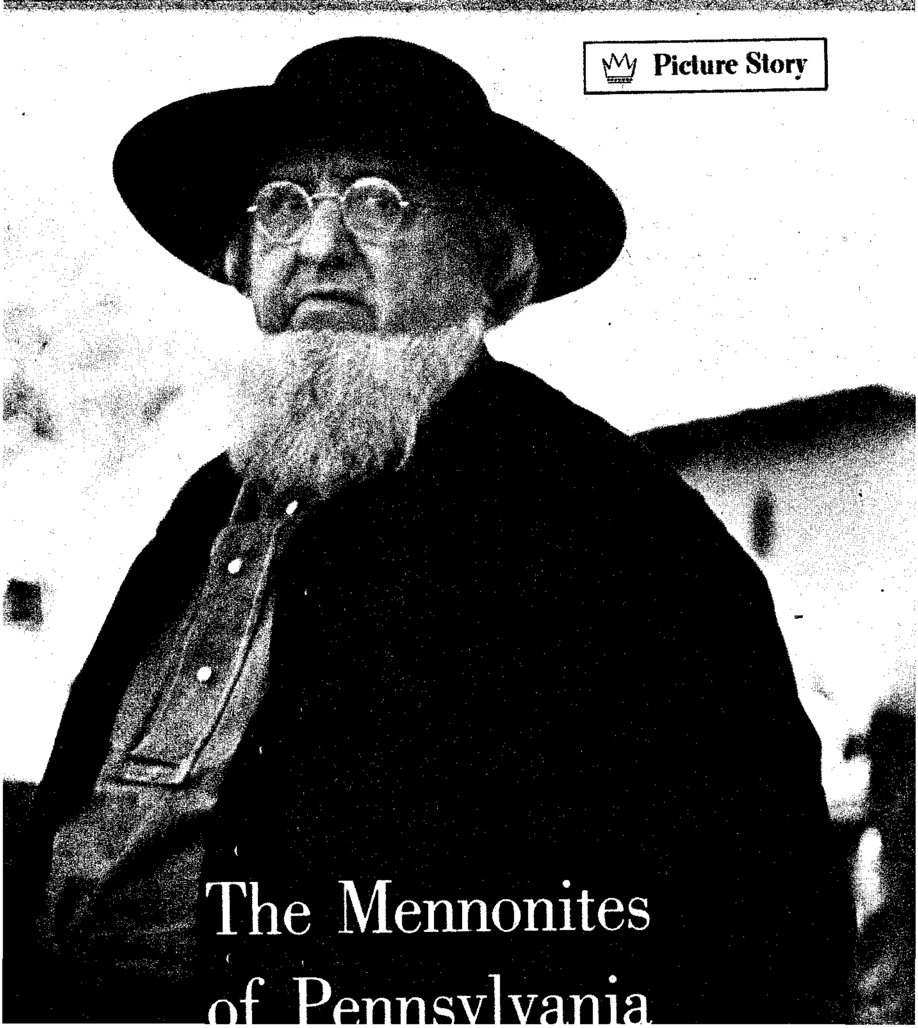
"I have heard nothing; I've had no news," he replied. "But last night I had a dream. I dreamed I was in a boat, alone. I had no oars, no rudder. I was helpless in a boundless ocean."

There was silence for a moment. Then the President added: "I have had that dream many times during the war. And each time, some great battle came within a day or two. Yes, gentlemen. Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps in just a few hours, you will have important news."

Five hours later, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated.

—Adapted from *Lord Halifax's Ghost Book*, published by *Didier*

Picture Story



The Mennonites of Pennsylvania

CRAFTSMEN as well as farmers, Amish men build their own houses. They often save time and money by pooling their labor.

WHITE BEARDS and broad-brimmed hats mark Amish elders. Highly respected, they meet outsiders for business only.

Men of God

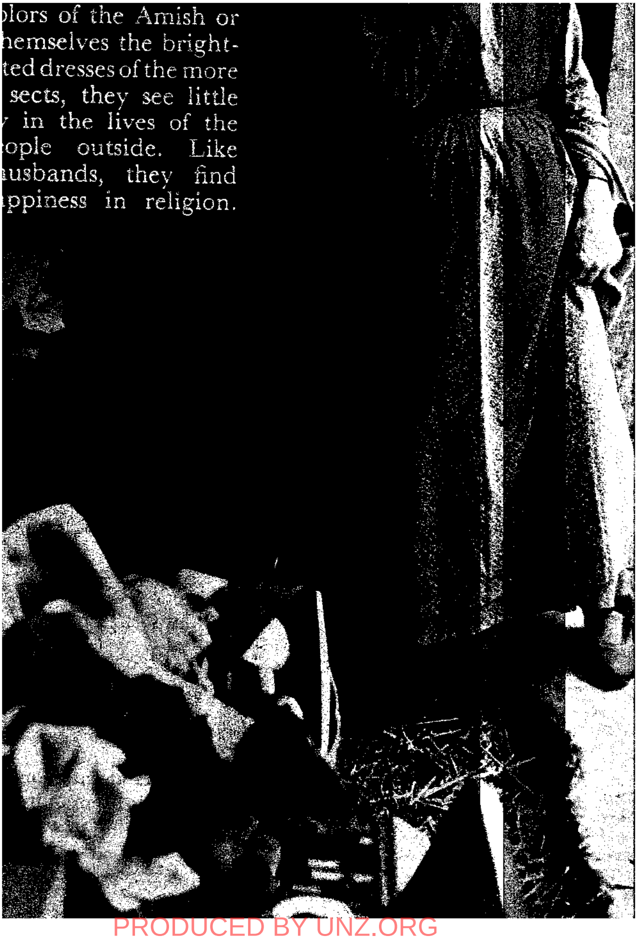
IN OUR SCIENTIFIC, money-making, fashion-conscious world, it seems almost impossible to resist the fascination of fine clothes, shiny motor cars, telephones, even the electric light. But the Mennonites have done just that, in varying degrees. There are more than 17 American sects of these deeply religious people. Most of them are of German descent. Perhaps the strangest of them all are the Old Order Amish, who dominate the Mennonite community of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

The Biblical statement that God wished to "purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works," is followed literally by the

DISCUSSING CROPS with a non-Mennonite, this Amish man may teach more than he learns, for the Amish are wise farmers.

Amish. They do everything possible to ensure their goodness and to make themselves different from ordinary men. The most startling result is their physical appearance. All Amish men dress and look remarkably alike. Young and old wear their long hair in bangs parted in the middle. After marriage or acceptance into the faith, every man must wear a beard which skirts the edge of his chin. Moustaches are forbidden, as are buttons and lapels on all but work clothes. Yet though they look stern and severe, Amish—and other Mennonite men—are essentially happy and contented. They rule their families strictly, but they never underestimate the importance of wives and mothers in making firm, comfortable homes.

MONTHLY AUCTIONS at Intercourse, Pa., are social events. This Mennonite salesman is frowning because his picture was taken.



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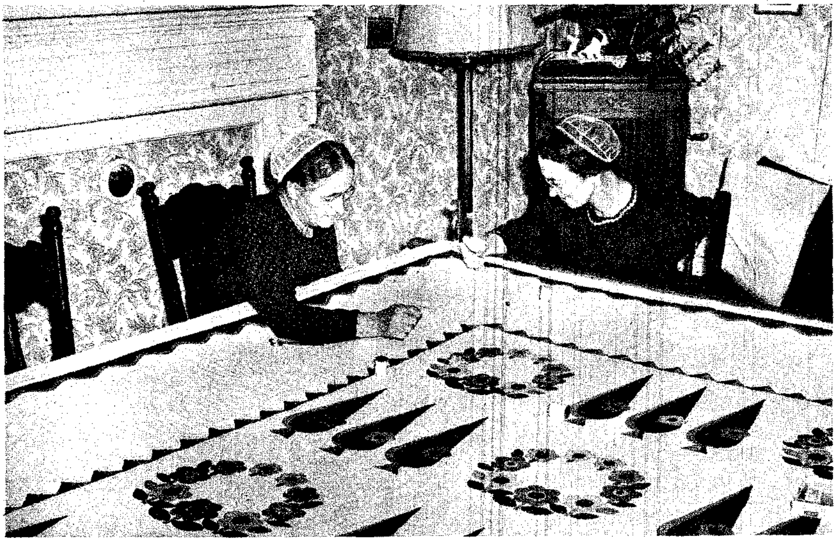
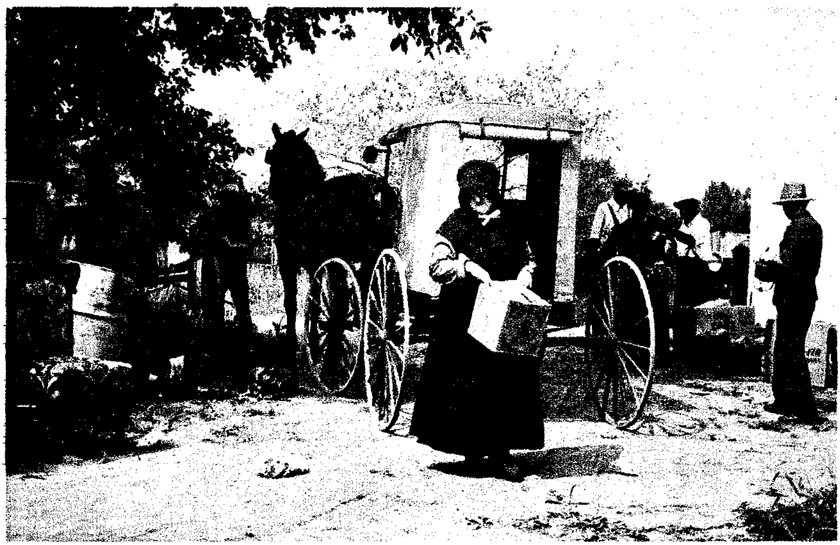
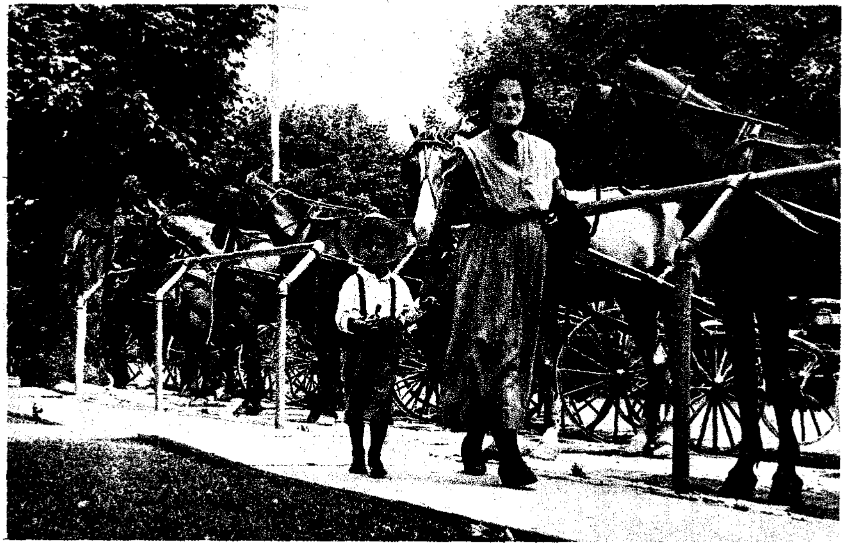
AMISH WOMEN, obeying the strict Mennonite code of "peculiarity," wear drab, unadorned clothing. Only colors like black or dark purple are used for dresses and coats. Under their black bonnets, they wear white caps. Jewelry is forbidden.



EXPERT QUILT-MAKERS, Mennonite women use bright colors lavishly in their work, to compensate for dull clothing. In the homes of the more lenient Mennonites, like these, wallpaper, pictures, and electricity are not considered worldly or sinful.



AN AMISH GRANDMOTHER, oblivious to the camera, walks away from her typical Amish wagon to make some purchases at an auction in Intercourse, Pennsylvania. She is wearing the costume all married Amish women must wear out-of-doors.



TYPICAL of most Mennonite women is this handsome young mother. The photographer's presence caused her to frown, but her son forgot his lollipop to look at the camera. Candy is one of the few luxuries most Mennonites allow themselves.

Chosen Children

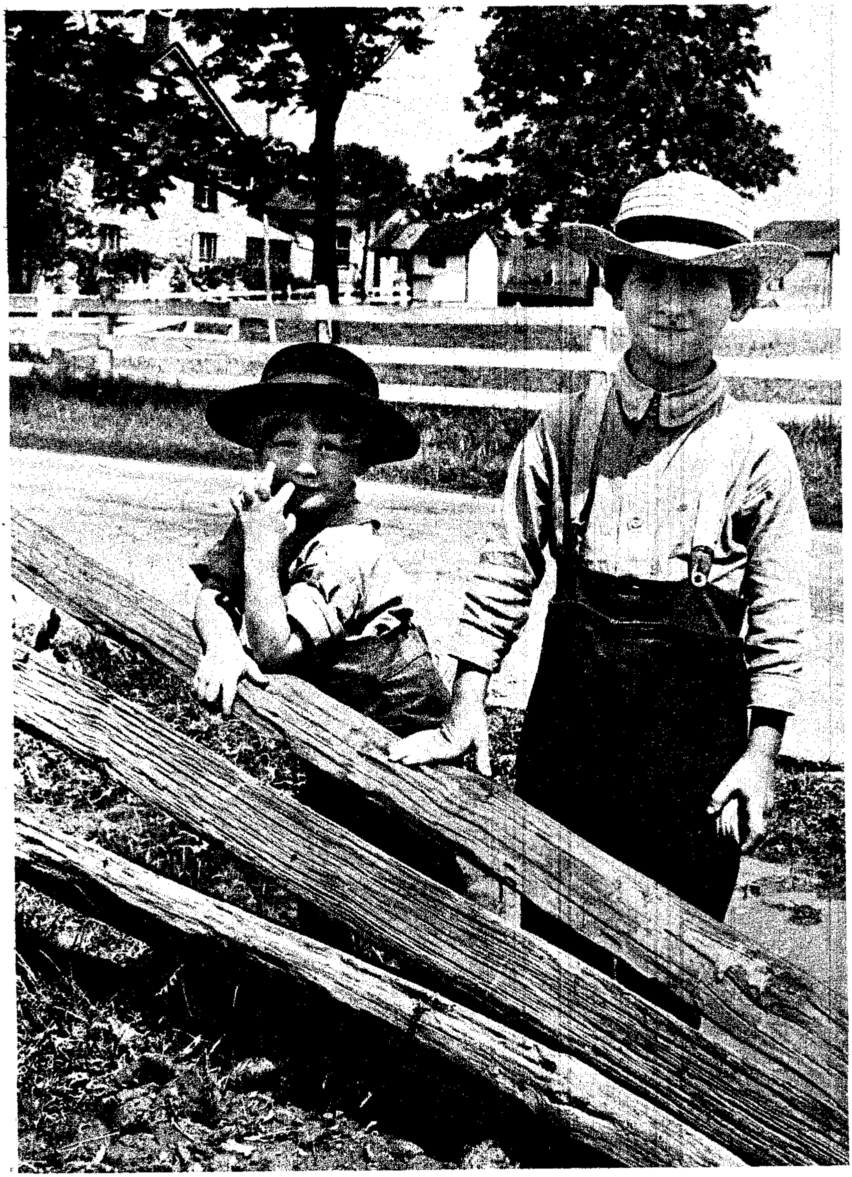
BOISTEROUS as any children anywhere, Mennonite boys are miniatures of their elders. As soon as they are old enough to understand, Mennonite youngsters are taught that they are among God's chosen people. In school, where they often meet and play with children from the outside world, their plain clothes and odd haircuts never let them forget that they are different.

YOUNG AMISH GIRLS may wear brightly colored bonnets. This young lady, perched on a wagon, is on her way to market.

It is 4:30 in THE MORNING. Dawn is just breaking over the neat Lancaster farms. Mother is growing impatient: if the children are not at their chores soon, Father will be angry. There are cows to be milked, farm tools to be kept clean and sharp, milk cans to be scoured in the big barn. In the kitchen, the table must be set for breakfast; there are eggs to be beaten and bread to be set out. There are a dozen tasks to be done before Eli and Isaac, Sarah and Melinda can start for school. So, sleepy-eyed but uncomplaining, the children go to work.

They may be only eight or nine years old, but as Mennonite children they are old enough to share the burdens of housekeeping and farming. For to these devout people, running a home and making a living are second in importance only to the proper worship of God.

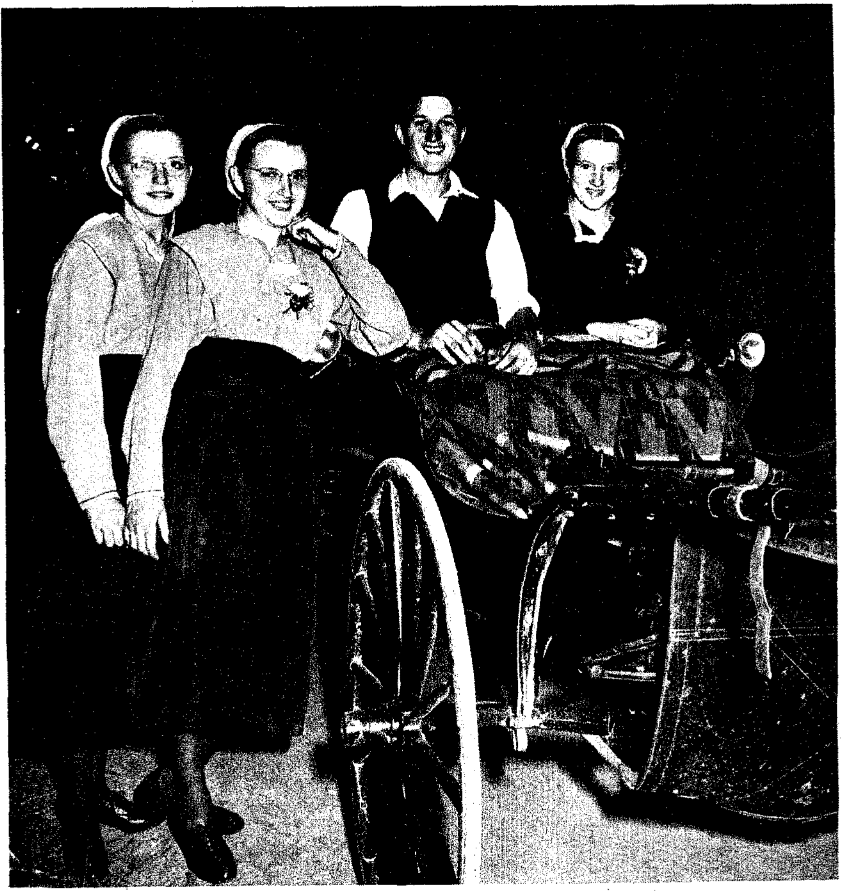
As to schooling, the solemn Mennonite elders feel their children need to know reading, writing, arithmetic, and the German language—nothing more. Boys and girls must know the three R's to do business with people of the outside world; they must know German in order to read their Bibles and sing the old hymns at Sunday services. Higher education is considered a dangerous exposure to the tempting luxuries of the modern world, so most Mennonite children leave school as soon as they finish the eighth grade. At 14, these well-behaved boys and girls are already thinking of marriage. Their hope chests are beginning to fill up and they have money saved from their childhood labors to start homes and farms of their own.



JONATHAN AND ELI pose on the road before their father's neat farm. Eli, the boy on the right, is wearing a homemade straw hat. Following the example of their parents, Amish children respect their religion—few ever break away from it.

GOOD-LOOKING even with their long hair, most Amish boys take their meager schooling seriously. This lad, in the sixth grade, has two more years of school before he goes to work as a farm hand to earn money toward a place of his own.

AFTER SCHOOL, Amish children have little time for play; there are too many chores waiting for them at home. Teachers, like the one in this picture, are usually not Mennonites, and one-room schools are administered by the state of Pennsylvania.



TEEN-AGE AMISH youngsters dress up for Sunday night dates. The girls use bright blouses and flowers almost as effectively as outsiders use jewelry and cosmetics.

THOUGH THEIR WORLD looks dull and drab from the outside, Amish children and other Mennonite youngsters don't miss much of the fun of youth.

Sunday night, after the long religious services are over and the inescapable chores done, the young men groom their horses, clean and shine their buggies, and neatly fold their buggy blankets. Then, with their sisters, they drive to an appointed meeting place. Here, the couples pair off and go to a house where a *singing* is held. A little before midnight, when all the old hymns have been sung and refreshments have been served, they are ready to drive home again. But occasionally a boy and girl will sneak off in a buggy to look at the moon and talk about their future.

RANT
CE CREAM

Market Days

On Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, Mennonite wagons loaded with butter and eggs, fresh-killed and preserved meats, fruits and vegetables, and handmade clothing rumble into Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Though many "outsiders" Mennonites of various sects, and on these three market days shrewd Amish farmers bring their families to town to sell their home-grown products. Over their counters, Mennonites make their rare contacts with the auto-driving, movie-going, WHILE LANCASTER market days give Mennonites a chance to mingle and do business with the people they call "gay" or "English," it also gives the outsiders a chance to talk with Mennonites. And to people meeting them for the first time, the strangest thing about the Mennonites, aside from their clothes, is their speech. Descended from German immigrants who first came to Pennsylvania in the 17th century, their language has become a queer mixture of German and English, called Pennsylvania-German or Pennsylvania-Dutch. Hard bargainers with religious principles of sincerity and charity, they seem most picturesque as you meet them in the Lancaster markets.

Typical of the Mennonites' business technique, their basic honesty, and their backwards-sounding language, is the story of a city customer who bought some lilacs from a Mennonite mother. The customer was sure she had paid for the flowers, but the lady behind the counter thought she hadn't. There was a little argument, and finally the impatient customer thrust a dime at the saleswoman.

It was a crucial moment for the Mennonite. Christian charity required that the outsider be forgiven, but a life of thrift made the dime almost equally important.

Suddenly the white-capped Mennonite mother beamed. She had found a solution. "Ve both make out ve right—ain't?" she said. "So ve each take vun nickel from the dime—no?"

This good-natured compromise amused and satisfied the city woman, and the Mennonite market went busily on its way.

IN A LANCASTER MARKET, this Amish farmer sells meat from his own livestock. He rents counter space on a yearly basis.

MENNONITE WOMEN bring homemade foods to Lancaster. Among their specialties are fruit pies, eclairs, and Lebanon bologna.

During World War II, 40 per cent of the conscientious objectors to military service were Mennonites; for, since their beginning 412 years ago, they have followed the word of Jesus as literally as possible. Force, armed or otherwise, has no place in their religion, named after Menno Simons, an excommunicated Catholic. Like the Quakers, the Mennonites are a peaceful people of endless patience.

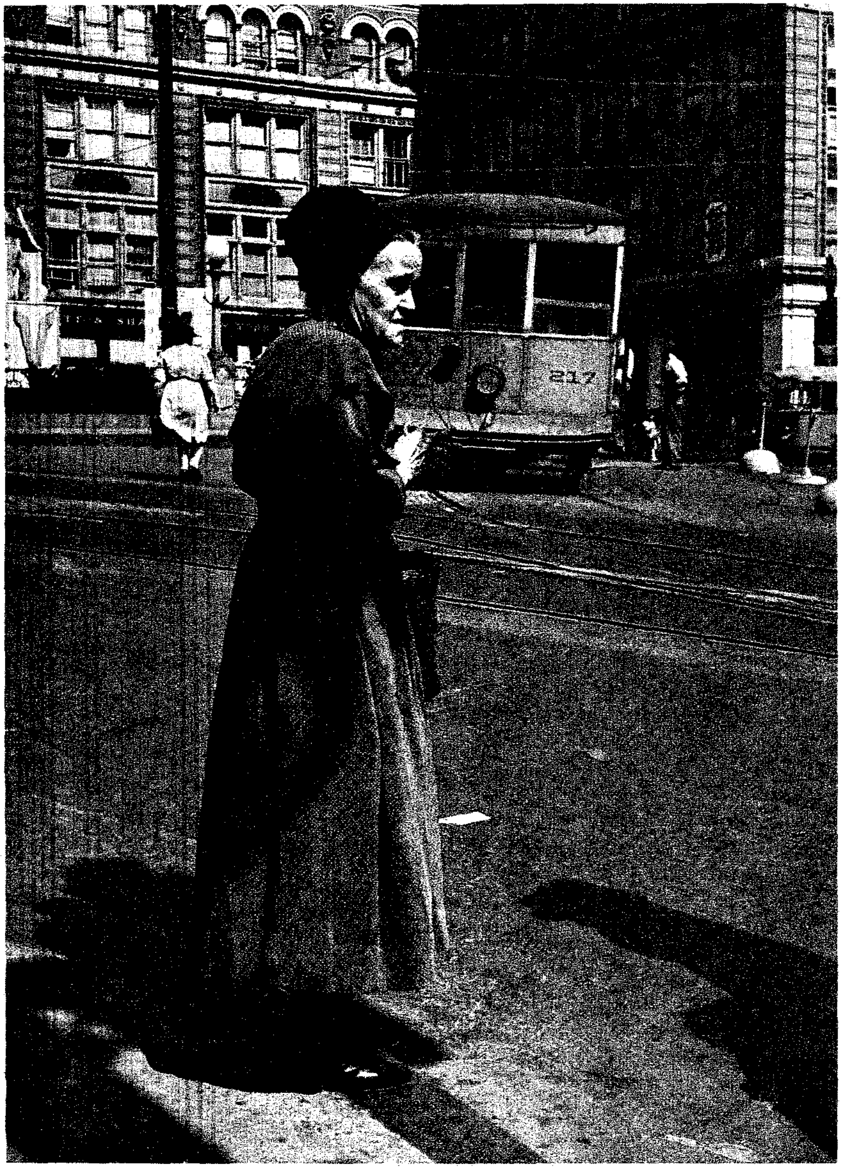
Like the Quakers, too, the Mennonites have no paid priesthood. Bishops, ministers and deacons are chosen from the entire community. Some Mennonite sects have church buildings, but not the Amish. They deem it the greatest honor to give their houses over to worship on alternate Sundays, when they may be selected as hosts to an average congregation of some 250 men, women and children.

Prominent in most Mennonite rites are the "Holy Kiss"—symbol of brotherly love—and great "Love Feasts" recalling, on a community-wide scale, Christ's Last Supper.

In both their religion and their daily life, the Mennonites try to pattern themselves after the early Christians. Thus, the Amish do not believe in church buildings; nor do they favor baptism of anyone too young to decide for himself whether he wants to live by Christ's teachings. According to their interpretation of the Bible, they believe they are following the word of Christ in such matters.

No matter how different they seem, and though we wonder at their curious clothes and customs, we cannot ignore the fact that the Mennonites have achieved peace and happiness in a turbulent world.

THE HOLY KISS is given to a newly baptized youngster by a Mennonite minister. Baptism makes the boy a full church member.



LIKE A SYMBOL of her people, this Mennonite grandmother contrasts sharply with the modern town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. One of the oldest towns in the nation, Lancaster prospers as the center of this tranquil Mennonite community.

Is There a *POT OF GOLD* in Your Kitchen?

by HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Through clever use of domestic skills, many American women have found profitable careers right in their own homes

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN" is a motto that has no appeal for some of America's most successful businesswomen, for they have made tidy fortunes by staying close to their pots and pans.

Old-fashioned domestic skills wrote the modern success stories of women like Mrs. Grace A. Rush of Cincinnati, maker of Martha Ann food products; Mrs. Mable Burlingham of Syracuse, N. Y., who invented a new jelly; and Mrs. Charlotte Cramer of New York City, who sold nearly 500,000 cases of her dry-mix baking invention last year.

These kitchen careerists had spent half their lives over a cook stove without a thought except to please their families. Then came a personal crisis—and faced with a husband's illness, financial trouble or the loneliness of being a widow, they turned to their kitchen skill for help.

Others, like Mrs. Jewel Bradt of Sherburn, Minnesota, were simply trying to fill the void in the life of a busy mother whose children had grown up and gone away. In six years Mrs. Bradt's wine fruit cake, which she still bakes in her kitchen, has gone around the world. Last year the enterprise grossed $35,000.

Mrs. Rush, maker of Martha Ann products, wasn't looking for fame when it tapped her on the shoulder. Back in 1917, when she was a housewife, she baked a dozen extra fruit cakes before Christmas and sent them to relatives and friends. One of the friends happened into a Fifth Avenue grocery house, where a clerk tried to sell him a fruit cake. He replied:

"You can't sell me a fruit cake, because I have one at home that would make yours taste like gingerbread."

These were fighting words to the firm of H. Hicks & Son, Inc. They demanded proof, and the friend provided a sample which made such an impression that Hicks ordered a dozen cakes for immediate delivery. Mrs. Rush filled the order, and named her first commercial product for her new baby daughter, Martha Ann.

Next year, Hicks called for 500 cakes. Soon Mr. Rush took over the sales and distribution end of the business and, before long, 30 neighboring women and the Rush children were at work. Today a factory turns out the family assortment of food products, but the firm of Grace A. Rush, Inc. is still Mrs. Rush and Mr. Rush, plus two sons and the husband of the erstwhile baby, Martha Ann.

Then there are the little gingerbread people that make a living for Mrs. Irene Glenn of Roslyn, Long Island, her 89-year-old father and her 17-year-old daughter, Susan. The Christmas before Susan was three, they had a big Christmas tree but a small purse with which to buy ornaments. So Mrs. Glenn filled up the spaces with gingerbread figures.

Next Christmas, five mothers came around asking for the novelties to hang on their trees. Today, adapted to all seasons, the gingerbread ornaments are turned out year-round in the Glenn kitchen, and are sold for ten cents to a dollar apiece.

Or take the case of Mrs. Charles Kellogg of Des Plaines, Illinois. Mrs. Kellogg was put on a diet, but she still craved sweets so she invented a "fatless" icebox cookie. Soon neighbors started leaving orders, and the business grew so big her banker-husband had to take over. Now the Kellogg cookie factory in Chicago makes millions of pounds a year.

THOUGH MOST KITCHEN careerists have had fame thrust upon them, it was just the opposite with hearty, capable Jane Smith, founder of Chicago's Jane-Anne Home Aid Products. Jane's family had old-fashioned ideas about food, proclaiming that nothing fit to eat came out of a can.

One day 25 years ago, Jane was walking home from the grocery, carrying an unaccustomed jar of commercial salad dressing, when she decided she could make money by packaging the best dressing she had ever tasted, made from her sister's pet recipe.

Her first jars were promptly cleaned off neighborhood grocery shelves, and everybody knows the rest. Jane B. Smith & Co. became a prosperous food-specialty house.

Today, kitchen careering looks like a promising business field for women, and as such is being actively encouraged by the Women's Council of the New York State Department of Commerce. Recently the first home cooks' career clinic in history was held in New York City under the joint auspices of the Council and the *Herald Tribune* Home Institute. Experts tested the recipes of more than 200 ambitious women and gave them advice on putting a product over.

A Long Island housewife who had been selling candy for pin-money to neighbors branched out into Manhattan luxury shops at $3 a pound. A woman from New Jersey shyly offered her family's favorite vegetable relish: now it is on sale at fancy New York grocery counters, while at home the children paste labels and run errands, and father helps with the book-keeping. An unemployed worker and his wife came up with some super-special French chocolates, which now make a living for two.

Then there is the case of Mrs. Dorothy Chase of Mamaroneck, New York, maker of Betty Lee herring in cream, herring in wine sauce, and Smorgasbits. In 1939 her husband was ill with pneumonia, and her only business background consisted of a stack of unpaid bills.

Then one day a friend sent over some homemade herring in cream to tempt the invalid's appetite. He gobbled them so heartily that energetic Mrs. Chase had an idea: why shouldn't she and the friend put up two dozen jars and sell them door to door?

Next the wife of a movie executive asked if she could have enough for a cocktail party of 75. Between mouthfuls the guests exclaimed: "What is this?"—and the herring was hurriedly christened in honor of the friend, Betty, and Mrs. Chase's daughter, Lee. A few days later, a New York delicatessen placed a big order.

Staggered by the growing business, the friend dropped out, but Mrs. Chase found another partner in Mr. Chase, who was well again. Then she went up and down Fifth and Madison Avenues with jars of Betty Lee herring under her arm, talking to luxury stores. When a buyer gave an order, she sent in friends who bought them up again.

Today, in a modern plant, she turns out 700 to 800 dozen jars of products a day. Thirty-five people work for her, and all employees take a personal interest in Betty Lee foods, which is not surprising since Mrs. Chase pays them 10 per cent of the company profits as a monthly bonus. Her happiest boast is, "No labor trouble."

MARVEL CARTER CAMPBELL lives in Winston Salem, North Carolina, original home of the Moravians in this country. She does a nation-wide business in Moravian Christmas cookies, made from a recipe hundreds of years old.

Two sisters in Statesville, North Carolina, have made a big thing out of fancy pickles called "Dixie Dames." Such edibles appeal to the bridge-table trade; and Lois Long Riker, formerly a professional musician, supervises the kitchen from which the pickles go all over the world, while sister Marie Long Land manages the 93-acre farm on which they produce raw materials.

While some special recipe has founded many kitchen careers, almost as many others have been built on simple ingredients and cooking art. Mrs. Hazel Allnutt of Germantown, Maryland, has created a business out of cake recipes obtained through a Department of Agriculture home demonstrator.

Mrs. Ella Saylor Brooks, president of Miss Saylor's Chocolates, Inc., of Alameda, California, says there is nothing unusual about her recipes except that she uses real cream, butter and other home-pure ingredients. Her "Coffee-ets" have gone all over the country.

Mrs. Alice Rudkin, creator of Pepperidge Farm bread, had what it takes to succeed, and so have the makers of Brick Oven Bread and other "home-baked" versions of the staff of life.

Harry and Emma Clark had it,

too. A brother and sister who moved to New York from New Orleans, they were so sure people had a nostalgia for old homespun tastes that during the Depression they took their savings and went into business, selling Virginia water-ground corn meal and farm-style sausage. Their "Memory Foods" now include black buckwheat flour and a special New Orleans molasses.

Ingenuity and service can also sell a product. Witness the quick-frozen canapes invented by Mrs. Edith Latimer of New York City, and the hot-dinner-to-take-home service offered by smart housewives in a number of communities.

Mrs. Charlotte Cramer of New York City had a knack for making wonderful popovers. She also had a friend who was lazy—or clever. The friend said one day: "How about mixing a batch of your popovers for me so I can just add liquid and put them in the oven?"

That was in 1943. Now Mrs. Cramer ships 40,000 cases of various dry mixes a month, and is looking around for a larger factory.

Mrs. Cramer has a motive, no doubt shared by other kitchen careerists, which accounts in large part for their great and growing success. Their aim is helping other women to come out of the kitchen.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Relaxed in a comfortable chair, your summertime leisure hours will be cool and pleasant as you leaf through refreshing articles and pictures in the July issue of Coronet. Here are some samples:

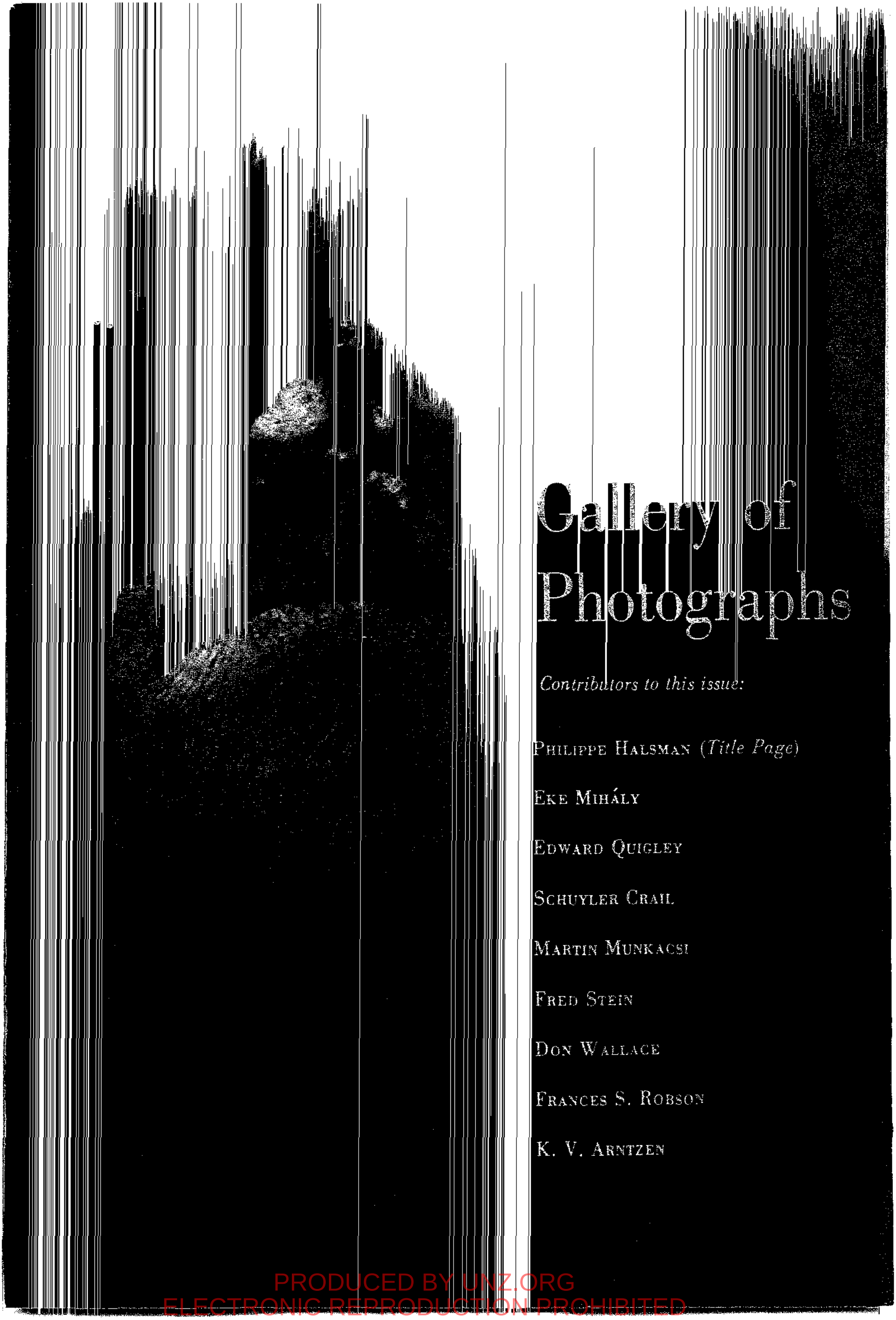
The Voice: Frank Sinatra! A condensation of the entertaining book by E. J. Kahn, Jr. Here is an intimate picture of one of the most remarkable phenomena of our day.

Just Yesterday: Ever wonder what happened to Gertrude Ederle, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and many other still-living celebrities of another day? You'll enjoy these wonderful pictures showing them as they were at the height of their fame and as they look today.

Eight Ways to Beat Divorce: *Your own* marriage may be threatened without your even knowing it! This down-to-earth article offers no magic formula, but explains eight common-sense points which can help you insure your own happiness.

Blueprint for Survival: Edgar Ansel Mowrer, famed observer and analyst of world affairs, offers a thought-provoking article on what we ourselves must do to survive in the New Era which is here *right now!*

You owe it to yourself to read these—and all the other interesting features—in the July issue of Coronet, on the newsstands June 25.



Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to this issue:

PHILIPPE HALSMAN (*Title Page*)

EKE MIHÁLY

EDWARD QUIGLEY

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MARTIN MUNKACSI

FRED STEIN

DON WALLACE

FRANCES S. ROBSON

K. V. ARNTZEN

g

Eke Mihály; Budapest, Hungary

Edward Quigley; Philadelphia, Pa. Little Sphinx

Pattern Without End

Schuyler Crail; Van Nuys, Calif.

Munkacsi; New York, N. Y.

Deep-sea Joker

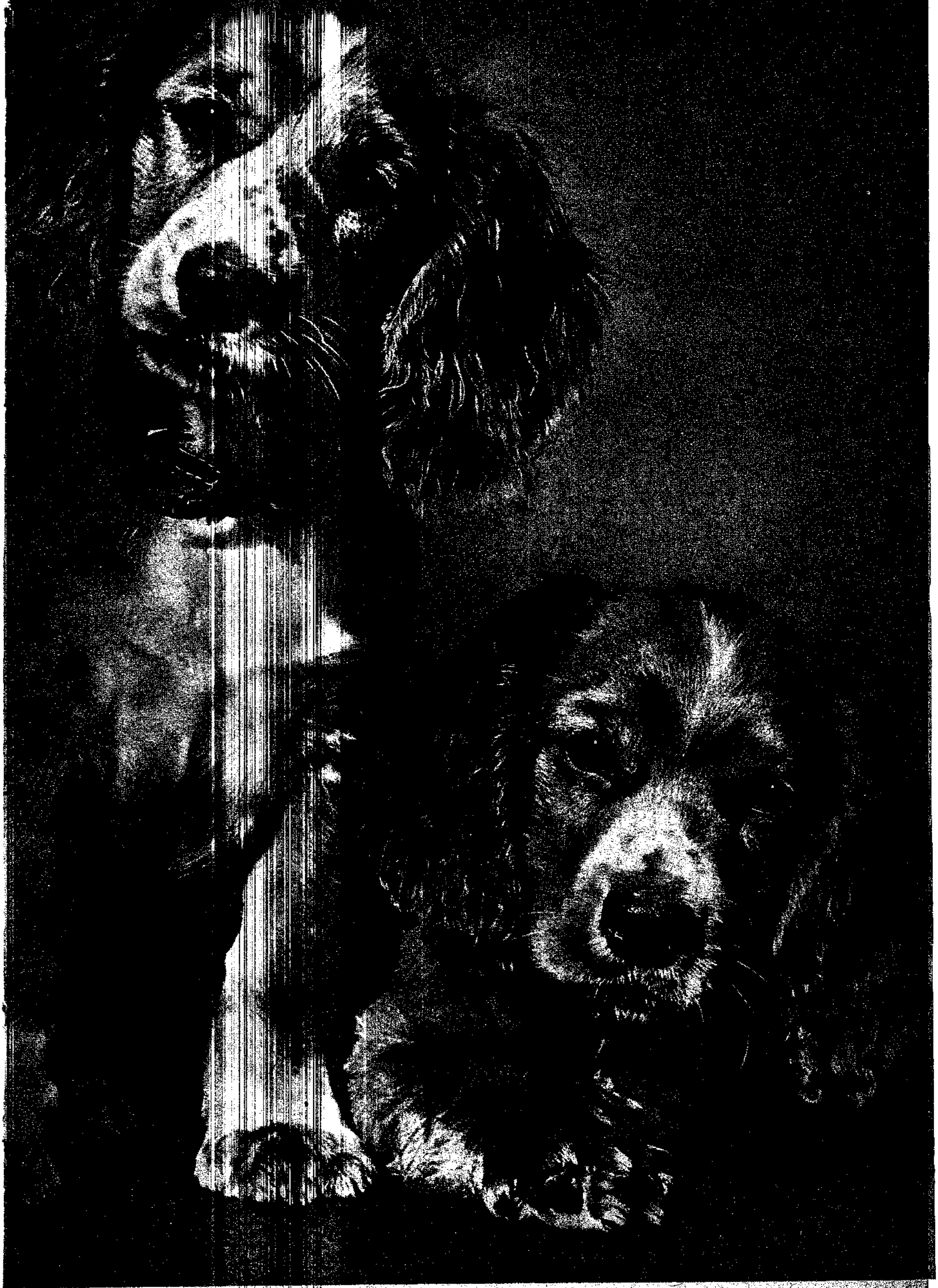
Forgotten Fragrance

Fred Stein; New York, N. Y.

Don Wallace; Chicago, Ill.

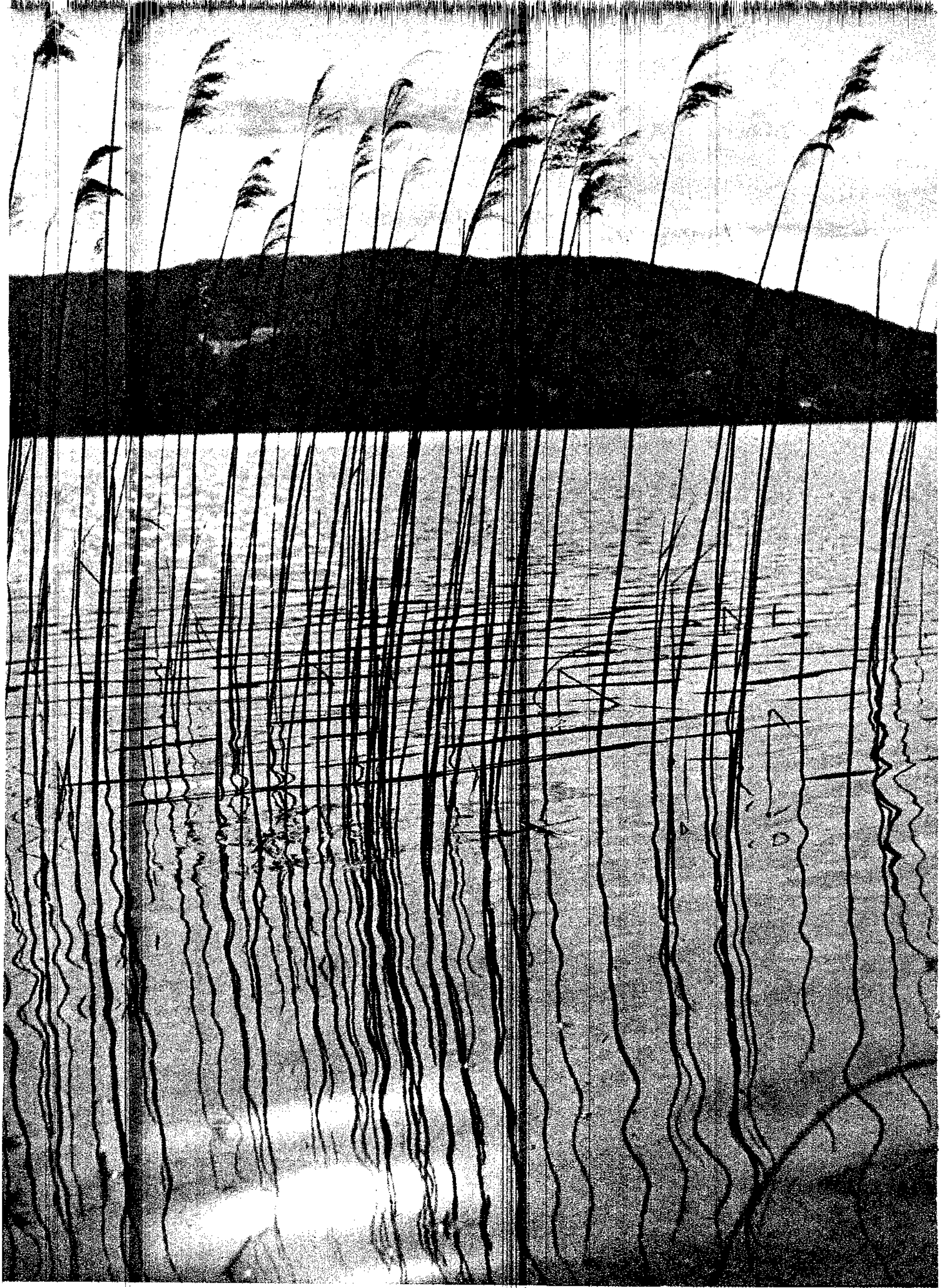
Little Miss Muffet

Frances S. Robson; Vina, Calif.



K. V. Arntzen; Berkeley, Calif.

Two to Get Ready



Ladies of the Lake

Philippe Halsman; New York, N. Y.

by **EUGENE H. KONE**

NEW VOICES ON THE HIGHWAY

Car-to-car phone service is ready to serve America's millions of motorists

A NEW WONDER CHILD, born recently to the world of communications, promises to revolutionize the great American pursuit of business and pleasure. This latest miracle worker is the mobile radiotelephone.* Tried and tested in World War II, it is now ready for service in a score of American cities and eventually will be available to drivers along most of the nation's major highways.

At the moment everyone in the U.S. is not driving around with a walkie-talkie, as communication enthusiasts had forecast, but engineers, using principles common to the Army and Navy wireless telephone, have packaged radio transmitters and receivers into light units and set up pioneering installations across the country. Already three different kinds of service are offered:

1. Two-way communication between a car and any other mobile unit or regular phone in the world.

2. Two-way dispatch service between a business office and its cars and trucks on the road.

3. A special one-way signaling service, in which a buzzer sounds and a light shows in the car or truck. When the driver reaches a stopping place, he either uses a regular phone to call his office or carries out other prearranged instructions.

Radiotelephone units for cars are sturdy and compact. Transmitter and receiver, housed in the trunk, occupy about one-third the total space and weigh 80 pounds. There are two types of antennae—the one used within a city for sending and receiving is 18 inches high; another, for vehicles on the highway, is seven feet. A regular telephone handset is used for talking and listening.

How does the new system work? Suppose you want to talk with your cousin Jack, who is driving around

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*See *Galloping Telephones Are Coming*, Coronet, Aug., 1945.

Chicago in his phone-equipped car. You pick up your home phone, dial long distance and ask for "Mobile Service Operator." You give her Jack's auto phone number, which is WJ 2-3288. The operator broadcasts the code numerals, a light glows on Jack's dashboard and a bell rings. Jack answers and you deliver the message.

But what if his car is in a parking lot? He will still know he has been called, since the dash light will remain on. When he returns to the car and sees the light, he will call the Mobile Service Operator.

The practical possibilities of voices on the highway have fired the imaginations of industrialists, police and fire officials, utility concerns, bus, rail and airline companies, truckers of all kinds, and retail and wholesale business houses. Last summer, the first mobile service for city use started in St. Louis, and the first highway operation commenced in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

The demand for the new device is enormous. Telephone companies all over the nation are laying plans for building radio stations and training servicemen and operators in the mysteries of mobile telephony. Indications are that by 1950 mobile service will be available in more than 100 cities, under permits issued by the Federal Communications Commission.

Once your car has been equipped with a phone, you may call any of the 27,000,000 telephones in the U.S. or talk overseas to foreign lands. Here's the way the system worked in a complicated relay across the Pacific:

Roger Pierce, radio engineer, picked up his car phone in St. Louis and signaled the Mobile Service Operator by pressing a button on the handset. He asked for Honolulu. The call was relayed over land wire to San Francisco, by radio from San Francisco to Honolulu, and then by wire to the person he was calling. For 20 minutes, Pierce carried on a clear conversation across 4,100 miles.

Overland, Missouri, a town in the St. Louis metropolitan area, claims to be the first community to have Bell System mobile service for its police prowl car.

"It's a great thing for us," says Chief Brown Hairgrove. "If the cop in the car believes that burglars are in a building, he can call for help and then stand watch.

"At an accident scene, an officer has a lot of things to do in a hurry. If someone is seriously injured, the cop wants to give first aid. But an ambulance may also be needed. With a phone in the car, he can call the ambulance and stay on the job."

The new phone is also a boon to city editors who want to keep tab on reporters and photographers out on assignment. The longest call in the St. Louis area was placed by reporters of the *Star-Times*, enroute to the scene of a story 68 miles away.

YOUR TRAIN RIDE, BUS trip or ocean cruise may soon feature mobile phones. While speeding across the country, you will be able to call Aunt Mary and tell her when and where to meet you in Los Angeles—or New York. Already the "Astra-Liner," new train to be exhibited throughout the country by General Motors, is being equipped with the system.

Yet in most cases, people don't.

look to the mobile phone as a mere convenience. They envisage it as a device to improve customer service, save time and red tape in business, and justify itself by cutting expenses. This suggests that the greatest initial demand for installations will come from companies with fleets of cars, trucks or busses, necessitating a fast, easy means of keeping in touch with drivers.

There are no party lines in a mobile phone system. A selective factor gives each car its own code of electrical impulses. Only the auto being called will ring and show a light on the dash. What's more, your voice will always sound clear, since frequency modulation, the famous static-free FM of radio, is used exclusively.

Still in its infancy, the new mobile phone seems destined to become as much a part of American life as the radio and electric refrigerator. At present, costs are considerably higher than for ordinary home telephone service; but if the history of long-distance rates is any indication, the figures will come down sharply as the service spreads from coast to coast.

Meanwhile, the Bell System is investing millions of dollars in research and installation of trial equipment. Taking note of the 30,000,000 cars and the thousands of planes, trains and boats in the U.S., the telephone people expect their heavy investment to pay off in years to come.

As far as the subscriber is concerned, he is bound to profit, for the mobile phone will be still another device to widen the American horizon of business and pleasure.

Judicial Notice Missouri Style

DURING A MURDER TRIAL in St. Louis last fall, the judge noticed that the jury was unusually fidgety. Although the murder suspect was on the stand substantiating an alibi which by all the rules of reason should save him from the death chamber, the members of the jury fingered key rings, gazed out of the windows, stared at the floor, and appeared to be lost in distraction.

With a man's life at stake, the judge had to act. He whispered something to a court attendant who left the room. Presently the attendant returned and whispered something to the judge. The judge then stopped the questioning and turned to the jurors.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he said solemnly, "I have an important announcement. The Cardinals have just won the seventh game of the Series from Boston, and the world championship is ours."

The jurors relaxed, smiled happily and listened attentively as the trial was resumed.

P. S. The murder suspect was acquitted. —Edward Francis Woods

The Mandrill Needs No Make-Up

by **CAROL LYNN GILMER**

THE FRIGHTENING THING about pink elephants (according to victims of alcoholic over-indulgence) is that they really don't exist. But the frightening thing about mandrills, according to anyone who has ever seen one, is that they really *do* exist.

Disdaining hues as subdued as pink, the mandrill has a bright yellow beard and finely-grooved prominences of brilliant blue on either side of his long, narrow vermilion nose.

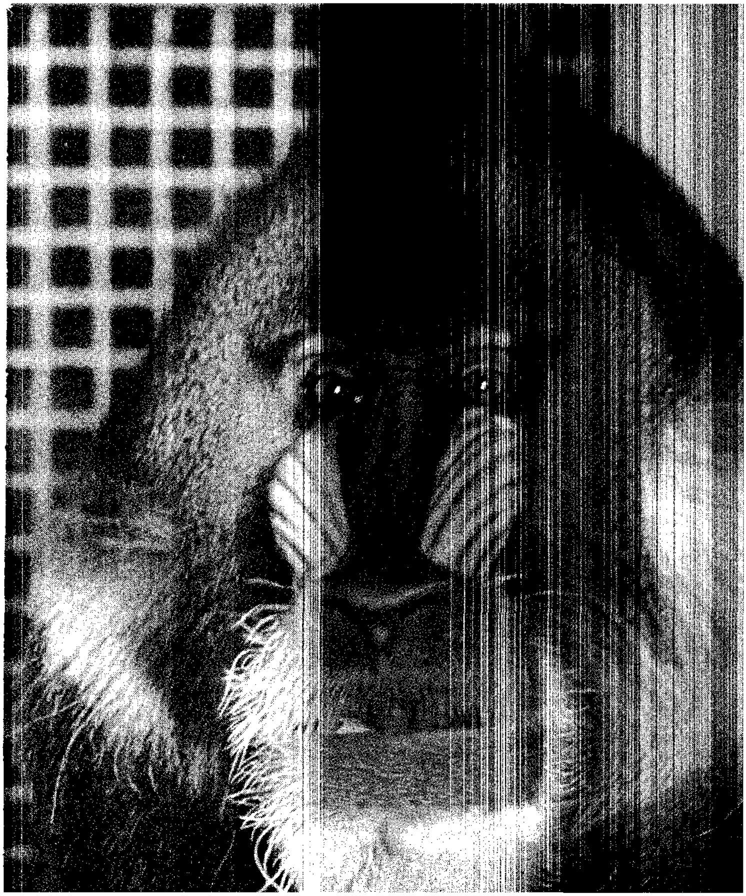
The mandrill, most spectacular member of the baboon family, takes great pride in his polychromatic make-up. Quite certain that he is the handsomest animal in the zoo, he loves attention from the crowd, and will go to great lengths to obtain it. At the Chicago Zoological Park at Brookfield, a large male mandrill habitually beats against the floor and bars of his cage with his water cup, in order to attract a crowd of admirers.

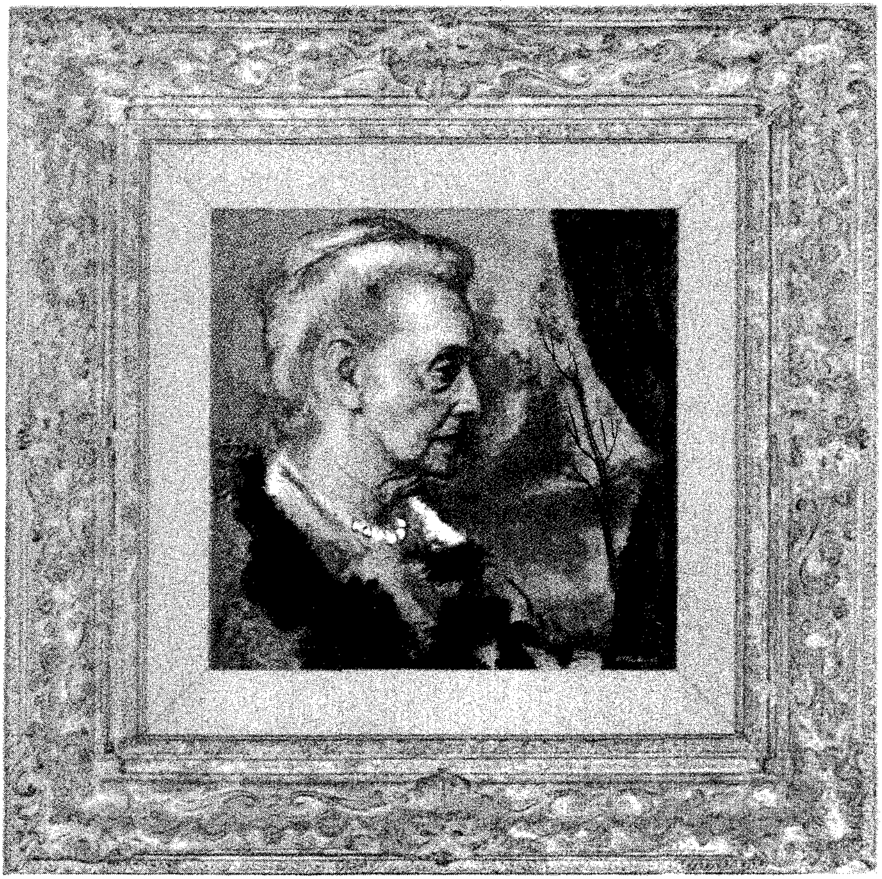
The mandrill is as cunning as he is colorful. The National Zoological Park at Washington had a young male, known as something of a practical joker, who would lie against the bars of the cage with his arms out and seem to concentrate on passing a straw from hand to hand. Visitors, miffed at his preoccupation, would extend canes or umbrellas to attract attention. Whereupon the mandrill, with a lightning swipe, would seize whatever was thrust toward him. He broke canes immediately, but would open umbrellas and parade around his cage for hours, gesturing and mimicking.

Despite these playful moods, the mandrill, both in captivity and in his West African habitat, is pretty much of a ruffian. He has a fiendish temper, dangerously powerful teeth, and sharp fingernails. West African natives, afraid to defend their fields against raiding bands of mandrills, regard the animal with awe. Which is why the mandrill's startling physiognomy inspired witch doctors in creating their hideous devil masks.

Zoo keepers, too, treat the mandrill with respect and warily approach his cage at feeding time. Yet despite his stupendous ugliness, most keepers are likely to describe their prize mandrill as "a beauty—a real beauty."

West African mandrill in a St. Louis zoo. Kodachrome by Russell Froelich.




PAINTING BY BEN STAHL

Grandmother Was an Angel

by **HELEN CLARKE**

WE FIVE CHILDREN ranged in age from four to eighteen when Father died and "Gram" came to live with us. She must have been about 70, and was thin and wiry. She had sharp yet loving eyes and a very brusque manner. The afternoon she arrived she submitted impatiently to being kissed and then turned briskly to Mother.

"Now, Hattie," she announced, "If somebody will just show me to my room, I'll get out of these wraps and look around."

As I led the way upstairs Gram remarked, "Hmmm! So you're Helen! How old are you?"

"I'm eight," I answered. "Won't

you let me carry that bag for you?"

"No, go along with you," she said with an unbelievably sweet smile. "I can carry it myself. Go to school, do you?"

And suddenly I found myself telling her everything, from how dreadful my teacher was to how "uncalled for" it had been for my Father to die. Fascinated, I watched her unpack her bag, put her things into the bureau, take off her best "curly" wig and put on her not-so-curly everyday one. All the time she kept snapping at me with questions, and once in a while would give me one of those brilliant little smiles. She was unearthly, and I adored her.

"There!" she said at last. "Now let's go downstairs and see what your Mother's got for supper."

Gram seemed to merge into our big confused house with a surprising lack of fuss, and suddenly everything began to run smoothly. We children had been creeping about, hushed and silent so as not to "disturb Mother in her great grief." But Gram didn't seem to be aware of that Great Grief. She just disregarded it.

"Now, Hattie," she would say to Mother, "you just peel those potatoes and shell those peas while I get the meat fixed." And Hattie would *do* it! We all watched Mother in amazement, and soon we started to play again in the house and, once in a while, to shout and laugh.

Before long, it seemed natural for difficulties to be dissolved whenever they came to Gram's attention. If any of us misbehaved to the extent that a family conclave was necessary, Gram was always in there, pitching for the culprit. Mother would be "horrified" at some of the things we did, but to Gram we were all good. Slowly it dawned on me that Gram loved happiness, gaiety, kindliness, tolerance!

And so the years slipped by, with Gram a sure, sharp, loving Power behind us all. I never saw her "resting." In her leisure time she was always reading or visiting or vividly seeing and loving the trees and grass around the house—or just enjoying all of us and everything. That was her "rest."

Gram had the greatest interest in our beaux, who were supposed to arrive around 8 o'clock and depart between 10 and 10:30, because Mother said, "Ten o'clock is a gentleman's hour—10:30 demands an apology." But I would make them wait while I primped upstairs, visualizing their anguish over the vanishing moments.

Then I would descend, only to find them gesticulating wildly, faces flushed, telling Gram all about the last local football game. Gram always knew as much as they did, and she spoke with authority about college coaches, athletes and records. How I loved it—for them to love Gram.

AT LAST I ENTERED high school and Gram was proud, for "education was a wonderful thing." Soon my friends at school formed a dancing-club and hired a genteel spinster as chaperone and teacher. A nice young man asked me to go to the first party, and I was thrilled beyond words.

Tearing home through misty clouds of joy, I little suspected what a bombshell I was about to explode. Mother looked at me in horror. How could a "child-of-hers" even suggest so awful a thing as going to a dance! Then Gram spoke up. "Why Hattie," she said mildly, "let the child dance if she wants to. What's the harm?"

Then she smiled her devastating smile and—just like that—it was accepted that Helen should dance. Great love and gratitude welled up within me, and that evening I followed Gram to the kitchen and dried the dishes with a fervor that brought a twinkle to her eyes.

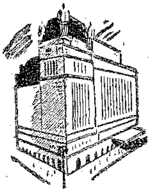
About a year after my graduation, there came a bleak and distressing day. For the first time Gram was ill. She was in bed for two days, and then suddenly she died.

Before the end I sat alone with her in her tiny room. She lay unconscious, her cheeks flushed, her breath rapid. I held her worn hand, my heart turning within me. Gram dying? No! Gram *couldn't* die!

Over me swept great waves of emotion. It was not "grief"—it was poignant *realization.* For I knew then that Gram was Triumph—magnificent Triumph! Eighty-odd years old she was, a little old lady whom the world had never known. Yet a paean of exultant victory swelled triumphantly about that small bed on which she lay. . . .

This is written in loving honor of Gram. Not in loving "remembrance," for I find that I do not remember her in day-to-day detail. Neither does one remember that one's heart has been beating—or that one has been breathing. Yet it was on Gram's quiet strength, on her great love for everything and everybody, that the heartbeat and the breath of my youth rested.

No, one does not "remember" people like Gram, because such people become an integral part of the lives they touch. All one can do is to honor and respect and revere them, days without end.



Bread Cast Upon the Water . . .

LATE ONE NIGHT MANY years ago, a man and his wife from New York entered a small hotel in Philadelphia. The wife was ill and they had been unable to find lodgings. They were polite and didn't make any demands, but asked the manager where they might find a place to sleep. Every guest room in the hotel was filled, but the manager said, "I'll give you my room."

The manager hadn't even learned their names and didn't expect any reward for his courtesy. He did it just as an act of decency.

The next morning the husband called the manager and said: "You're the kind of man who should be at the head of a really great hotel. I'd like to build one for you. If that interests you, please get in touch with me some time."

The guest was William Waldorf Astor. And the hotel man was the late George C. Boldt. As manager of the old Waldorf-Astoria which Astor provided for him, Boldt became known as the greatest hotel man of his time.

—*Sample Case*

by J. B. RICE, M. D.

The Virus: *Unconquered Enemy*

Bowing to no miracles of medical science, the baffling "gremlin" of biology has defied man for ages and is still his deadly enemy

In a squalid village on the African coast lies the American Minister to Liberia, dying of yellow fever; a blind beggar at the entrance to Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo points to his red-rimmed, sightless eyes as he begs a piastre from passersby; a sun-bronzed Macedonian peasant curiously fingers a tobacco leaf marked with a peculiar mosaic-like design; in a Chicago laboratory a white-uniformed woman lifts from a cage a white mouse dead of cancer. Although these "shoes, ships and sealing wax" events are widely separated, they were all caused by viruses—those baffling "gremlins" of the biologic world which bow to no "miracles" of modern medical science.

To man, and to his animals and plants, the menace of viruses is as grave as that of bacteria; yet after 60 years of study, their lives and loves remain as mysterious to researchers as did the invisible "little men" whose pranks harassed our war-time fliers.

Until ten years ago, human eyes had only dimly seen a few of the very largest viruses, although the disastrous consequences of their work have impeded man throughout the course of civilization.

Recently, however, hopeful eyes have turned in a new direction. Center of the fight against one virus has moved to the University of Minnesota, where a $210,000 grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has launched an all-out attack on the pitiless poliomyelitis virus which shrivels the bodies of helpless children. A major feature of the research campaign will be chemotherapy (literally "curing by chemicals"), a weapon which in the last decade has taught so many bacteria new respect for the man with the test tube.

Getting acquainted with viruses has been a tedious process. In 1892, the Russian botanist Iwanowski poured the juice of a tobacco plant with mosaic disease through a porcelain filter having pores so fine that even the smallest bacteria would be held back. Yet, when a drop of this filtered juice, containing no living cells of any kind, was placed on a healthy plant, the leaves became disfigured with mosaic blight.

Soon, other scientists discovered a number of "filterable" viruses. The earliest idea that mosaic was caused by a living liquid was completely contrary to all biologic precepts. But the use of super-filters, with pores so small that even the virus could not pass, showed that they were not liquids but tiny solid particles.

This new truth, however, was almost as fantastic as the "living liquid" concept. Virus particles were found to be the unrivaled midgets of creation. Lying far beyond the powers of the ordinary microscope, they are ultra-minute even when compared with germs.

If you were to stand one of the corkscrew-shaped germs of relapsing fever alongside a virus particle of infantile paralysis, and magnify both until the fever microbe was as tall as a man, the virus would still be smaller than the period which ends this sentence. And yet as few as ten particles of one kind of virus can start a disease in man.

Viruses are responsible for some of the most terrible and widespread ills, from hydrophobia to the common cold. Although the cold virus alone never kills its victim, the havoc it wreaks is almost incalculable. In the U. S., more than 500,000,000 running noses a year cause a loss of 220,000,000 work days. Indeed, when the scientists who perfected the latest wonder drug, streptomycin, come down with the sniffles, they are powerless to do anything—but sniffle. And Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin, was so miserable from a head cold that he could hardly stand on his feet when he received the Nobel Prize from the King of Sweden.

Without doubt, the cold is usually spread through contact, although its contagiousness is difficult to trace. In a Spitsbergen village, inside the Arctic Circle, a medical survey revealed something of a record in social activity hung up by an unknown sailor. Although the temperature stayed below zero during the winter, there was not a single cold among the 500 inhabitants. But in the spring, a week after a ship arrived bearing a sniffling crew member, there were 80 cases; and two months later, 90 per cent of the people were down with head colds.

Yet not all the woe of a cold can be blamed on the virus, for it lives in the body only three or four days. The miserable symptoms that may persist for two weeks or more are caused by a secondary invasion of bacteria, which constantly lie in wait in the nose and throat. These microscopic saboteurs are ready to pounce whenever bodily resistance is lowered by the virus attack.

UNFORTUNATELY, NOT ALL the 26 virus diseases are nuisance ailments. Besides the nightmare of hydrophobia, there is influenza, which occasionally sweeps over the world, reaping its victims by the millions. Yellow fever gave the west coast of Africa the name of "White Man's Grave"; and by striking down workmen by the thousands, it doomed the French dream of a canal across Panama.

Smallpox ravaged Europe for centuries, so mutilating survivors that almost the sole guide to female beauty was the absence of pockmarks on the face. And then, still with us today, are the deadly forms of meningitis and brain fever; the eye-destroying trachoma; the disabling diseases of children—mumps and measles; and, most cruel of all, crippling infantile paralysis.

The grim story does not end with man. All our domestic animals—dogs, horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, goats and even fowl—are victims, saddling agriculture with a staggering economic burden. Not even insects are immune; such valuable workers as honeybees and silkworms are preyed upon by viruses. The diseases further extend into the vegetable kingdom, attacking everything from the haughty petunia to the lowly jimsonweed.

While it is extremely likely that some viruses have plagued man for uncounted ages, only since the development of agriculture, a bare 8,000 years ago, have they presented a real threat. Unlike germs, viruses lack the physiologic equipment to live any great time outside the bodies of plants or animals. Therefore, frequent contact between individuals, to enable the virus to travel from the sick to the healthy, is essential to its existence.

According to anthropologists, before the beginning of agriculture men roamed the earth in small and unassociated groups. The dawn of agriculture, however, brought communities, which set the stage for the mass virus attack on man.

If, then, viruses did not develop through the ages with man, where did they come from? We get a clue from domestic animals, many of whose diseases are remarkably similar to ours. Pigs, horses, cows, sheep and goats all suffer from maladies related to smallpox. Mice fall victim to an infantile paralysis which startlingly resembles the terrifying scourge of children. Yellow fever attacks some types of monkeys as readily as it does man; and pigs, believe it or not, succumb to influenza! So when our primitive ancestor robbed animals of freedom by domesticating them, he probably paid for his arrogance by contracting some of their diseases.

More evidence to support the animal-origin theory is provided by the five or six "new" diseases which have appeared in the last 50 years. Of these, psittacosis or "parrot fever" has established itself as a human sickness. Until 1929, humans contracted psittacosis accidentally only from droopy parrots; but already a number of domestic birds, including pigeons, have become carriers. And not long ago, the disease was found progressing directly from man to man, without any feathered go-between.

As man tends to huddle together into ever-larger communities, and as travel to and from the far corners

Dr. J. B. Rice, a graduate of Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, has spent many years in Central America, Africa, Greece and India with the medical department of the Panama Canal, as medical director for the Sinclair Oil Company and the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, and as staff Malariologist for the Rockefeller Foundation. Since 1937 he has been director of the department of medical research of the Winthrop Chemical Company, Inc., of which he is now vice-president. Dr. Rice is author or co-author of some 25 scientific publications, including a forthcoming book, *The Nature of Tropical Diseases.*

of the earth increases, the likelihood of his acquiring new virus diseases becomes almost a certainty. The remarkable talent of these microcosmic adventurers for changing themselves (biologists call it "mutation") makes them treacherous enemies. The terrible pandemic flu which raged throughout the world in 1918-1919 was probably set off by a mutation of the influenza virus, which made it more invasive for man. To control a lively parasite such as that of psittacosis, which in less than two decades has been able to adapt itself to life in different hosts, will tax science to the utmost.

But matching craft with craft, scientists are now turning this cunning talent for change against some of the most wily gremlins. The yellow-fever virus, which normally thrives in the "innards" of human beings, if grown in the brains of mice for a short time changes itself so completely that when injected as a vaccine back into man it cannot for the moment flourish. The body does not distinguish between this harmless, mouse-brain virus and its deadly parent, so the body's reaction creates a powerful immunity against a subsequent attack of yellow fever.

This is the principle which governs the making of vaccines for several virus diseases. But the virus' ability to change with bewildering speed will complicate the chemotherapist's fight. Even many bacteria, which are far less adaptable than viruses, have learned in a few years how to live prosperously in much greater concentrations of sulfa drugs than those which formerly killed them.

Not all viruses, however, are obliged to jump from host to host for survival. One exception, the herpes virus, responsible for the unsightly cold-sore or fever blister, is transmitted from one person to another in saliva. Nearly always this happens in childhood, either through fond kisses or eating-utensils. After an acute attack of cold sores, the child recovers; but he retains the living virus in the lip or nose surface cells for the rest of his life. During most of this time, the virus lies dormant. Only if the individual's resistance is lowered by disease, or the cells of lips or nose become irritated by a head cold, does the virus spring to life and produce its characteristic blister.

QUITE IN KEEPING with their impish nature, viruses have retained some of the properties of living things, such as reproduction, but have airily dispensed with others, such as breathing and heat production. They let the plant or animal cells which they inhabit carry out these chores for them. Hence viruses were considered by many scientists to be highly complex but non-living chemicals. But this conception had to be discarded when we learned that you could put a small amount of virus in an animal's body and after a while recover a thousand times as much. A chemical capable of reproducing itself? Impossible!

Then a huge monkey wrench was tossed into the works by a brilliant young chemist, Wendell M. Stanley of the Rockefeller Institute in Princeton. Getting together some of the same virus discovered by Iwanowski, Stanley found that particles of mosaic disease were not living cells at all, but molecules of protein much larger and more complex than, for example, those of table salt. But they were molecules, nevertheless! He proved this by converting the virus into pure crystals of protein.

If Stanley had stopped here, things would not have been so bad. Viruses were chemicals! But he placed some of his crystals on a healthy tobacco leaf and then nonchalantly reported to a stupefied world of science that his crystals had multiplied and produced the characteristic disease. A living crystal? This was really too much!

Biologists and chemists soberly set out to disprove his findings. But he was right. Scientists repeated his experiment with the same result, and even crystallized several other viruses for good measure.

Before they could recover from this headache, an even more bewildering blow fell. These "living" crystals of mosaic virus could be "killed" by ultraviolet light, formaldehyde and other chemicals, just as bacteria could. After such a "death," they could not reproduce themselves. Judged by every rule known to science, they were as dead as a kippered herring—but, by further chemical treatment, these same crystals could be brought back to "life," apparently none the worse for their experience.

The consternation of the medical world has been well expressed by a great research scientist: "On looking at the virus crystals and thinking what they can do, one wonders again what life is. Indeed, the worker with viruses has continually a sense of uneasiness as to what next, for they are like the imaginative 'wee people' who play mischievous tricks on the Irish."

No virus has been proved of benefit to man or animal, as are many bacteria, but some day perhaps their justification for living will be recognized through a revolutionary service to mankind. They may point (though with thumb to nose) the way to our understanding the mystery of life itself—the creation of the world of the living.

But today, the viruses, representing forms which descend the biologic scale from bacteria clear down to half-living molecules of a chemical compound, link the living with the non-living world. If someone would just invent an electron microtelephone, a puckish chuckle might reach our haughty ears as the truth appears that viruses inevitably bind Man, the supreme being in the kingdom of the living, to the very rocks he so proudly treads!

Classy Classifieds

A recent classified ad in a New Jersey paper read: "Attractive room—everything furnished, Venetian blonds!" —Mrs. Evelyn Ford

• • •

For Sale: Large crystal vase for lady slightly cracked. —*Birmingham (Ala.) Paper.*

The Great American Diamond Hoax

by DON REED

Excitement ran high on two continents when a couple of "simple" desert rats discovered a fabulous treasure in gems

AS THEIR DUSTY BOOTS scuffed the polished floor of the Bank of California, there was plainly a heavy, dogged weariness about the two men. They looked like typical desert rats, their faces burned by sun and wind and darkly accented by a growth of ragged beard. Only their eyes, sharp and bright, betrayed elation as they placed a small buckskin bag on the teller's counter.

"We'd like to put these stones in your safe for a few days," one of the men said to the teller, Arthur Wrenn.

"Stones? What kind?" asked Wrenn cautiously. Although San Francisco banks in the 1870s readily accommodated miners who wished to deposit gold dust, this request was unusual.

"Diamond stones," the taller of the two men answered. "Here, have a look."

Wrenn peered into the bag and whistled as he saw an impressive pile of diamonds.

"What name shall I put on the receipt?" he asked.

"John Slack," the taller one answered again. "Better put down my partner's name too—Philip Arnold. We got to pick up an outfit and get some rest. But one of us will call for the stones day after tomorrow."

"Then you're going back to dig some more?" Wrenn asked with elaborate carelessness.

"Yeh," said Arnold coldly. "We're going back." And with that the two men left.

Scarcely had they disappeared than Wrenn eagerly went back to the safe, his hand trembling as the diamonds ran through his fingers. Then he saw what he had not previously noted. Among the diamonds were rubies and sapphires. All told, the stones must be worth at least $100,000. And they were only the first specimens! The two desert rats had undoubtedly discovered a mine worth millions.

Wrenn hastened to the office of William C. Ralston, president of the bank and one of San Francisco's leading financiers. But Ralston was skeptical. "A diamond strike in the West? You must be crazy, Wrenn!"

The teller was insistent. "Come to the safe and see for yourself, Mr. Ralston," he pleaded.

When Ralston glimpsed the precious stones he was no less excited than Wrenn. "It's probably the biggest strike that ever occurred in America!" he cried. "It may even dwarf the Comstock Lode!"

When the desert rats reappeared

with their receipt two days later, Wrenn fingered it thoughtfully. "Before I turn the bag over to you gentlemen," he said, "our president would like to see you."

"What for?" Slack asked the teller suspiciously. "We've got to get going!"

"There's nothing wrong," said Wrenn persuasively. "But a talk with Mr. Ralston would be to your advantage."

Arnold looked at his partner doubtfully, but at that instant Ralston appeared and introduced himself. Quickly sensing that the two prospectors were simple miners, he affably escorted them to his office, gave them cigars and brandy.

Soon, William M. Lent and George D. Roberts, two other prominent San Francisco financiers, dropped into Ralston's office and were introduced. Then Ralston divulged the reason for the gathering. In finding what seemed to be a fabulously rich diamond field, Slack and Arnold had discovered treasure which could not be handled like the ordinary gold or silver mine. There were too many far-reaching business consequences: diamond prices throughout the world would be influenced; the world's diamond capital might actually shift from Amsterdam to San Francisco.

Slack and Arnold looked blankly at each other, then withdrew to a corner and talked in whispers.

"I guess you're right, Mr. Ralston," said Arnold after the hurried conference. "Slack and I are willing to sell out for $660,000. But we don't want the money now. So you just hold on to the stones in the bank, advance us a couple of thousand in expenses and we'll go back to the mine and bring out a million dollars' worth of stones for you."

Nothing, the financiers agreed, could be fairer than that. So they gave the two prospectors expense money in return for an option, and wished Slack and Arnold Godspeed. Ralston, however, was nobody's fool. Immediately he engaged detectives to look into the prospectors' past, and was pleased to learn that the men were just what they appeared to be—a couple of desert rats who had been prospecting for years.

The more Ralston and his two associates discussed their new venture, the more stupendous it seemed. Nothing less than a $10,000,000 corporation should be organized, they decided. And for general manager they would engage Asbury Harpending, millionaire mining expert and financier then in London. Ralston cabled Harpending to come to San Francisco immediately.

By this time, news of the fabulous diamond strike had leaked out. Ralston and his associates were besieged by citizens who wanted to invest in the mine. But they were refused. No one, they were told, would be permitted to invest until the field had been thoroughly investigated. Which only made them more eager.

"Ralston, Lent and Roberts have hold of a remarkable source of wealth and refuse to let their fellow citizens share it," one newspaper editorialized.

As news of the bonanza swept the country, Chicago and New York financiers tried to join the enterprise, but they too were refused. Then the diamond fever leaped the Atlantic and, on the eve of his departure for America, Harpending was visited by Baron Rothschild. Harpending, hard-headed and cautious, suggested that Ralston might have been fooled.

"Don't be too sure of that," said Rothschild. "America is a very large country. It has furnished the world with many surprises already. Perhaps it has others in store."

Harpending reached San Francisco just as Slack and Arnold reappeared. Slack carried a buckskin bag on his shoulder and Arnold walked vigilantly beside him, armed with revolver and rifle. Straight into Ralston's office they marched and poured out a profusion of gems. "About a million dollars' worth, I reckon," said Slack proudly.

Arnold told the story. They had stumbled upon a part of the diggings which had yielded two million dollars' worth of stones, as closely as they could estimate. These they had placed in two bags. Returning from the wilds, however, they came to a river in flood, and in crossing on a raft they had nearly lost their lives. All their belongings had been swept away as well as one sackful of precious stones. But they hoped the remaining bag would prove their good intent.

Ralston called in two lapidaries who agreed that here were genuine diamonds with a sprinkling of sapphires and rubies. The financiers then got out their pencils and figured that with 20 laborers, at least a million dollars' worth of diamonds could be mined each month. Only one step remained before closing the deal. An outstanding mining expert would have to inspect the diggings, and the field itself would have to be disclosed to Ralston and his associates.

Arnold and Slack agreed this was only right. So Henry Janin, well-known mining consultant, was brought from New York, and with Arnold and Slack, Harpending and Gen. George S. Dodge, a friend of Ralston's who had been permitted to invest, he formed an expedition to inspect the mine.

In secrecy they journeyed to Rawlins, Wyoming, where they procured horses and for four days rode northwesterly toward the Granite Mountains. As they approached the diamond field, Slack pointed to an area of about 40 acres, dotted with ant hills.

"This is where we've dug," said Arnold. "All around here."

Harpending was first to find a diamond, near the base of an ant hill. He shouted to Janin and, as he waited for a reply, he fancied he heard a distant train whistle. Then Janin, too, found a diamond. After that, gems by the score were unearthed throughout the 40 acres. Occasionally a ruby or sapphire was dug up. In two days the jubilant party had a hatful of jewels.

Janin was particularly exultant. "There is no reason to dig any longer," he said. "What must now be determined is the extent of the field, its accessibility to the railroad and other technical details."

"I don't know about the other things," Arnold replied, "but we're about 90 miles from the railroad."

This simple remark reawakened Harpending's dormant suspicion. "You can't hear a train whistle 90 miles away," he told himself. "They must have led us here by a circuitous route. We're probably not more than 20 miles from the railroad. Why lie about it?"

He could neither answer that question nor forget it. But with Janin's enthusiastic report and the party's findings, there was no doubt that the deal would go through when they returned to San Francisco. And so events turned out.

Convinced that the mine would yield greater wealth than any other mineral discovery ever made in America, Ralston and his associates bought out Arnold and Slack. The grandiose $10,000,000 Diamond Company sprang into being and plans were made for moving Amsterdam's best gem cutters to San Francisco. At the same time, 25 prominent San Franciscans were permitted to invest $80,000 each in stock. Among them was A. Gansl, representative of the Rothschilds.

But Harpending, still suspicious, quietly dispatched Clarence King, an experienced geologist and engineer, to the diggings. King was told to look about 20 miles from the railroad—and that was where he and a helper, a middle-aged German named Wilhelm Berry, found the fabulous mine.

As the two men dug up stone after stone, King decided the field was the greatest of all mineral discoveries. Berry, however, continued digging. As he stooped to pick up yet another diamond he saw that it bore the mark of a lapidary's tool.

"Look here, Mr. King," was his classic remark. "This is the bulliest diamond field as never was. It not only produces diamonds but cuts them also."

King grabbed the diamond. "Salted!" he said.

Soon the whole picture became clear. The hundreds of gems had been planted in the ground with a pointed instrument. The holes had been artfully tamped and whoever had done the salting had allowed a full year for the rain and snow to "weather" the mine and make it look natural. Small wonder, then, that even an expert like Janin had been fooled.

BACK IN SAN FRANCISCO the dreams of wealth shared by members of the company were assuming fantastic proportions. Other mining companies were bidding hundreds of thousands for rental rights to adjoining claims; world-famous jewelry firms were seeking concessions to cut and sell the finished jewels. Then, in a three-word telegram from King to Harpending, the bubble burst. The latter handed the slip of paper to Ralston. It read: "Salted. Clarence King."

Ralston was a badly disappointed man but not a broken one. With his original associates he paid back the other investors and admitted he had been duped. Later, there were rumors that Bank of California affairs were in a bad way and a board meeting was called. Ralston was barred from attendance.

Shocked and haggard, he returned home, then decided to take a swim at near-by North Beach. Soon after, his body was found in the water. Whether he took his own life or died of a cerebral attack no one knows.

Meantime the dogged Harpending set out to find Slack and Arnold. Through his contacts in London he also launched another investigation and before long found a gem dealer who yielded an important clue.

Almost two years before, the dealer related, a man of Arnold's description had come to his office and asked to see undergrade South African diamonds. The customer had bought a quantity of them for $15,000, and had paid another $2,000 for a smaller quantity of low-grade rubies and sapphires. Thus, only $17,000 worth of inferior stones had been used to salt a fabulous mine that had stirred financial circles on two continents, involved millions of dollars, contributed to the closing of the Bank of California and the death of its president, and yielded Arnold and Slack—the "simple" desert rats—$660,000 in cash.

What happened to Slack is a mystery. He simply disappeared and no trace of him was ever found. But Harpending and Lent, one of Ralston's original associates, traced Arnold to his old home at Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Arnold, indignantly denying he had salted the mine, said that he had $550,000 in his safe—all made in prospecting—and there the money would stay. Pressed by Harpending and Lent, he grudgingly handed over $150,000 and declared that as far as he was concerned, the whole affair of the diamond mine was forgotten.

And for him, it soon was. Involved in a bitter feud with a local banker, he met his opponent on the main street of Elizabethtown. Each was armed with a shotgun and the banker fired first.

Arnold was riddled and died soon afterwards. And with him died the full story of the fabulous diamond mine, probably the greatest and most skillfully concocted treasure hoax in mining history.

Reasonable Doubt

HISTORY RECORDS no sadder typographical error than that which occurred in a California mining newspaper edited by Bret Harte.

Harte penned an obituary for the wife of a prominent citizen. "She was known far and wide," he wrote, "for her charity."

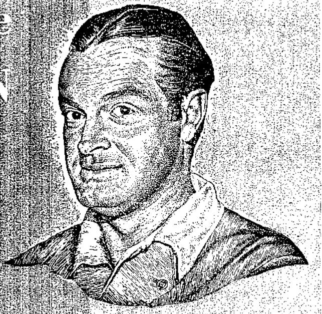
The printer set it: "She was known far and wide for her chastity." Harte, determined to make the compositor check back on his copy so he'd be less careless another time, marked a huge question mark in the margin of the proof.

The paper went to press and was mailed during the night. In the morning Harte found, to his sick horror, that his correction had been faithfully executed: "She was known far and wide for her chastity (?)."

—*The Postage Stamp*

Where There's Hope —There's FUN

This month's custodian of the Game Book is irrepressible Bob Hope, popular "chute-snoot" of the movies, best-selling literary light, and pride of the National Broadcasting Company. Bob proved a long time ago that he "knew all the answers." Now, as your guest editor, he proves that he knows the questions, too.



BOB HOPE, GUEST EDITOR

Thanks for the Memory

There are three kinds of memory: good, bad and convenient. One of the best memories I know belongs to Bing Crosby. He can actually remember the names of all his sons! But you don't need *that* good a memory to play this first game I've cooked up for you. All you have to do is letter the three events given in each section of the quiz in the order in which they occurred. The highest possible score is 60, and the credits get larger as you go along . . . so, go along! The correct answers are on page 119.

Letter these in the order in which they occurred:

1. a. Japan surrenders
   b. Germany surrenders
   c. Atomic bomb hits Hiroshima
   __________ 5

2. a. Munich Pact signed
   b. Hitler named Chancellor
   c. England declares war on Germany
   __________ 5

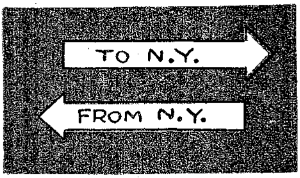
3. a. The stock market collapses
   b. Lindbergh's baby is kidnaped
   c. The National bank holiday
   __________ 10

4. a. Germany invades Russia
   b. The Dionne Quintuplets are born
   c. The Atlantic Charter conference
   __________ 10

5. a. The Yalta conference
   b. The Cairo conference
   c. The Casablanca conference
   __________ 15

6. a. Roosevelt dies
   b. Atomic bomb No. 2 hits Nagasaki
   c. The Potsdam conference
   __________ 15

The Absent-Minded Professor


TO N.Y.
FROM N.Y.

Once there was a nice professor who was so absent-minded that . . . well, he was even more absent-minded than I am: I forgot to think of an absent-minded joke for this spot. Every day the professor commuted from Pepsodent Junction to New York. Each morning he'd get to the station and hop the first train that came along, *no matter which way it was going*. Now, every ten minutes a train *from* New York pulled into the station and every ten minutes a train *to* New York arrived, both pulling out again immediately. But never did two trains, going in opposite directions, arrive at or leave the station at the same time. In spite of all this, the professor, taking the first train that came along, *got to New York four times out of five*. Incidentally, he told me about this one himself—and assured me the answer was really very simple. I think he said his name was Einstein. . . . (Turn to page 119 to see how the professor did it.)

The World-Famous Pat Pending

Everyone knows that Fitch invented the steamboat, Ameche the telephone, and Crosby the yawn. But what other inventors do you know? Put down the number of the invention, and after it the correct letter for the guy most commonly associated with it. If you get more than ten right, you can march right over to the mirror and take a bow. If you get more than 12, you're cheating. The answers are on page 119.

Inventions

1. The fountain pen
2. Dynamite
3. The sewing machine
4. The airplane
5. The linotype
6. The phonograph
7. The telephone
8. The electric incandescent light
9. Radio vacuum tube-triode
10. The automatic air brake for railroads
11. The automatic spring shade roller
12. Wireless telegraphy
13. The saw-type cotton gin

Inventors

a. De Forest
b. Mergenthaler
c. Edison
d. Bell
e. Hartshorn
f. Westinghouse
g. Marconi
h. Nobel
i. Langley
j. Waterman
k. Whitney
l. Howe

Pairing Clichés

First of all, let's get one thing straight: the word is not pronounced *clitch*. The little mark over the "e" was especially imported from France to set you straight. I used to think clichés were dull as dishwater until I started pairing them. Then I had more fun than a barrel of brass monkeys. Try it yourself and see how good a cliché-pairer you are. The point, if any, is to see how fast you can put them together. After all, if you can pair 20 clichés in 2½ minutes, you can do 480 an hour, 11,520 a day, and 4,204,800 a year—and that ain't hay! (As for me, I wouldn't be caught dead using a cliché. I'm too sharp—sharp as a tack.) The answers are on page 119.

1. Tempt
2. Run
3. Take up
4. Gild
5. Cap
6. Toe
7. Throw
8. Shoot
9. Dish
10. Bury
11. Beard
12. Beat around
13. Fly
14. Turn
15. Spill
16. Kick
17. Chew
18. Fill
19. Rush
20. Cut

a. The beans
b. The works
c. The climax
d. The gauntlet
e. The fates
f. The coop
g. The growler
h. The bucket
i. The rag
j. The lily
k. The cudgels
l. The bull
m. The mark
n. The bill
o. The comedy
p. The tables
q. The dirt
r. The hatchet
s. The lion
t. The bush

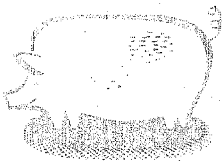
Are You Worth Your Salt?

You don't need much in the way of props for this trick—just some salt and a table. Spill a little of the salt on the bare table. Then try to remove it without touching the salt with anything, without blowing or fanning it, and without touching the table with anything. Just be sure you get it up before your wife catches you! (If you run into trouble, look for the solution on page 119.)

KEEPING UP-TO-DATE

What have the following dates in common?

1. The day after New Year's day in 1934.
2. The day after ground-hog day in 1945.
3. March 4th nine years from now.
4. The day before the 50th anniversary of our entering the First World War.



The Housing Shortage Hits Pigs

As if the country wasn't faced with enough of a housing problem, the Brain wants to know if, with pencil and paper, you can show how nine pigs can be placed in four pens so that there'll be an odd number of pigs in each pen. No fooling, it can be done. The editors insist you do this with pencil and paper, but if you prefer using pigs, I say go ahead! But don't send in your results. (See page 119 for the solution.)

A Problem in Common Sense

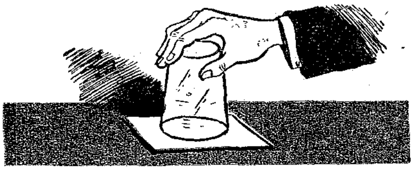
I think this problem in common sense is wasted. It's plain that if you had common sense, you wouldn't have let me take you this far in the Game Book. But here's a case where Jones & Co. are stock brokers. One of their customers, a Mr. Smith (what an all-star cast *this* is!) bought a number of stocks and wanted a receipt. Finding the office staff too busy to oblige at the time, Mr. Jones told Smith to itemize the stocks on a piece of paper and he would sign it. Smith itemized the stocks in his own handwriting on Jones & Co. stationery and Jones signed it. Then Smith folded the receipt and put it in his pocket. Six months later he returned to Jones & Co. and asked for his stocks. When Jones looked at the receipt he'd signed, he saw that two items amounting to $20,000 had been added. An argument started and Smith brought charges against Jones for attempted grand larceny. At the District Attorney's office, Jones proved that the two items had been added after Smith left his office. How did he prove this? (If you can't figure it out for yourself, turn to page 119.)

I Don't Believe It!

Here's a new twist on serving liquid refreshments. Fill a glass up to the brim and cover the top with a piece of light cardboard. Now turn the glass upside down as shown in the drawing by Picasso. (That's Ferdinand Picasso, my grocer.) If you're careful to see that the glass is filled right to the top, the drink won't spill out at all!

Gad, as Colonna would say, what an age we live in!

I'd give anything to eliminate this next line, but the editors insist on it: better practice once over the kitchen sink before you go into your act.



Answers

Thanks for the Memory

1. bca 2. bac 3. abc
4. bac 5. cba 6. acb

Are You Worth Your Salt?

Rub a comb briskly on your hair and bring it near the salt.

The Absent-Minded Professor

The time between a train *to* New York and one going *from* New York is only 2 minutes. This leaves 8 minutes between the departure of a train from New York and the arrival of a train going to New York. The old professor therefore has four times as much chance of getting a train going to New York as he has of getting one going in the opposite direction.

Cliché Pairing

1e 2d 3k 4j 5c 6m 7l 8b 9q 10r 11s 12t 13f 14p 15a 16h 17i 18n 19g 20o

Keeping Up-to-Date

All these dates are consecutive numbers: 1. 1/2 34 2. 2/3 45 3. 3/4 56 4. 4/5 67

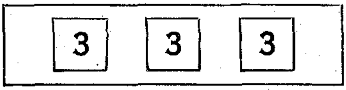
A Problem in Common Sense

The proof is conclusive. Smith admitted *folding* the receipt and putting it in his pocket. The two items that he wrote in afterwards produced tiny tell-tale ink runs in the creases of the fold. Small as these were there was no evidence of them in the items he wrote out before he creased the paper. It is obvious that he wrote the items in after he folded the paper—or after Jones had signed the receipt.

The World-Famous Pat Pending

1j 2h 3l 4i 5b 6c 7d 8c 9a 10f 11e 12g 13k

The Housing Shortage Hits Pigs



by FRANCES ROCKMORE VELIE

The Case for Marital Vacations

A brief holiday may be all you need to give fresh excitement to your marriage

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED that your husband would not come home from the office, leaving you alone in a deliciously lonely house—just for one night?

Have you ever wished when you were left out of a party because you couldn't get a baby-sitter that you could slam the door on your responsibilities and go and have a good time?

Have you ever wished, in a hot, rocky rowboat on a fishing vacation with your husband, that the smelly fish and the squirmy slugs he uses to catch them would sink to the bottom of the sea?

If you have, and you admit you have, then congratulations, Madame! You are not the monster you secretly think you are. You are an honest married woman, in need of a marital vacation.

You are also ambivalent. Ambivalence is a wonderful word used by psychologists to indicate that there are two ways of looking at things. You can love your husband, and yet need time off from him. You can sacrifice for your children, and yet resent the fact that you don't enjoy adult fun often enough.

The best way to remain mentally healthy and psychologically happy is to face these truths—not hide them under guilty feelings that will come out in nasty cracks at your husband and quick slaps for the children. So if you need a marital vacation, take one!

But where? What kind? How long a vacation?

One friend of mine faced her husband honestly as they were packing for their annual ski trip to Quebec. For years she had dutifully bundled herself in layers of wool and struggled manfully up and down icy slopes. Now she listened to her husband's happy reminiscences of other years as they jammed their sweaters and scarves into bulging bags.

"Honey," he said, eyes aglow, "do you remember that day when it was 40 below and . . .?"

Honey did. She remembered the aching cold, the chilblains, the running nose, the air that cut her lungs like a knife. Suddenly she found the courage to tell her husband exactly how she felt about their vacations together.

"Frank," she said, "do you know that if we take this trip as we always do, my share will be $400?"

"That's all right," he soothed, generous in his happiness.

"It isn't all right with me," his wife answered firmly. "Do you know what I would like to do with that $400? It's just enough to pay for a plastic operation on my nose. I've always wanted it straightened since I broke it as a baby. So that's going to be *my* vacation."

It turned out to be the most wonderful vacation Frank's wife ever had. Frank enjoyed his skiing without having to worry about his wife's comfort. And when he came back, his wife was well on the way to being a new woman. Not only did the "new" nose make her prettier, it made her *feel* prettier, gayer, younger.

"I'm going to find something new to do every year," Frank's wife now says.

All happy marriages need the refresher of a little vacation. Recognizing this fact, Sweden recently passed a law whereby low-income mothers of young children may travel any distance, at government expense, to vacation camps. Husbands pay their own way!

And in speaking of marital vacations, Margaret Mead, anthropologist who has studied the way people live—from the African village to the sophisticated city—says cryptically: "Rattle the rat cage."

Brother rat, whom scientists have found invaluable for experiments, resembles us psychologically. Put a rat in a maze, at the end of whose tortuous trail is food, and the rat will go after it. Then, sooner or later, there comes a time when even though the rat is hungry, he sits disconsolately, tail between his legs, and refuses to budge. But rattle the rat cage, says Dr. Mead, and the rat will start all over again with new enthusiasm.

"Americans like novelty," Dr. Mead points out. Yet we insist on monogamy too, living faithfully with one mate all our lives. How can we reconcile the two? Just rattle the rat cage. Use a marital vacation to freshen an old relationship so that it seems new again.

Take the case of the husband and wife who owned a small-town hardware store. For 24 hours a day they were together. They were intelligent, they were in love, but they realized that if ever again they were to bring new excitement to their marriage, they must enjoy a little time away from each other.

"But people in our town never take separate vacations," the wife thought desperately. "We don't want to start any talk."

Their reprieve came unexpectedly one day, in the form of a hardware convention in a distant city. The husband went eagerly, with the neighbors all recognizing the importance of his business trip. And the wife! For the first time in years she had the luxury of her own home for ten days. She fixed any old meals, and read in bed till 3 A. M. without complaints from a sleepy spouse.

At the end of ten days, the wife dressed herself in her best and met her husband at the airport. For a moment she got a real thrill. His hat was on at a rakish angle, he wore a new tie, he was full of new ideas for the store. The old maze didn't seem the same any more.

- Mrs. Lillian Hacker, associate in Teachers' College, Columbia University, and an authority on the psychology of family relations, can cite many similar instances of marital vacations injecting fresh life into marriages.

Mrs. Hacker tells of one young wife, a college graduate, who looked down on bridge as "childish." So when her husband played bridge, she was a bored bystander. Yet from reading in psychology one winter, she learned to her surprise that the game was not childish. It was her own inability to compete with other adults on even terms that made her reluctant to play. But wisely, she said nothing of what she had learned.

That summer, her husband said ruefully that living costs were so high they could not afford their usual vacation.

"We'll just stay home," he concluded dismally.

"Nonsense," she countered. "There isn't money enough for a vacation for both of us, but there's plenty for you to go fishing by yourself in Maine."

So she packed him off, reserving just a fraction of the vacation fund for her own use. But mysteriously, she refused to let her husband know what she was planning to do with the money.

The night he got back, Janice had a bridge game arranged with his favorite companions. "Who's the fourth?" her husband asked grumpily.

Brightly, Janice sat down at the table. Her husband looked at the other players tolerantly. Soon his looks changed to amazement.

Janice had spent three weeks taking intensive lessons from the best bridge teacher in town. Her vacation will pay dividends in mutual pleasure for the rest of the couple's married life.

I know another wife who took her $200 vacation money and went to New York for a beauty course. She lost only 12 pounds—and she knew, and her husband too, that she didn't look like any of those much-touted "before and afters." But she came back with a spring to her step, and a certain something that you can only describe as a new attitude toward life.

Through a marital vacation, one couple even solved their mother-in-law problem. The husband's mother was a possessive woman who started a series of long, meddlesome visits to her son's home. Her interference might have wrecked their marriage had Ronald R. been blessed with a less-understanding wife.

"There's only one thing to do," Ronald at last decided. "Mother can't visit us here any more. That last time, when she burst into the children's party and scolded the girls for being noisy was too much. Hereafter, *I'll* visit *her*."

The couple bravely faced the fact that the only time Ronald could visit his mother was on his annual two-week vacation. But they figured it was worth the sacrifice to restore peace in their home. At the same time, Ronald's absence gave his wife a chance for the kind of vacation she liked best —a shopping trip to Chicago.

The Rs' separate vacations are a great success. When Ronald's two-week visit with his mother is over, you can almost hear the sigh of relief with which he greets his pretty new wife in her new finery.

Sometimes a vacation from the children is just as imperative as a vacation from your mate. Camps, if you can afford them and the children are old enough, are one solution. But if they are out of the question, one of the new family camps mushrooming all over the country may be the answer. A counselor to care for the children during the day, and yet having them to tuck in at night, seems the finest kind of vacation to some parents.

Another type of vacation which both Dr. Mead and Mrs. Hacker cited is provided by the Vassar Summer Institute, maintained by Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. There, college women and their children can go for vacations, with the mothers and children housed in separate dormitories.

Mothers take courses in writing, homecraft, literature or whatever they choose. Children are cared for in excellent nursery schools and see their mothers regularly every day. When fathers come up for week ends, they see their families together under circumstances free from the petty irritations of family day-to-day living.

As for the mothers and children, they return home with new skills and interests to enrich family life.

THE SECRET OF ANY successful marital vacation is this: will it make our family life together happier? Even if it gives only a much-needed rest to mother, it should accomplish that. Wisely chosen, it should do much more.

Yet are there no dangers when a happily married man and woman each seeks pleasure on a separate vacation?

For the dangers, you must look within yourself. If you are a possessive, jealous woman, it will be very difficult to send your husband off on a vacation without you. But then, life is very difficult for a jealous woman under any circumstances. If a vacation of two weeks would mean eleven and one-half months of questioning, bickering and suspicion, then the answer is all too obvious. It just wouldn't be worth it.

But for the well-adjusted? Do they run any dangers? Only one—and that is the danger of taking too long a vacation.

Human beings live by habit. People keep growing all the time. When they are together they grow together. When they are apart for more than a short time, they usually grow apart.

That was the tragedy that occurred in so many old, established marriages during the war. Countless couples found they couldn't stand absences of one to five years. "My husband is like a stranger to me now," many a wife said wonderingly when the war ended.

Neither realized it but, apart, each had undergone different experiences, different impressions. Husband and wife had led different lives for a long time, and sometimes it was too difficult to find the way back.

Dr. Mead says that, in middle age, often it isn't the other woman or the other man that threatens a stable marriage. Sometimes it is the desire to stop catering to others and suit yourself for a change; to fix your house just so, and know that no one will disturb it. So when you plan your marital vacation, follow these rules in order to make it a successful one:

Watch the timing. One to three weeks off by yourself somewhere may refresh you, but staying away longer may teach your husband to live alone and like it. And that might lead to trouble.

Come home with your vacation showing—perhaps a few pounds lost or gained, an attractive new hair-do, or a tricky way of wearing a scarf that makes you look years younger.

During your vacation, find something to do that will provide you with a new interest or skill, like the woman who mastered bridge so she could take part in her husband's favorite pastime.

There are as many kinds of marital vacations as there are married couples who would benefit by them. In your vacation you may find rest, stimulation, beauty or whatever you need to make you truly happy. Best of all, you may again find yourself the gay young person your husband fell in love with years ago.

Foibles of the Famous

Benjamin Franklin had a notion that it was healthful to expose his body to the cold. On winter mornings he walked nude about a fireless room five or ten minutes before dressing. And to keep from getting overheated at night, he had four beds—and switched from one to another when he became too warm!

• • •

James McNeill Whistler took delight in dressing contrary to the conventions. When in evening dress, he positively refused to wear a tie—but he wore big pink bows on his black patent-leather shoes!

• • •

Demosthenes, the stuttering Greek who wanted to become an orator, built himself an underground study. He planned to spend his entire time there for a while, but knew he'd be tempted to go out. So he shaved one side of his head, making himself look so ridiculous he was ashamed to be seen!

• • •

Though Leonardo da Vinci was one of the most brilliant men of all time, only specially trained scholars can decipher his handwriting! He refused to write from left to right in the customary manner; instead, he wrote from right to left.

—Webb B. Garrison

Grin and share it

Edited by **IRVING HOFFMAN**

A PASTOR RECEIVED a call from a larger church, a better and more remunerative pastorate. He replied that he would prayerfully consider the matter and give his decision in a few days. A short time later the pastor's small son was asked if his father had decided to accept the offer.

"I don't know," he replied. "Papa is still praying, but mama has our things nearly all packed."

—JOHN S. EDMONSTON

"WHAT MAKES YOU think your son is backward?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Well," sighed the mother, "he's 16 years old and just learning to wave bye-bye."

—GWENN L. FALK

IT WASN'T ALWAYS easy to make things understandable to the new maid.

"We're having friends in for a musical evening," her mistress was explaining, "and we'd like you to do your best."

"Well, Ma'am," replied the girl obligingly, "I ain't sung in years, but you can put me down for *Swanee River*, if you want to."

—GLORIA WITHERSPOON

A MOTORCYCLIST, IN AN EFFORT to keep warmer, turned his coat around so that the back would better protect his chest and neck. As he sped down the highway, a car dashed across his path from a side road and the cyclist was thrown into a ditch.

The police soon came along, and one of the members attended the prostrate cyclist.

"How is he?" asked another minion of the law.

"What a shame!" replied the first. "The poor lad had his head turned around. By the time I got it fixed, he was dead!"

—DON BERNARD

"NOW," SHE ASKED, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up!"

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."

—*Annapolis Log*

THE LOQUACIOUS BRITISH colonel was trying to prove to a group of World War II veterans how much hardier the fighting man of his day was.

"Gentlemen," he sighed expansively, "I'll never forget the time during the Boer War when I was surrounded by 500 natives. Well, my chappies, in half an hour I liquidated all but 50. The blighty beggars soon re-formed their ranks and rushed me. They clawed at my face, pounded my knees and feet, pummeled my chest, beat me about the head and shoulders, and then, propping me against a tree, three of the natives ran their spears right through me.

"I was left for dead—and there I remained, gentlemen, against the tree for ten days."

"Goodness," interrupted an awed listener, "the pain must have been excruciating. Didn't the spears hurt you terribly?"

"Only," admitted the colonel, "when I laughed!" —SIDNEY RESNICK

ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD came a $7,000 limousine. As it caught up with the small car, the owner of the big car could not resist the temptation to slow down and heckle the other driver a bit.

"Good gosh, man," he said, "what is it about your car that makes such a dreadful rattling sound?"

"That? Oh, that's the $6,500 jingling around in my pocket," said the driver of the small car. —PAUL SMALL

THE MINISTER HAD come to call and was holding the small boy of the house on his lap.

"So, you can count, eh?" he said to the youngster. "Well, let's hear you."

The lad met the request with alacrity: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king." —PHILIP BEATON

MANY FOLKS ARE worrying about things that won't happen. Like the patient in the mental hospital, who was holding his ear close to the wall, listening intently. The attendant finally approached.

"Sh!" whispered the patient, beckoning to him.

The attendant pressed his ear to the wall for a long time. "I can't hear a thing," he finally said.

"No," replied the patient, "it's been like that all day!"

—*Democracy in Action*

THE LANDLADY BROUGHT in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" asked one.

"Yes, I cut them," was the stern reply.

"All right," retorted the boarder, "I'll deal."

—*Scarlet Fever*

A BROWBEATING attorney finally asked a witness how far he had been from the scene of an accident.

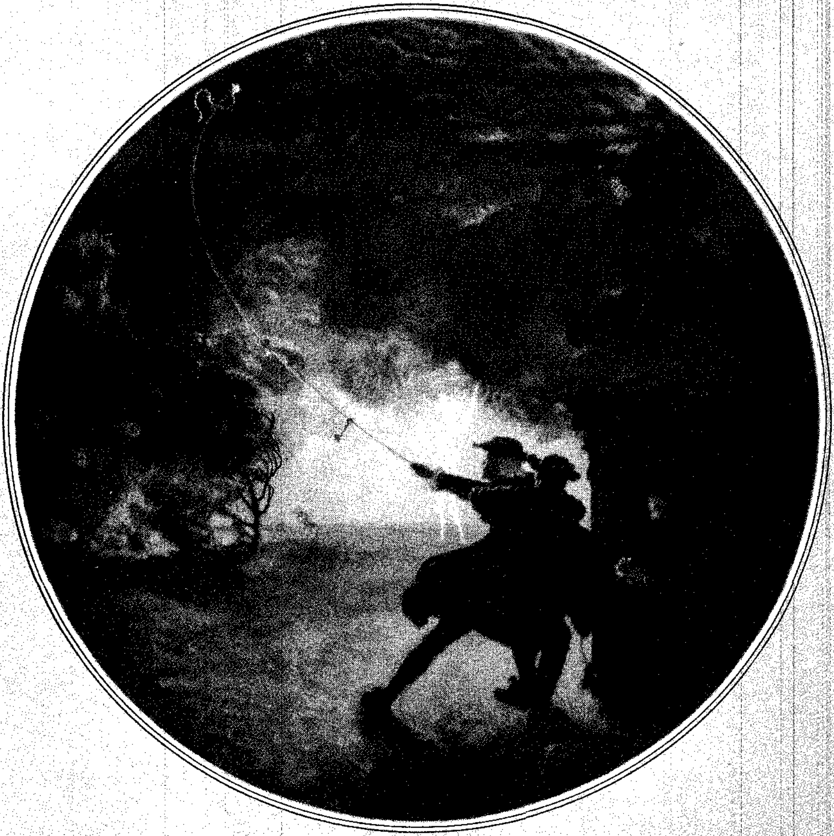
"Just five yards, two feet and seven inches," was the reply.

"How does it happen you're so exact?" roared the attorney.

"Well," drawled the unabashed witness, "I expected some fool or other would be sure to ask me, so I measured it."

—FROM *Thoughts While Shaving*, BY NEAL O'HARA, PUBLISHED WAVERLY HOUSE, BOSTON

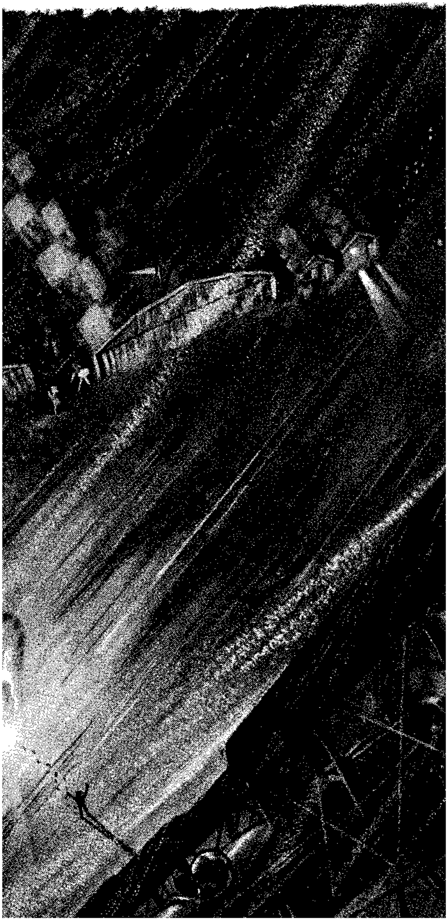
Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.



A Kite That Made History

With a kite, a Leyden jar, an ordinary key and a stroke of inventive genius, Benjamin Franklin drew lightning from the sky on a stormy day in 1752, proving his theory that electricity and lightning were essentially the same thing. Then, quickly putting his discovery to practical use for the benefit of mankind, he invented the lightning rod to protect the lives and property of his own and future generations.

NOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO MILESTONES IN AMERICAN HISTORY. PAINTING BY DOUGLASS CROCKWELL.



The Big *AIR-MAIL* Gamble

by **Scott Hart**

THEY STOOD READY NOW, 2,668 miles apart, in the still, cold dawn of February 22, 1921. The test had come: the result was up to them. The four pilots of the Post Office Air Mail Service knew that before the hands of the clock went twice around, the future of America's air mail service would be told.

Two of them, Leonhard and Allison, took off in the half-light of early morning from Hazelhurst Field on Long Island. The others, Nutter and Little, raised their planes and flew eastward from San Francisco, face-on towards the sun.

Each was a regular air mail pilot, flying as a volunteer to prove that night-and-day postmen could move faster through the skies. They flew against crisis, too: for months the apathy of an indifferent Congress had threatened the future of air mail in the U.S.

Then the Post Office Department had revealed a sudden burst of imagination. It would demonstrate by one spectacular flight that air mail could be moved coast-to-coast without transferring from plane to train at night, as was being done on the few haphazard routes.

Now, at pioneering, unlighted airfields across the country on U.S. Air Mail Route No. 1, mechanics and field attendants watched the leaden skies. They puttered over the ailerons and rudders, the World War I motors and insufficient dials of the planes which would be flung into the great relay the instant the incoming mail bags arrived.

Leonhard and Allison flew westward through wind and snow and a cotton-like fog that hid the earth. Leonhard got to Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and took off again 20 minutes later, only to be forced down in a field 25 miles south of Dubois, Ohio. He tried to repair his damaged ship, but the storm grew worse. Leonhard was grounded.

Allison fought his way through

At the Iowa City airfield, the ground crew had gone home, certain that bad weather had ended the flight in Omaha. Knight circled hopelessly. Suddenly, far below, a red flare! He followed it down through the snow to a safe landing.

PAINTING BY DAVE MINK.

to Cleveland. Seven minutes later, Pilot Wesley L. Smith was in the air, headed for Chicago with Allison's mail pouch. When he landed, he looked in despairing faces. Chicago lay under a growling storm; it was impossible to go on. The mail pouch was toted off the field and placed in regular handling channels.

TWO OF THE FOUR CHANCES had now collapsed. On the planes slashing eastward from California rested the whole future of America's air mail. Then, at Elko, Nevada, one of the eastbound planes crashed on the take-off for Salt Lake City.

The one remaining plane somehow made it to North Platte, Nebraska, where a frail-looking young aviator, Jack Knight, waited. With a roar, Knight's post-office crate soared into the sky and headed east. As the young flier came to earth in Omaha, he looked around, first at the plane, then at the sky.

"I'm hungry," he said. "And boy, am I tired! This flying in the dark takes it out of you."

He faded off to get something to eat. His part was done—or so he thought. Knight was in bad physical shape. Two weeks before, his plane had been struck by a sudden cyclonic wind and dashed against a hill. His nose, broken in the crash, was held in place by splints.

But now, on the night-bound field at Omaha, there was no one else to keep the mail flying. Desperately they put it up to him.

"Sure, I'll go," he replied. "Just wire my wife, will you?"

For a quarter-hour he studied a map of the Omaha-Chicago run, then tore off a section and put it in his pocket. Again his plane roared into the sky, pointed for Chicago, 424 miles away.

Soon the earth disappeared. A solid layer of clouds screened off the landmarks he had been spotting on his map. He went down to 100 feet, almost mowing the trees, looking for his way. Knight wondered if he would make Iowa City. Only ten minutes of gasoline remained. The one plane and the one pilot upon which the Great Test depended were in serious trouble.

Finally he spotted the city, but where could the airfield be? He didn't know that the ground crews had gone home, certain that bad weather had ended the flight in Omaha. Knight circled hopelessly. Suddenly, far below, a red flare! He followed it down through the snow to a safe landing.

With a watchman helping, he refueled and climbed again into the driving darkness for the last 200 miles to Chicago. Exhaustion numbed his mind until it was difficult to strain his eyes for any opening toward the ground. Then at last the skies cleared and the great sweep of country sprang to life below him.

At Checkerboard Field in Chicago they had burned flares all night. At 8:40 A.M., Knight's plane was sighted, coming in low out of the west. The Great Test could still succeed! The plane circled twice, then came in fast for a landing.

When Knight stepped down they swarmed about him. "I got tangled up in the snow and fog," he said jerkily. "Say, if you ever want to worry, just try to find Iowa City on a dark night with snow and fog hanging around! Chicago was a cinch. I could see its smoke 100 miles away."

Meanwhile, Jack Webster had taken Knight's load of mail and was heading for Cleveland, through a ceiling so low that he was almost forced down before he got there. At Cleveland Pilot Allison took up the relay, driving his plane to its last ounce of endurance through snow and sleet across Ohio. Then over the Allegheny "graveyard" and along the last lap to Mineola, New York, where he put down his plane without a murmur.

The mail had been flown cross-country day and night in 33 hours, 20 minutes! The shortest previous time, by plane and fast train, had been 72 hours.

But there was no great turnout to welcome Allison as he crawled cold and stiff from the cockpit. The public had read only random news reports of the trials and mishaps of the historic flight.

Postal officials, however, were fully aware of what had happened. One of them summed it up thus: "Last night's flight means the speedy revolutionizing of mail methods throughout the world."

Soon Congress reacted with an appropriation. Aviation itself got a stimulating shot in the wing. But mostly, out of that wild night flight across the continent, the U.S. Air Mail as Americans know it today was saved from years of pro-and-con delay.

Jack Knight saw the whole thing as quietly as this: "It was simply good luck that gave me the chance. Any other pilot in the Air Mail Service would have gladly tried the flight—and done as well or better."

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Don't Forget—
This Is the U.S.A.

by **HENRY J. TAYLOR**

Here is a timely reminder that the future of America, most generously blessed of all nations, depends on us

COME WITH ME TO ANY SPOT on the map of the world, to France, Russia, Italy, England, China, anywhere. If you or I were to consider the problems and fears elsewhere, we would be ashamed of our inability as a people to overcome the problems, fears, strife and confusion we have in America.

Millions of ordinary people elsewhere can do little or nothing about their futures. Nightmares of hunger, idleness, destruction or oppression grip them. They have no other dreams.

But we are not devastated. We are not famine-ridden nor dictator-ridden. We don't live in a police state. We live in America, the wonderland of the world.

We are potentially blessed beyond the people of any land—and we must never forget it! Yet apparently almost anybody can stir up discontent among us, as though this country came to be the greatest on earth by doing everything wrong.

Moments come when it seems as though this isn't America any more. But those moments are false—false and unworthy. This is America, all right, America on the way up.

Remember that many times in the past this country has floundered, yet its course has always been forward. Remember, this country has done many things which would have ruined other nations, such as the assets we've wasted, the resources we've depleted, the economic abuse to which we have been subjected.

But somehow, our greatness has overcome our weakness time and time again. Always we have come to our senses and gone forward. And America has progressed in ways that were unique in all the world, at the very times when the rest of the world was in full despair.

Listen to the mistaken pessimism of Ralph Waldo Emerson, written in 1850: "The world is in a state of bankruptcy. The world owes more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery and be sold."

Or read the resignation of a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington, in 1833. He said foolish, useless patents had been absorbing his time. Now he was convinced there was nothing important left to invent which would be really practical. So he resigned.

Just think—1833—and nothing left to bring a better life for America! Yet actually we Americans made more progress between the 1830s and today than men and women have made in all the preceding centuries.

And so it will be in the future, if we keep our hands at work and our heads clear. So let's forget our fears for a moment and think about our *opportunities*.

We are a nation abounding in natural energy and resources. We have more tools of production and more facilities of distribution than all the rest of the world combined.

Our men and women are trustworthy and valiant. Our churches are sound and free. Our engineers and scientists, our medical men, educators, artists, workers, managers and agriculturalists can prepare a standard of living for us undreamed of today.

AND WHAT REMAINS TO BE done in this country? Everything—*everything!*

For instance, 21 per cent of our homes have no electricity. Forty-three per cent have no private baths. Nearly a third have no running water. Fifty-six per cent have no mechanical refrigeration. These are bedrock items which tell a story of underdevelopment in America, not overdevelopment.

Our population has increased by more than 6,000,000 in the last four years. Ordinary folk now need 2,700,000 new homes. Including those to be built by 1952, the normal market should expand by at least 400,000 kitchen ranges, 400,000 water heaters, 1,375,000 furnace controls, 300,000 ironers, and untold other things.

Stockings? We need 100,000,000 pairs. We need 40,000,000 new suits and several hundred million pairs of shoes. We need 14,000,000,000 yards of cotton fabrics. We need $2,000,000,000 worth of new store, restaurant and hotel fixtures.

Our railroads need locomotives, cars, rails, *everything*. The figure for railroad modernization now scheduled is about $1,600,000,000.

Automobiles are still disappearing from our roads faster than they are being built. More vehicles still go off the roads as scrap each day

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Henry J. Taylor retired from a successful business career to fulfill a lifelong ambition to write and travel. Today he is a nationally known author, economist and radio commentator, with countless magazine articles and three books to his credit—*Time Runs Out, Men in Motion* and *Men and Power*. During World War II he traveled more than 150,000 miles as foreign correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance and the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Taylor is a member of the alumni board of trustees of the University of Virginia, the Foreign Policy Association and the Academy of Political Science, and a director of the Economic Club of New York. This article is based on one of his twice-weekly *Your Land and Mine* broadcasts for General Motors over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

than come off the assembly lines. We need 13,000,000 to 18,000,000 new automobiles and 2,000,000 trucks. All this means jobs, work and good pay.

And what about roads? The Public Road Administration expects rural auto travel to increase 40 to 50 per cent in the next 15 years. And nearly half of all communities in the U.S. have no railroad station or airport to serve them. Yes, you can spell out needs like these for hours. New comforts for the city, new life for the country, new conveniences in the home, better wages for better work, better working conditions, progress in living in every way—all this has been the history of America.

The challenge we face, however, is the challenge of making these prospects real—the challenge of *deserving* prosperity, *deserving* advancement, *deserving* better living by really working for it and working well. Remember, nothing works without work. And nothing succeeds without cooperation.

The earth's greatest curses are ignorance and the greed and fear which are bred of ignorance. We can't live better unless we think better, act with less ignorance, and produce better as individuals and as a nation.

By foolish behavior, by unreasonable demands on each other, and by acceptance of the false doctrine that somebody else is responsible for our future, we could toss away our future and toss it away fast. But this would not occur because of difficult conditions in our country. It would occur because of weaknesses within ourselves, the eternal weaknesses of greed, stupidity and laziness.

Let the greatest pianist in the world drum on the tom-tom of an African savage and he will give you nothing but savage music. No musician can express himself unless you give him the right instrument.

The greatest country in the world cannot express itself either, except through the right thoughts, the right emotions, the right actions of the people. If our country falters, the blame must be on you and on me. Our national destiny—good or bad—remains within ourselves, just as it has since that day, hundreds of years ago, when the first pioneer set foot on our shores.

In *His* Service

A YOUNG GIRL of sixteen lay dying. She had been an elder child in a large motherless family. She spent her childhood bearing the burdens of the home. She literally was tired to death, dying of tuberculosis. A visitor asked, had she been confirmed? Had she gone to church? To which she answered: "No."

Taking a serious view of the whole situation the visitor next asked, "What will you do when you die and have to tell God that?"

The child laid her thin, transparent hands, stained and twisted with work, on the coverlet, and said: "I shall show Him my hands."

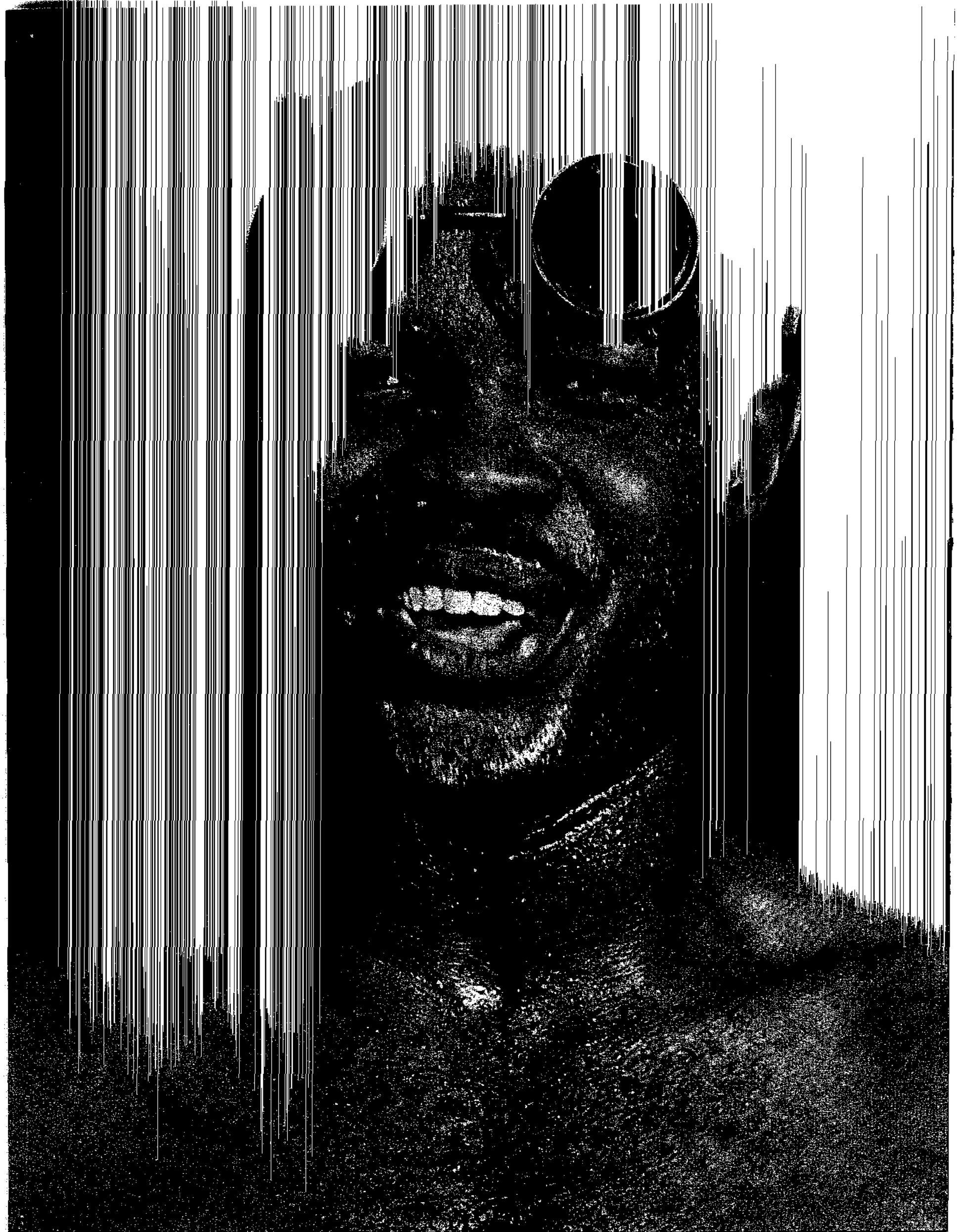
—THE REV. JOHN CRAIG ROAK in *Everybody's Weekly*

Picture Story

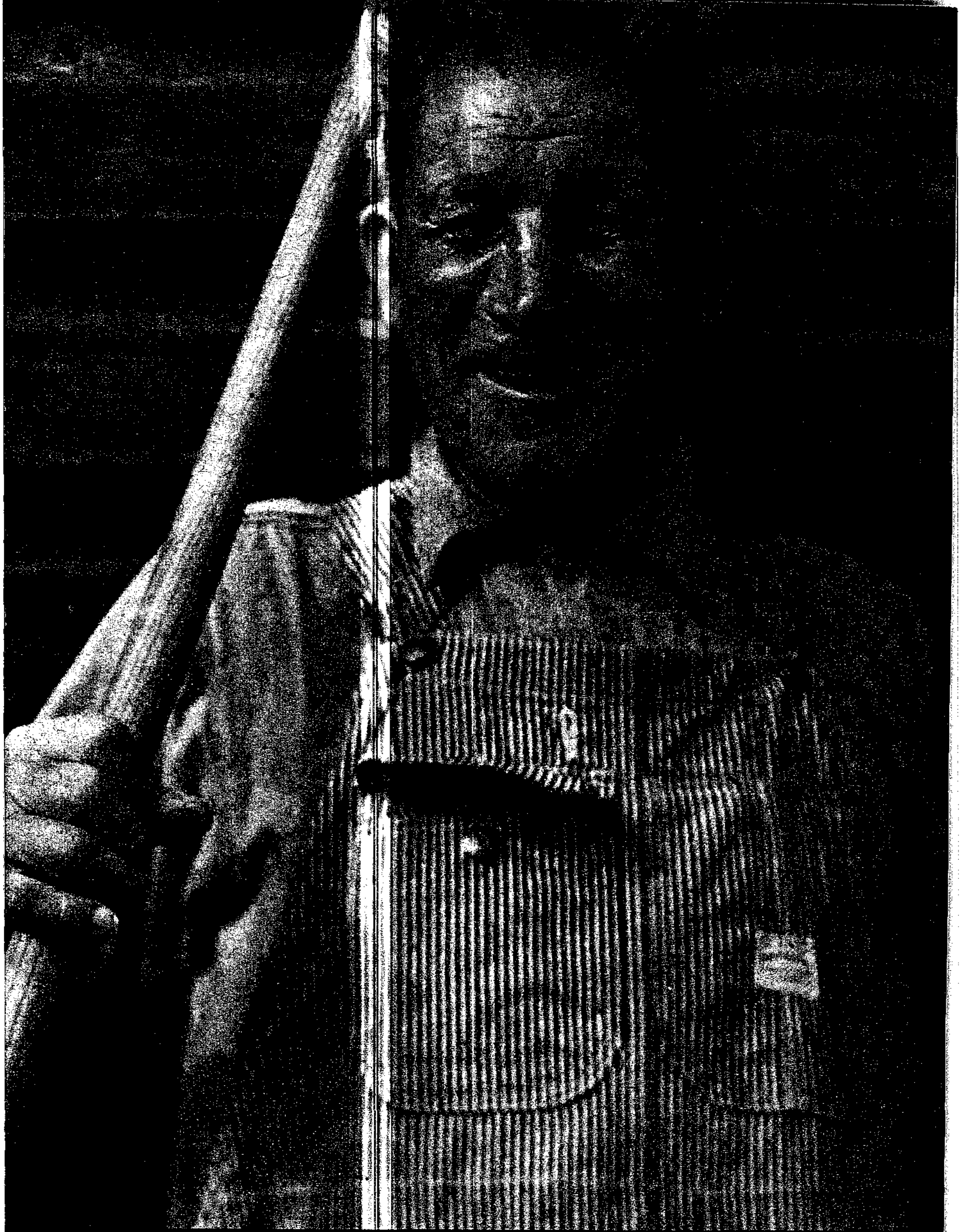
The Search for *Happiness*

Sought after and fought for, lived for and died for, happiness is the goal of all our plans, prayers, and ambitions. Yet though we want it with all our hearts, many of us do not recognize real happiness when we have it. To bring you, then, a greater realization of the things which make us happy, the editors of Coronet have selected the striking photographs on the following pages. Here is a graphic study of plain people involved in the same ceaseless quest that grips us all.

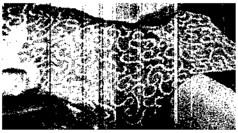
The lifelong search for happiness begins with youth's limitless visions and unbounded dreams . . . .



To be happy we have to know what we want. Just ask this factory-hand. He knows about happiness. Listen: *If I can work hard, if I can rest a little and play sometimes—for me that's good living.*



Now ask this farmer. He thinks a moment before he puts his dreams into words: *Well, if you give me a bit of land—free and clear—and sons to help and carry on when I'm gone, that's all a man could want, I guess.*



Whatever happiness is, though, it changes as we ourselves change with the years. In youth we find happiness in excitement, in fast music, in fun, in romance, in laughter . . .

Don't Try to *HIT and RUN!*

by **Emile C. Schurmacher**

Even if no one saw you, you'll never get away with it; a single hair or a bit of thread may be enough to prove your guilt

HERE IS THE SETTING for death and disaster. . . .

You are driving at reasonable speed along one of those smooth highways that make motoring a pleasure. Perhaps you are immersed in thought or the beauty of the passing scenery. Perhaps you have had a cocktail or two, or maybe it is late at night and you are drowsy.

It really doesn't make much difference. You are merely one of millions of law-abiding citizens, bound somewhere in your car. And then—in just a split second—it can happen! Somehow a pedestrian looms up ahead. Frantically you apply the brakes; tires screech and burn. You grind to a stop—but not quite fast enough.

You hear a dull, never-to-be-forgotten thud, like a bag of wet sand dropped to the ground. Depending upon your speed, your car has tossed a human body from eight to 40 feet to the side of the road. The body is crushed, bloody and lifeless.

Still, in that split second, you notice automatically that there is no other car in sight. No witnesses anywhere. Suddenly galvanized by stark fear, you push the accelerator down to the floor. Perhaps you can get away, undetected. . . .

During 1946, thousands of men, women and children were killed by hit-and-run drivers. Yet the most singular fact about this toll of human casualties is that, up to the second of impact, the vast majority of the hit-and-runners were model citizens. Many did not have so much as a parking ticket to mar their driving records. But after the accident occurred, an unreasoning fear, coupled with the wild belief that there were no witnesses, spurred them into a desperate attempt to get away.

Many of them did escape—temporarily. But eventually, thanks to the highly perfected techniques of modern hit-and-run detective work, most of them were caught. Others, unable to live long with their uneasy consciences, surrendered voluntarily.

Scientific and complicated though this type of detection may be, the achievements of State Police criminologists and other law-enforcement agencies depend in the main upon a simple law of physics. "Two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time," explains Director William E. Kirwan of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation, New York State Police.

"When a car strikes a body, something gives. And in giving, some silent, telltale and frequently unnoticed witness may be left behind. We have handled cases in which the 'witnesses' were no more than a few threads of cloth from the victim's suit caught in the grillwork of an automobile. Or the imprint of a victim's shoe on the muddy underside of a chassis. It is the function of the crime laboratory to make such witnesses 'talk'."

To facilitate the "talking" process, the hit-and-run sleuths have all the scientific apparatus employed by modern criminologists, such as spectroscopes, comparison microscopes and chemical equipment. In addition they have three "fingerprint" files which are peculiarly their own.

First is a "headlight file," comprising the lenses used by all auto manufacturers. A single sliver of glass found at the scene of a tragedy often helps to establish the make and year of the car involved.

Second is a file of all makes and sizes of tire prints. Contrary to general belief, many hit-and-run drivers leave tire prints behind, because just before or at the moment of impact they will do one of two things: either try to stop quickly, leaving scorch marks which may be photographed, or swerve from the highway, leaving tire impressions in the soft shoulder from which plaster casts may be taken.

Third group is a paint and enamel file over which the laboratory chemist keeps a watchful eye. By analyzing a minute amount of paint adhering to a victim's clothes or body, the chemist can determine the color and sometimes the make of the hit-and-run car.

One night, for instance, the unconscious body of Walter Newton was discovered along a muddy Vermont side road. He died two days later, obviously a hit-run victim. On the road, officers of the Vermont Highway Patrol found a blood spot and, 15 feet from it, a diamond-shaped scuff mark. One of the hunting boots Newton wore when he was found bore a similar scuff mark.

The officers learned a Ford had been seen along the road shortly before Newton was discovered. Investigation led them to believe that Sidney Mason of Danby, Vermont, who owned a Ford, had driven along the road at about that time.

Now the investigators examined Mason's car minutely and on its underside found a bit of fiber or thread less than two inches long. They continued their search of the car's underside and found a diamond-shaped mark on the dirt-covered "wishbone." Here was the same scuff-pattern they had seen on Newton's boot. They studied it under a magnifying glass; the two marks seemed to correspond. Thereupon Mason was arrested, though he protested innocence.

Next the diamond-shaped imprint was covered with isinglass and that section of the "wishbone" was cut away. Together with the fiber or thread, it was shipped to the New York State Police Bureau of Criminal Investigation in Albany.

There Director Kirwan got busy with microscope and camera. The dead man's boot was examined to discover which part had been subjected to unusual pressure, and the part involved was photographed. After a similar picture had been made of the impression on the "wishbone," the two photographs were magnified and placed next to each other. The measurements of both imprints averaged 5/64ths of an inch from side to side. The similarity was self-evident. A later examination proved the fiber on Mason's car had come from Newton's trousers, and the case against Mason was complete.

But all hit-and-run cases aren't solved as quickly as that, especially in states like Michigan where the speed limit is defined as "reasonable and proper" and where thousands of miles of superb highways tempt the speeder. Yet Michigan for many years has had Oscar G. Olander as Commissioner of State Police. A pioneer in the campaign against hit-and-run drivers, Olander has instilled the spirit of persistence in his patrols. "Our crime laboratory can tell you who the hit-and-runners are," he tells his troopers. "It's up to you to bring them in."

And the troopers' record of arrests is almost 100 per cent, as exemplified by the case of a citizen with no previous record whom, for the sake of his family, the Commissioner prefers to call "Brown."

"It was 1:30 A.M. and Trooper Burnette was at the East Lansing desk, waiting for his relief to arrive. A frantic woman phoned in to say that she and her husband had seen a hit-and-run accident on U. S. 16, main highway between Lansing and Detroit. The body still lay on the pavement, but the hit-and-run car had vanished into the night."

Burnette notified the dispatcher at East Lansing and in a few seconds the meager information was relayed to all State Police cars and stations along U. S. 16. Soon motorists were being stopped by troopers who checked fenders and bumpers. Meanwhile, Burnette had sped to the scene, accompanied by a police administration student in training.

"Upon arriving," says Olander, "they found the usual disheartening circumstances surrounding nearly every hit-and-run accident. An unconscious man had been struck so hard that his shoes lay yards from the point of impact. Amidst blood and broken glass was a fender signal light of the type carried by many modern cars."

The victim was put in an ambulance. Then, after querying the excited couple who said vaguely that the car looked "black and large," Burnette departed with the only items of evidence he could find —the signal light and bits of broken headlamp glass.

A quick check showed that the signal light had come from a 1941 Chrysler. Before daylight, police were waiting at public garages in the near-by area as well as in Detroit. Olander ordered a checkup of all recent Chrysler registrations and told garagemen to report any purchase of headlamp parts or signal lights.

For several days, officers checked

on every Chrysler owner in the vicinity, either through license plates or dealers' sales records. Every recent repair job was investigated and owners were asked their whereabouts on the night of the accidents. All were able to provide satisfactory answers. Meanwhile, the victim had died in the hospital without regaining consciousness.

Four days after his death, during a routine highway check-up, Troopers Anderson and Palmer stopped a Chrysler driven by a Mr. Brown, known to them as a model citizen of suburban Lansing. Glancing over his car, the troopers noted that a signal light was missing and a headlight was taped.

Brown was taken to the East Lansing Station, where he not only insisted he knew nothing of the tragedy but said that the entire day on which it had occurred, so far as he was concerned, was a "total blank." He had been drinking afternoon and evening, and remembered nothing until awakening the next day, when he found his car had somehow been damaged.

Although he stuck to his story, his car betrayed the truth when experts of the State Police Crime Laboratory examined it. The signal light and broken glass, found at the death scene, matched perfectly. And although Brown "remembered nothing," several other people did after his car had been checked. Trooper Burnette found a Lansing garageman who recalled having repaired the Chrysler radiator and who positively identified Brown as the man who had brought it to his shop in a cab.

The taxi driver was next located. He remembered not only his passenger but also that Brown had said "the radiator had frozen up." Finally Burnette found an accessory dealer who had sold Brown a headlight the day following the accident and who had thought it queer that the buyer wanted to install it himself, since installation was included in the selling price.

Brown's actions had not been exactly those of an innocent man, and the jury before which he was tried for negligent homicide found him guilty.

HIT-RUN DETECTIVES are extremely suspicious not only of lapse-of-memory alibis but also of drivers who claim they fled the scene of an accident unwittingly, unaware that they had struck anyone. Exhaustive tests have proved that it is virtually impossible for a sober motorist not to know when his car has hit a human being.

As for drunkenness, which is not an extenuating circumstance in most states, police technicians admit it is barely possible for a befuddled driver to be unaware of striking a victim. But, they point out, a man in such condition could not very well drive a car and would, in all probability, wreck himself.

Far more accurate than the old-fashioned test of making a driver suspected of intoxication walk a chalk line, the crime laboratory reveals the amount of alcohol in the motorist's *or* victim's blood. For oddly enough, the test works both ways. It may either be used as evidence against a motorist or, if alcohol is found in the victim, the fact may be helpful in the defense against a charge of reckless driving —though not against hit-and-run.

So rapidly has the science of detection advanced during the past few years that today state police and other law agencies literally can solve cases by a hair, as witness a recent hit-and-run investigation in Massachusetts.

The victim was John H. Sweeney, pipefitter and father of seven children. He was found on Cohasset highway early one morning, still alive though unconscious. His body, with clothes in tatters, bore terrible scorch burns as a result of having been dragged half a mile. Chief Pelletier of Cohasset and Detective Delay of the Dedham District Attorney's office knew how far he had been dragged, for the contents of his lunch pail were scattered on the highway.

The driver had left no tire marks, no broken glass, not a single clue. As for the victim, who died without regaining consciousness, his body was so battered that it, too, apparently offered no clue.

Detective Delay faced the formidable task of examining countless cars. But for what? He didn't know. Just something suspicious.

With Lieutenant Walker, another veteran hit-and-run hunter, Delay began walking the streets of Cohasset, scrutinizing cars, looking into parking lots and garages. For ten deadly dull days and nights they continued their hunt for "something." Then, on the eleventh day, they found that something—a single human hair caught in the drip pan beneath a coupé. Wrapping it in tissue paper, they took it to the laboratory where Lt. Joseph T. Walker and Sgt. William Ratigan, a technician, compared it to a hair taken from Sweeney's head. The comparison looked promising.

Then the State Police went back to the car and really gave it a going over. The coupé, belonging to John J. Oliver, former special policeman, yielded one other clue. Faintly outlined on a front shackle bolt was an odd pattern, like that of a herringbone fabric. Beneath it was a smooth design that could have been caused by cotton underwear. Delay remembered having seen that pattern in reverse—on the victim's clothing.

"With Chief Pelletier we interviewed Oliver," says Delay. "He said he had come home at 11:15 P.M. and gone to bed. But the victim, we knew, had been last seen alive at 12:30 A.M. in Cohasset Square."

The hit-run sleuths cut away the shackle bolt and sent it to the crime laboratory. Then they began searching the neighborhood around Oliver's house for a witness. Presently they found a neighbor who said he had seen a car coming into the Oliver driveway at 1:00 A.M.

In the crime laboratory, Ratigan went into action. "By using a concentrating spotlight on a copy camera, I was able to photograph fabric marks on the bolt," he says. "I then took modeling clay and applied it with great force to the trousers and underwear of Sweeney.

"Thus I obtained reverse fabric marks. I used this method to simulate the condition of the fabrics hitting the bolt. I then took photos of reverse impressions of the modeling clay with the light in the same position. In the composite photos, both patterns matched perfectly."

Still protesting innocence, Oliver was brought to trial. Scientists testified that in their opinion the pattern on the bolt was caused by the victim's trousers and underwear. And the hit-run killer was found guilty and sent to prison for manslaughter.

In their files of "solved" cases, nearly every State Police crime laboratory can point to "silent witnesses" which have helped identify killers. Connecticut recently solved one case through laboratory identification of a few threads of a colorful scarf worn by a girl victim. New Jersey traced a hit-run slayer by examining flecks of fender paint found imbedded in the victim's skin. California brought another driver to justice by finding grill marks from an auto radiator impressed on a victim's back like giant fingerprints.

Of the thousands of hit-run drivers who flee the scene of their crimes, every one believes that he will get away undetected. With millions of cars on the highway, this belief might be valid—were it not for one thing. That is the simple, unalterable law of physics which makes it impossible for two objects—an automobile and a human body—to occupy the same space at the same time.

Box-Office Names

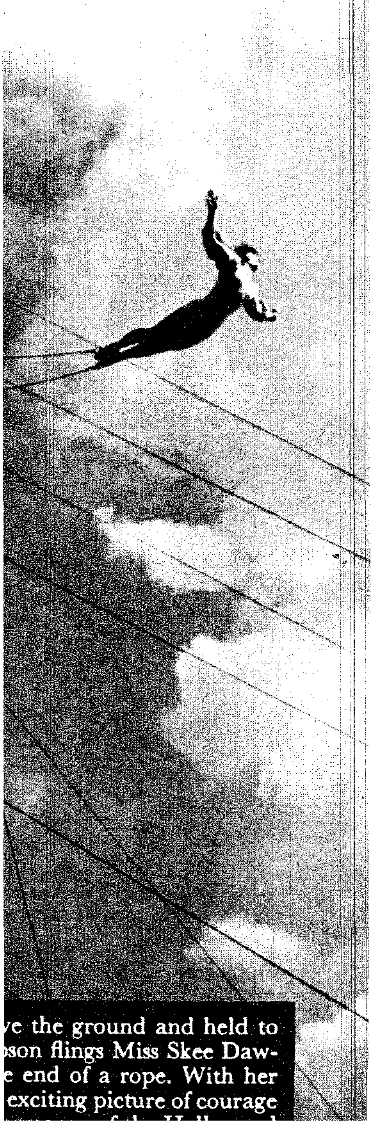
What's in a name? Plenty, says Hollywood. Screen moguls are willing to bet you'd never walk across the street to see a movie which starred, say, S. Arlington Brugh, Constance Ockelman, Frank Wupperman or Reginald Truscott-Jones.

But when you see names like Robert Taylor, Veronica Lake, Frank Morgan and Ray Milland spelled out in lights on the marquee, you line up to get into the theater. That's why many of the stars have abandoned their legal monikers for more colorful, luckier or more marqueeable names.

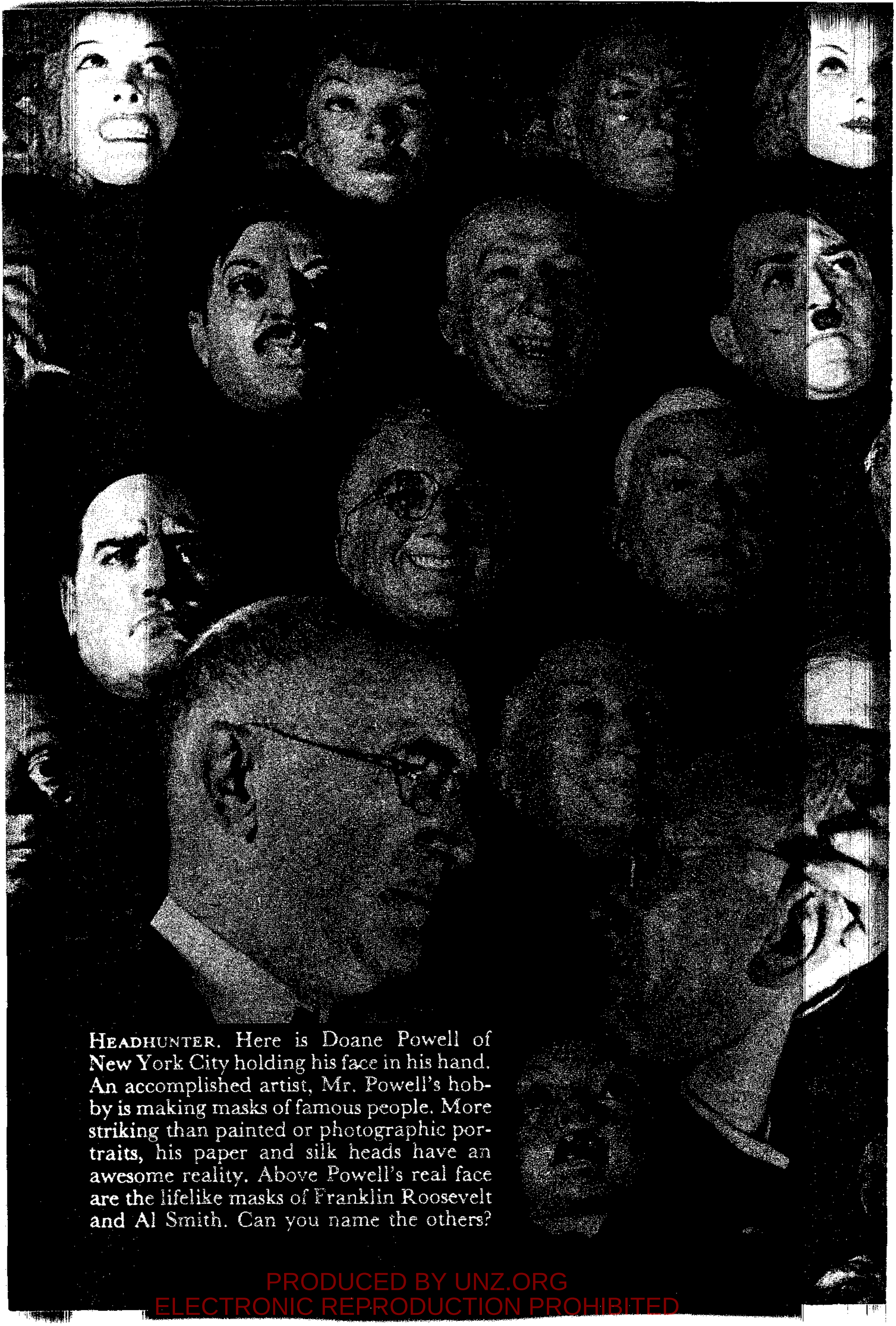
Chance often plays a part in the re-christening. Some years ago, producer Willard Mack was leaving a rehearsal of his new play, *The Noose*, with a promising young actress named Ruby Stevens. As they walked out the stage door, he said, "With that name you'll never be a star, Ruby." Just then they passed a torn theatrical poster, flapping in the wind. The remaining fragment showed the words, "—Stanwyck in 'Barbara'—"

"Now, there's a stage name for you," said Mack. So Ruby Stevens promptly became Barbara Stanwyck, and Barbara Stanwyck became a star.

In many cases, the stars choose their own stage names. When Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner got into the movies she telescoped her first name down to Lana. Zelma Hedrick combined her middle name with her mother's maiden surname to become Kathryn Grayson, and Loraine Johnson became Laraine Day by changing the spelling of her first name and choosing the second name of her drama coach, Elias Day.



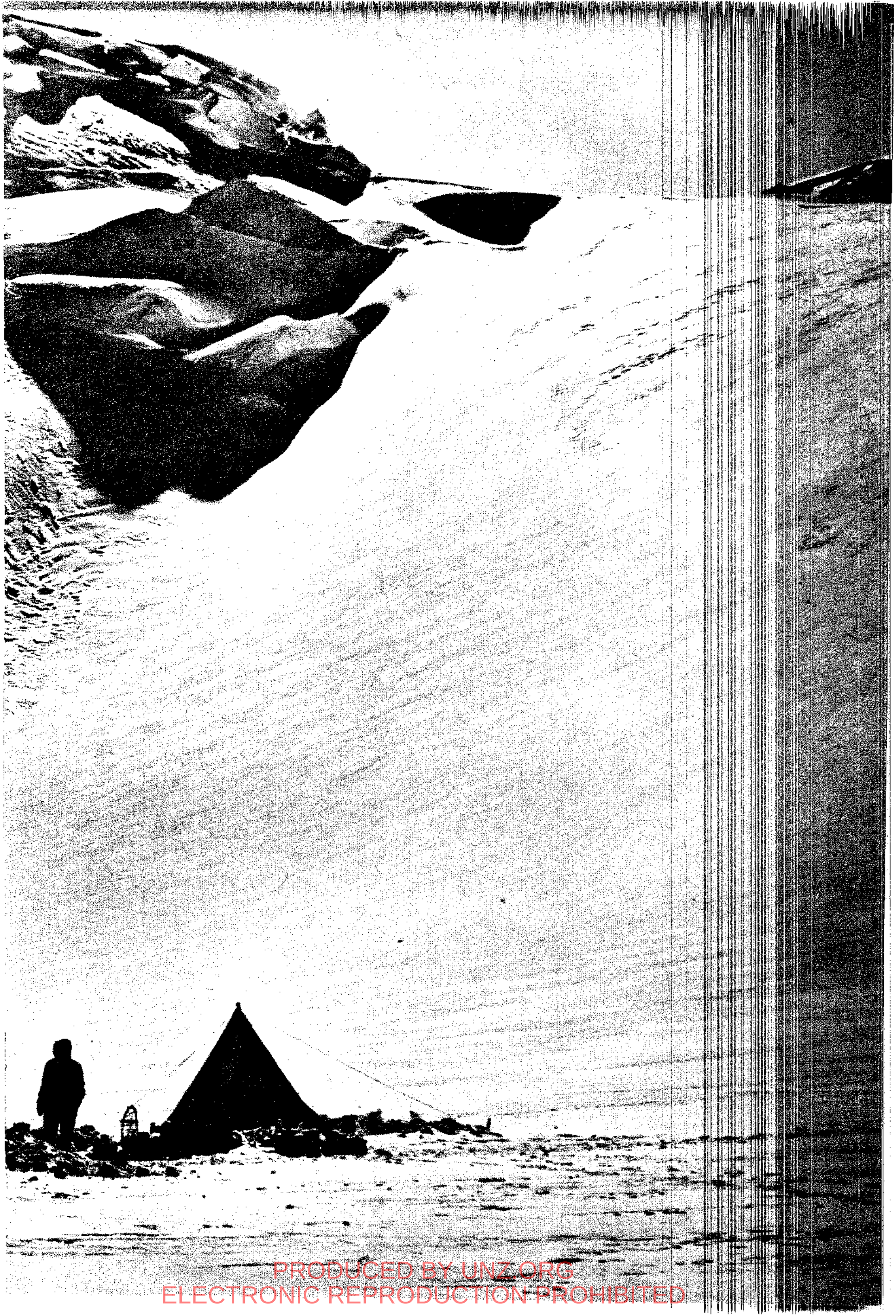
ve the ground and held to
son flings Miss Skee Daw-
e end of a rope. With her
exciting picture of courage



HEADHUNTER. Here is Doane Powell of New York City holding his face in his hand. An accomplished artist, Mr. Powell's hobby is making masks of famous people. More striking than painted or photographic portraits, his paper and silk heads have an awesome reality. Above Powell's real face are the lifelike masks of Franklin Roosevelt and Al Smith. Can you name the others?

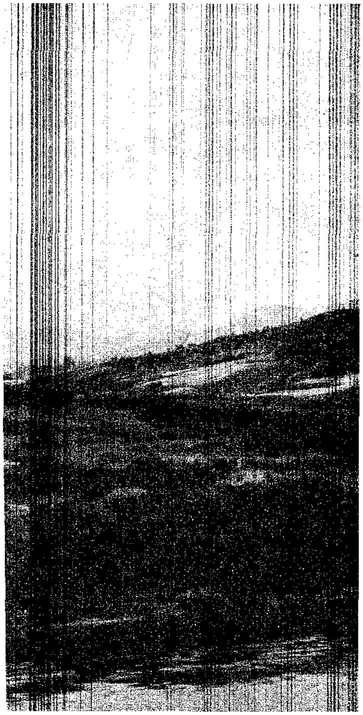
Top-notchers. Irving Berlin, most famous song writer in the world, here tinkles a tune for Hildegarde, sophisticated queen of night-club singers. Though Mr. Berlin, composer of *God Bless America*, has written hundreds of best-selling songs, he admits to playing the piano "terribly." And while Hildegarde once "plugged" Berlin songs for $15 a week, she recently earned a thousand times that for a week's work. Together, they represent the best in popular entertainment.

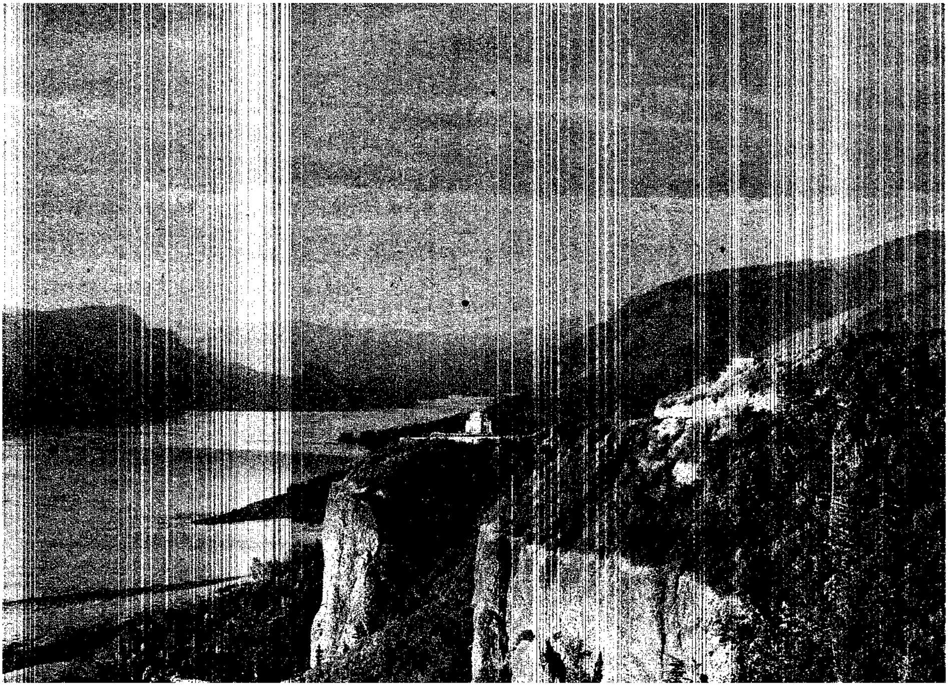
New Mountain. Until 1945 this glistening 13,200-foot mountain peak near Fairbanks, Alaska, was unknown. Then an Army Air Forces expedition made camp at its base and came out with this extraordinary picture. Here are all the grandeur and silvery brilliance which give the "new" mountain its name—Mount Silverthrone.

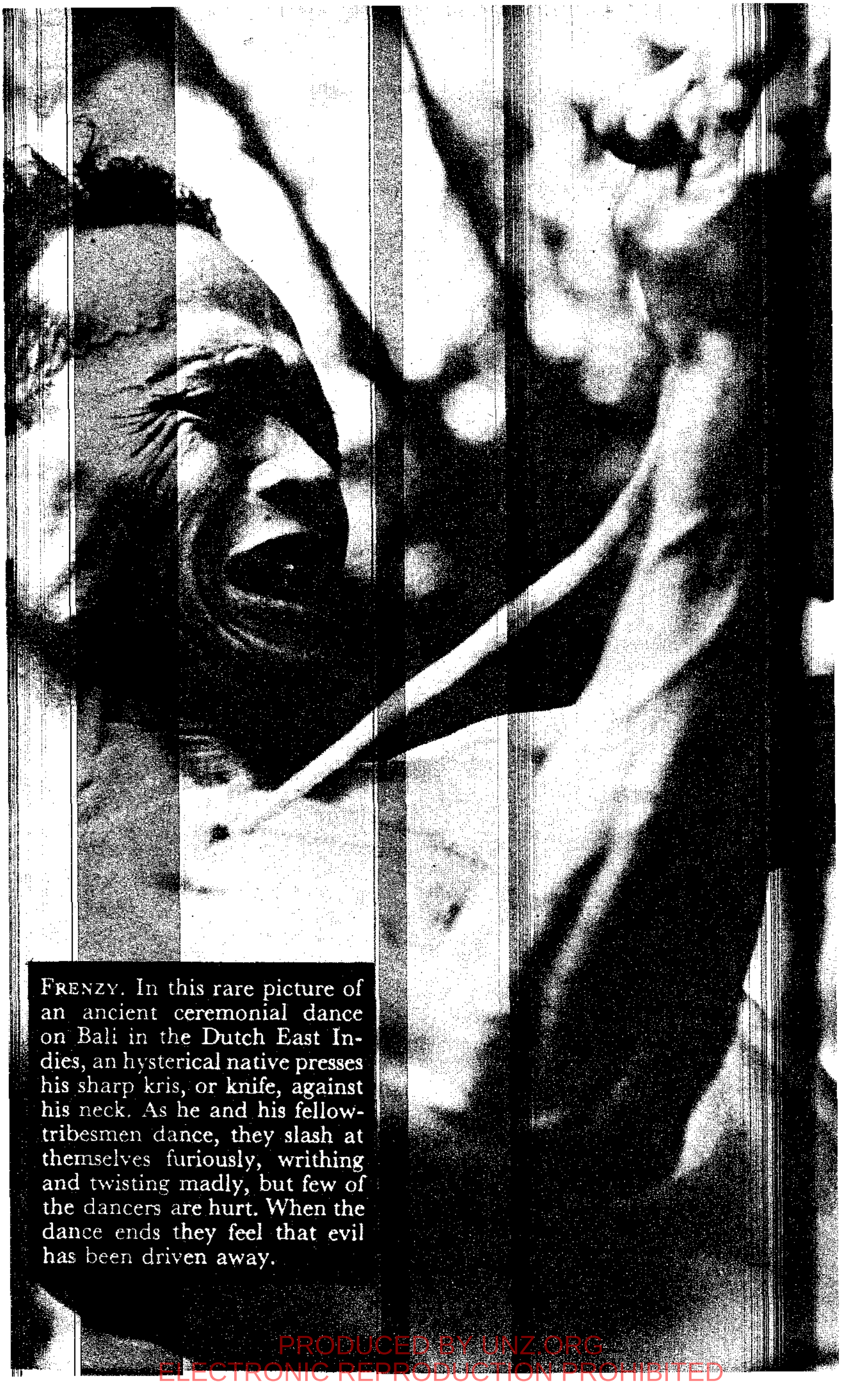


CATCH. This fisherman from Newfoundland, off the east coast of Canada, is not much prouder of the big fish he's holding than you would be if you snared a minnow in a bucket. Though the fish weighs about 100 pounds, it is only one of the thousands of codfish this Newfoundlander and his neighbors pull out of the North Atlantic annually. With other deep-sea fish, these cod are exported in batches averaging over 200 million pounds a year.

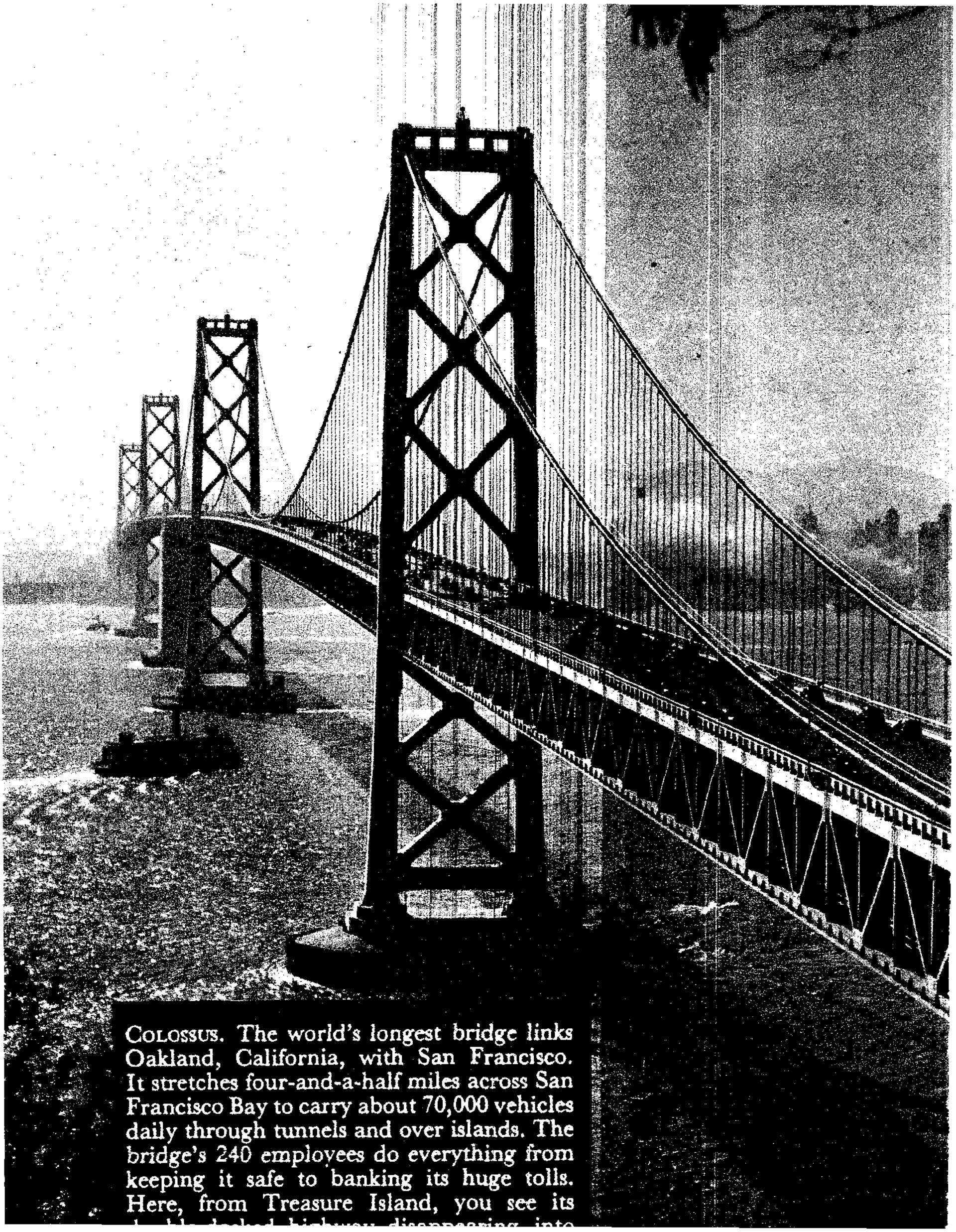
UCCESS STORY. Here is Ludwig G.
erraglio who, as a Boy Scout some 18
ears ago, was so fascinated by the stuff-
d birds and animals in the Brooklyn
hildren's Museum that he induced
e staff to let him make small repairs
n the Museum's specimens. In a few
ears he was good enough to join New
ork's Museum of Natural History.
ow one of the museum's ablest taxi-
ermists, his reconstructions of animal
fe are among the nation's best.







FRENZY. In this rare picture of an ancient ceremonial dance on Bali in the Dutch East Indies, an hysterical native presses his sharp kris, or knife, against his neck. As he and his fellow-tribesmen dance, they slash at themselves furiously, writhing and twisting madly, but few of the dancers are hurt. When the dance ends they feel that evil has been driven away.



Colossus. The world's longest bridge links Oakland, California, with San Francisco. It stretches four-and-a-half miles across San Francisco Bay to carry about 70,000 vehicles daily through tunnels and over islands. The bridge's 240 employees do everything from keeping it safe to banking its huge tolls. Here, from Treasure Island, you see its

Peace of Mind —at $1 a Throw

by **Caroline Bird Menuez**

Thanks to a group of public-spirited Philadelphia lawyers, the average man is assured of justice he can afford

THE YOUNG COUPLE WERE well into their second night of driving. "Look, honey," the boy said gently, "there's a lawyer still open. Maybe he can tell us where to go."

Inside they found a shadeless bulb glaring on a desk occupied by a pair of big feet. "We've just been married," the visitor announced unnecessarily. "My wife's father is sending the sheriff after us, and we thought we'd better give up."

The feet came down with a thud while their owner grinned engagingly. "Where you folks from?"

"From Pennsylvania, and . . ."

"Both over 21?"

The bridegroom nodded impatiently.

"Well," said the lawyer kindly, "getting married isn't a crime in the state of Pennsylvania. No one in the world can undo your marriage by law except yourselves."

Tears of joy brimmed in the bride's eyes. "And now," the lawyer continued briskly, "you owe me one dollar."

The adviser was no philanthropist with a heart of gold. He is simply one of a score of Philadelphia lawyers, new style, who, in addition to their regular practice, are solving the legal problems of housewives, mechanics and small business people, 80 per cent of whom have never consulted an attorney before. They do it by cutting legal mumbo-jumbo and passing the saving on to the client.

Flat rates based on $1 for each half-hour of the lawyer's time are hung up for all to see: writing a letter, $1; drafting a simple will, $5; preparation of a promissory note, $2; preparation of deeds, $15. Shyster stuff? Not at all. The nine offices in the Neighborhood Law Office plan are supervised by the National Lawyers Guild, which sees that they maintain a high standard of ethics.

"It's no game for legal geniuses,"

explains E. Thornton Jackson, Navy veteran who is cashing in on his prewar experience with the Legal Aid Society. "Some people don't think it's very dignified. But I'm earning a good living and having a lot of fun at the same time."

While he was speaking, an irate housewife came in to complain that her neighbor's little girl had kicked a hole in the back fence. In a moment Jackson had the prospective defendant on the phone.

"Mrs. White says that it was your little boy who started it," he reported, holding his hand over the mouthpiece. "She says he bet that he could get a frog to crawl through a knothole. Looks to me as if your kids were just hard up for games to play."

Within 15 minutes, both ladies agreed to pull down the fence and turn the back yard into a common playground. Fee, $1.

THIS SORT OF JUSTICE got going because enterprising Robert D. Abrahams of Philadelphia happened to graduate from law school at 19. While waiting to be admitted to the bar, he worked as a clerk at the Legal Aid Society. A long hard look at the law convinced him that its economics were all wrong. Even in New York City, lushest lawyers' town in the world, average net income for independent attorneys was only $3,000.

Meanwhile, Abrahams found lawyers were giving free legal advice to neighborhood butchers, bakers and housewives who would never have dreamed of walking into the forbidding offices his colleagues were trying to maintain. Every year, hundreds of these poor but honest citizens made the costly discovery that every man is presumed to know the law. Abrahams determined to do something about it.

"What the law business needs," he told friends, "is a chaperon."

Working with local judges, bar associations and attorneys, he evolved a plan for introducing the cloistered lawyer to the client in the latter's own back yard. A committee of the Lawyers Guild was formed to lay down rules. Charges are based on the time a lawyer spends; flat rates are low and public. Where contingency fees are allowed, they are clearly explained at the first interview.

On the theory that convenience to the client is more important than dignity for the lawyer, neighborhood law offices stay open evenings to accommodate wage-earners. Located on busy streets of Philadelphia's urban villages—near movies, dime stores and elevated stations—the overhead is low. There are no lush carpets, only a desk, a typewriter and a few chairs.

The central committee carefully watches office ethics through monthly reports of cases and fees. Criminal cases are barred. Lawyers must consider moral rather than legal rights in accepting business, and they are not allowed to bring frivolous or spiteful actions. As far as possible, disputes must be settled out of court. To date, only a few hundred of the thousands of neighborhood cases have required litigation. In return, the committee undertakes to find customers by publicizing the plan.

In the acres of row houses where Philadelphia's wage-earners live, little persuasion was required to sell peace of mind at $1 a throw. Soon, clients were beating down doors with the troubles they had formerly brought to the local political leader or druggist. Over there is Hsui King Soo, who wants to know if he can go into business as the Charley Chan Laundry. The wispy girl with the unset permanent has a drunken husband. Will he have to support the children if she leaves him?

A schoolteacher leaves smiling, relieved to know that the statute of limitations has shelved forever a promissory note which her estranged brother bought years ago but now threatens to revive. Two new arrivals have to stand: a Polish boy who wants to change his name before joining the Army, and a secretary whose new spring suit has been ruined at the cleaner's.

One third of the problems are in the field of domestic relations. On the day the first office opened in 1939, a Philadelphia newspaper sent a reporter to pose as an injured husband, prepared to pay the cost of unmarrying. Instead of suggesting what appeared to be a justified suit, the attorney gave him a $1 talk on the virtues of patience.

Ever since, neighborhood lawyers have been learning that the good will gained in reconciling divorce-seekers is worth more in cash than the lost fee. And its non-cash value to the attorney himself is something you see on his face when you ask him to tell about his favorite case. For one, it was the owner of a row of flats who came in with sagging stockings and uncombed hair. A hard worker with a business head, she managed the property while her college-educated husband ran errands.

"How much does it cost to get a divorce?" the woman asked, winking back tears.

The lawyer quietly gathered the information, then tried a long shot. "Why don't you go to the best hairdresser in town, then buy yourself a hat and a dress? You've got the money. And when you see your husband about business details, you might tell him that you'll have a hard time swinging the houses without his help."

Within a week husband and wife came into the office together. The difficulty: a disputed contract with the local plumber for repairs.

Some clients provide comedies, some tragedies, and a surprising number are simply crazy. One motherly looking housewife calmly announced that she was possessed. "This is not me, but my neighbor. What can I do to get myself back?"

Without batting an eye, the attorney promised to make out a writ of possession, to take effect in three days. As she bustled away happily, he turned to the next client, a salty, wizened old man who had been watching the exchange with amusement.

"We sure get all kinds here," the lawyer began genially. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing much," the old man replied confidentially. "I want to change my legal age. People think I'm 70, but I'm really 7."

NEIGHBORHOOD LAWYERS know they will never get rich, yet, like clergymen and doctors, they are finding that service and the respect of the community are rewards in themselves. Several Italian- and Polish-speaking veterans intend to make careers of neighborhood practice in their underprivileged foreign-language communities.

One of the most enthusiastic plan members is a retired newspaper employee who was never able to practice the law he had studied at night. Now he is having the time of his life, watching the world go by the rolltop desk he rents in a busy real-estate office.

"The real attraction for many of us," one lawyer admits, "is that you have to practice so much more than law." For instance, the wrong handling of Johnny Q might have launched the youth on a life of crime.

Johnny's trouble started when he "borrowed" $10 from his father for a down payment on a correspondence course in music he was afraid the family would ridicule. Fearful of discovery, and hounded by the school for the next installment on the course, he was ready to run away from home when one of his friends sent him to a neighborhood lawyer.

The attorney might have told him that the school could not enforce its contract with a minor. Instead, he called in the father. In the neutral atmosphere of the neighborhood office, the father agreed to pay for the course.

The Philadelphia plan has been such a success that movements are afoot to establish similar offices in other cities. The idea pleases everybody. The lawyers get professional independence with less than average risk, while clients get legal aid at prices they can afford to pay. The community, however, reaps the highest return of all: it gets a worthwhile social service which supports itself.

Payment in Kind

TOMMY LARKIN is a newspaper boy, according to a story by Dr. George W. Crane. Tommy, 14 years old, carries a route and does his own collecting. This is what is called the "small-merchant" plan, and is considered a good way to teach boys business methods.

"I've come to collect the 25 cents for the paper," remarked Tommy one morning as a customer, Samuel Murkins, came to the door.

"Fine," smiled Mr. Murkins as he took five nickels out of his pocket. Then, without a word, he threw one nickel out upon the front lawn. He tossed the second nickel on top of the porch, the third one under the steps, and the fourth behind the bushes. The fifth nickel he handed directly to the newsboy.

Tommy looked astounded, and exclaimed, "What did you do that for?"

"Well, Tommy," Mr. Murkins explained, "that's where I find the papers you deliver to me."

And thereafter Mr. Murkins' paper was always deposited squarely in front of the door—where Tommy Larkin expected to collect his money.

Sunshine

The Best Loved People in the World

. . . are most often those folks who remember their good friends and dear ones not only at Christmastime but also on those many personal occasions throughout the year—the anniversaries, the birthdays, the "special days" that mean so much.

This very month some friend or relative of yours celebrates a day you'll want to remember. A sister's birthday—a friend's anniversary—a cousin's graduation . . . What kind of gift will show that you gave more than passing thought to your remembrance?

In making your selection, you'll probably ask yourself these questions:

1 What gift do I know will be sure to please?

2 What can I give that will be beautiful as well as useful?

3 What gift will be a compliment to the recipient's taste?

4 What can I give that will bring lasting pleasure throughout the year?

5 What will I personally enjoy *giving?*

SEE HOW OTHER CORONET READERS ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

→

Your Best Gift Is Coronet

For answers to the gift questions on the preceding page—

READ WHAT THESE CORONET READERS HAVE TO SAY . . .

1. Sure to please

"After seeing how popular Coronet is with my family—with ages ranging from 7 to 63, I've made it practically a standard gift to my friends on any occasion. It's easy to give and never fails to get a warm reception."

—MRS. HAROLD DIXON—Janesville, Wisconsin, business woman

2. A beautiful gift

"The first inkling I had of becoming a Coronet subscriber was the attractive gift card I received announcing it as the gift of a friend. For sheer beauty of make-up and tasteful layout, Coronet has no equal in magazines costing under a dollar a copy."

—WAYNE GUNNESS—student, Layton School of Art

3. A compliment to recipient's taste

"Unquestionably a gift of Coronet is a compliment to the individual receiving it . . . for Coronet excels in color, humor, photography and down-to-earth reading—everything that contributes to well-rounded magazine fare."

—E. MURPHY—Indianapolis, Indiana, business man

4. A gift of lasting pleasure

". . . I'm still enjoying the Coronet subscription I received as a birthday gift last June—and I'm already dropping hints that a renewal of my subscription would be welcome this year, too!"

—MRS. LEA NATHAN—Chicago advertising executive

5. Fun to give

"Coronet first came to me as a gift, and now I find myself following suit. It's a treat to receive and a treat to give because I actually enjoy each issue more knowing my friends are sharing my enjoyment of it."

—MRS. E. E. CAMPBELL—Van Nuys, California, housewife

YES, FOR AN ALL YEAR ROUND GIFT . . . FOR ANY OCCASION

Your Best Gift Is Coronet

USE THE HANDY POST PAID CARD AT THE RIGHT TO ORDER YOUR GIFT →

Our human comedy

Laughter is a healthful tonic — good for young and old. So gathered here to enhance your well-being are some amusing bits from the everyday world

PETER LIND HAYES, the comedian, asked Burl Ives, who sings ballads about the outdoors, if he knew where he could get an apartment.

Ives replied: "Apartment? Boy, you're getting soft. Why don't you live out in the open air, let old Mother Nature cover you with a blanket of stars and have the blue firmament above as a roof?"

"Frankly," said Hayes, "I had in mind something a bit smaller."

—DAVID GORDON

* * *

MANY YEARS AGO, there was a famous girls' baseball team called the Kansas Bloomer Girls. One season the Bloomer Girls made baseball history. They had acquired a sensational pitcher—a brawny, spectacular blonde with dangling golden curls—whose amazing performances on the mound won the attention and admiration of sports writers and baseball fans all over the country.

It wasn't until the end of the season that the Bloomer Girls' rooters found out that their blonde pitcher had as much acting talent as athletic ability: the next season "she" signed a contract with the major leagues.

The Kansas Bloomer Girls' pitcher was, in reality, the immortal Smoky Joe Wood, who went on to become one of the greatest moundsmen in big-league history. He had attracted attention to himself as a fine pitcher by masquerading as a girl—probably the oddest beginning to a pitcher's career in baseball history.—BILL STERN, *My Favorite Sport Stories*

* * *

A NATIVE OF INDIA, in the United States for the United Nations Conference, was proud of his collection of turbans. He had six or seven which he wore according to his moods. His favorite was a pink turban which was about three feet long when unfurled. One day he sent it to a laundry, hoping they would take good care of his prize possession.

They did. It came back a few days later, beautifully laundered and starched. With it was a bill, which proved a great blow to the owner's pride. The bill read: "One curtain, 60 cents."

—DAN BENNETT

* * *

TRAVELING THROUGH the wasteland section of southern Idaho, a woman had driven all day without sight of a tree or stream. Houses were miles apart, and towns seemed virtually nonexistent.

In desperate need of water for her car radiator, she stopped at a forlorn homestead shack. A bewhiskered old man came out to meet her. "Water?" he said. "Sure you can have water, but I'll thank you to go easy on it. I have to haul it thirty miles."

"Thirty miles! Just for water? Doesn't that take a lot of time? Couldn't you dig a well and get water right here?" suggested the woman.

"Reckon I could, but y'see," said the old man as the shadow of a smile crossed his face, "I got more time than I got neighbors. If it weren't for haulin' water, I never would have any social life a-tall."

—*Holiday*

THE LATE LESLIE HOWARD insisted this happened to him in London, when he was getting acting experience in a repertory company. The company staged different shows every night, sometimes two different shows the same day.

On one occasion, when Howard forgot his lines, he rushed backstage.

"Quick," he said to the director, "what's my line?"

"Quick," retorted the director, "what's the play?" —DREW BROWN

A MAN SOUGHT medical aid because he had popped eyes and a ringing in the ears. A doctor looked him over and suggested removal of his tonsils. The operation resulted in no improvement, so the patient consulted another doctor who suggested removal of his teeth. The teeth were extracted, but still the man's eyes popped and the ringing in his ears continued.

Next, he visited a third doctor who told him bluntly, "You've got six months to live."

In that event, the doomed man decided, he'd treat himself right while he could. He bought a flashy car, hired a liveried chauffeur, had the best tailor in town make him 30 suits, and decided even his shirts would be made to order.

"Okay," said the shirtmaker, "let's get your measurement. Hmm, 34 sleeve, 16 collar—"

"Fifteen," the man said.

"Sixteen collar," the shirtmaker repeated, measuring again.

"But I've always worn a 15 collar," said the man.

"Listen," the shirtmaker said, "I'm warning you. You keep on wearing a 15 collar and your eyes will pop and you'll have a ringing in your ears."

—RED SMITH in *New York Herald-Tribune*

JUST BEFORE the late Will Rogers was to meet President Coolidge for the first time, one of Will's friends said: "I'll bet you can't make Cal laugh in two minutes."

"I'll bet he laughs in 20 seconds," replied Will.

Then Rogers was taken to meet the President.

"Mr. Coolidge, I want to introduce Will Rogers," said the friend.

Will held out his hand, looked confused, and then said: "Excuse me, I didn't quite get the name."

—DAN BENNETT

Special Feature

What I Learned about Russian Men

by ELIZABETH EAGAN

Here are the first-hand personal impressions of life in Russia today written by a typical American girl who has just returned to the United States after 2½ years in the Soviet Union. When she first arrived in Moscow—on D-Day—she had few preconceived ideas about the Russian people. In the months that followed, she came to know them as friends and neighbors, and to understand their day-to-day problems. Because Elizabeth Eagan was the first woman to be sent to Moscow on a diplomatic mission, and because the Russians were as interested in her as she was in them, her report has a fresh, intimate feminine viewpoint rarely seen in other accounts of everyday life in Russia. Her frank and straightforward story, which so well presents her personal views of Russian men—and women—will be the basis of a forthcoming book.

What I Learned about Russian Men

BY ELIZABETH EAGAN

BEFORE GOING TO MOSCOW, I had a double-image idea of what Russian men looked like—the same idea, I imagine, that a lot of other American girls still cherish.

My Russian man was a brawny, muscled, six-foot Adonis of iron, with arm forever stretched challengingly before him, clutching a sickle (or was it a hammer?). Yet at the same time, muffled somehow in the background, was the vision of a tall, handsome, dark-haired Czarist prince, with booted legs, military jacket and lots of gold braid.

Today, my double-image dreams have vanished. I have seen plenty of Russian men. I have talked with them, learned to know them, gone to parties with them, even had "romances" with them. And for the benefit of other American girls, I would like to report that the romantic vision of Soviet supermen is plain bunk.

I have seen plenty of Russian men, but few of them measured six feet—or even close to that. Of those in overalls, few looked very exalted, and the only sickles I saw were in the hands of women. Most of the men were in uniform when I arrived, but only fat generals' jackets fitted snugly. And even if I had run across a "tall and handsome prince," his charm could not have been for me, since Russian men live in a controlled State where romances with foreigners are snuffed out by rules and regulations.

For instance, I recall a Monday morning when I was coming into Moscow from my cottage in the country. I had ridden a commuters' train to the city's outskirts, then switched to the subway. The Metro cars were packed, so instead of finding a seat I hung onto a strap.

Now aside from the merit of spotlessness, the Metro has one virtue that you don't find in crowded American transportation systems. There are no mashers in Moscow. The prettiest girl in the entire city can ride the subway, and no matter how much she is shoved and mauled, she knows it was an impersonal shove, an accidental maul, caused only by the incredible 24-hour crush.

On this Monday morning, I suddenly became aware that someone was staring at me with greater intensity than the normal staring-at-foreigners. This man was actually flirting! I was more surprised than flattered when a second glance revealed that he was a passably handsome, black-eyed Red Army major.

I was surprised, first, because there aren't many passably handsome males to be found in the Soviet Union. Second, because Red Army majors should know their political catechism, which damns all foreigners. In today's Russia, no man, woman or child who fears the midnight knock of the secret police dares have much to do with a foreigner.

I forced my way through the crowded car to the handrail and got a good grip on it, along with a dozen other impersonal hands. In a moment my hand was "accidentally" covered by the major's. His glances might have been meaningless: this certainly wasn't. I moved my hand. So did he. I glanced sideways. He was looking at me almost with a smile.

I guessed that he took me for a Russian hussy. It was raw fall weather, and I was wearing a Russian scarf and an old raincoat. He couldn't see my shoes, standard office wear for Americans but a dead giveaway because Russian women's wartime footwear was in sad condition.

Anyway, it was fun flirting with a strange man in a strange city under strange rules—anonymously, with not even my nationality showing.

When I got off at my station, the major followed me up the stairs, through the crowd and across the square to the little street where I lived in the Finnish Legation, which was then rented to the Americans and constantly guarded by two State policemen.

As I neared my house, the major at my elbow, I turned to him with a smile and an unlit cigarette. "May I take a light?" I said in Russian. He broke into a self-satisfied grin, lit my cigarette, took my elbow and tried to lead his conquest down the street.

But I crossed the street, said good-morning to the staring guards, and tossed a farewell to the Russian major. I have yet to see a more shocked and startled face than his as he realized he had almost been caught flatfooted—guilty without question of being friendly with a foreigner! And especially, with a foreigner from that never-never land—America!

Now that I am back in New York, I keep recalling that inconsequential adventure. I keep reminding myself that, as a citizen of the capitalistic United States, I can do pretty much as I please, when and where I please, and talk with whom I choose. Those are freedoms that life in the Soviet Union taught me to appreciate more than I had ever appreciated them before.

I arrived in Moscow on D-Day—June 6, 1944—with a strong, posi-

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Elizabeth Eagan was born in Brooklyn but has lived most of her life in Montclair, N. J. After graduation from St. Lawrence University in Canton, N. Y., she worked for five years as a magazine fashion editor, then wrote advertising copy for a women's publication. She joined the OWI in August, 1942, and later was assigned to the Moscow Embassy. There she served as Moscow editor of *Amerika* and during her last year was cultural attaché of the U. S. Embassy. Now back in New York, Miss Eagan hopes to return to Russia some day, but adds: "I want a good long taste of America first!"

tive faith in our ally, a classless nation of vigorous and diverse peoples who were fighting their way back across the devastated Ukraine. I came home in December, 1946, with a simmering disapproval of the caste system, the police spying, and the hatred of foreigners in the Soviet State.

In those two-and-a-half years, I made many friends in Russia. I learned things about Russians that may have escaped newspaper correspondents. I got to know much about Moscow women that even Americans married to them do not seem to know. And no man could properly be expected to match the data I accumulated about Moscow's males.

I am not anti-Russian. I am anti-misinformation, because I believe that our lives depend on getting along with the Soviet government. And when I say "our lives," I include the Russians. I am also convinced that "getting along" can best be furthered by learning more about each other.

As Moscow editor of *Amerika*, the OIC-State Department magazine published in Russian, I did my official best to tell the Russians about the United States. As the first American woman sent to work in the Moscow Embassy, I had unique unofficial opportunities to demonstrate what Americans are like and how we live.

Now, and also quite unofficially, I want to put down in detail some of the interesting, exciting, exasperating facts about Russia that one does not find emphasized in the newspapers.

I left New York for Russia in April, 1944, by ATC plane, bucket-seat by day and ridged metal floor at night. I am a moderately friendly soul, not a helpless female, but I have seldom felt more friendless or helpless than on my three-stop flight from Teheran to Moscow.

Accustomed to the easy comradeship of the ATC boys, I smiled and spoke to my Russian pilot as we disembarked at Baku for breakfast. He looked right past me, never so much as flicking an eyelash. I was, to be British about it, somewhat taken aback.

At Astrakhan, our second stop, a husky Red Army girl traffic cop flagged us in from the landing strip. Ignoring the unresponsive male fliers, I approached her with what I hoped was a cheery greeting. I might have spoken to a flaxen-haired automaton. She literally didn't see me, though I stood an arm's length off. I wasn't abashed this time—I was crushed.

MOSCOW WAS not unlike what I had imagined, except that it sprawled so widely over the plain on either bank of the Moscow River. Its outskirts were simply clots of villages, close-packed, weathered log cabins, each clot separated from the next by open fields. Within this circle of villages lay the city proper, a wide smear of low brick buildings which give the city a distinctive dark-red color from the air.

I was met at the Moscow airport by two American male friends. Because they knew the Russians would be shocked by my slacks, they spirited me off to the Embassy where they made me change into a wrinkled, unpressed suit before they would take me to my hotel. So, before actually settling down in Moscow, I had had two lessons in how to live with the Russians.

The first, of course, was that foreigners, even Allies, weren't accepted as friends. The second was that ladies—in the Russian caste sense—do not wear pants. I had yet to learn just how rigid the class rules in Russia are, and how very difficult it is to make friends.

But I began to learn—and learn quickly. Perhaps my illusions about Russian men were naïve. For one thing, I had expected them to be tall. When I arrived in Moscow, almost all the men in the street were in uniform—Red Army, Navy and Air Force. But they were all short—far too short for me, with my five-feet-eight. Yet, I must confess, I found them quite exciting.

As I walked through the streets I stared at them with interest. And they stared back but without a glimmer, not even a gleam of flirtatiousness on their grim visages. Any American girl knows how to look at a man on the street so that it is understood at once just what attitude she wishes to convey; and she knows, too, what the looks given in return mean. American men look hard at American girls—right into their faces and eyes—with often a half-smile, friendly or flirty. It's flattering and fun.

But I missed all that in Moscow. After a few attempts I gave up expecting Russian men to notice me and talk with their eyes, and soon I was glowering right back into their square, dark, dour faces.

My OWI job made it possible for me to observe at rather close quarters the public behavior of Russian women, as well as the men. Generally speaking, there are three classes—Soviet classes—of women in Moscow. They can be distinguished at a glance by their clothes. Silver fox is the badge of the high official's or general's wife, or the successful actress. The secretaries and students, the white-collar women, favor mannish suits and silk prints. The working girls, unskilled and semi-skilled laborers at the bottom of the income scale (at best, about 500 rubles a month), wear square-cut, peasanty linen or cotton dresses with a turnover collar and cross-stitch embroidery.

Except for the ballerinas and some of the film and stage stars, few Russian women have what we call good figures. The average *Muskvitcha* is BIG. Really big but not tall. Heavy-boned, broad, with thick, shapely legs.

In wartime, during the winter, the white-collar girls usually wore dark fabric coats with narrow fur collars and small fur muffs. Beneath the coats they commonly wore wool dresses or suits and a couple of sweaters and, under the dress, cotton flannel bloomers over heavy wool underwear.

The shawled women, the factory workers, the street cleaners, the hod-carriers, the snow shovelers, have a second distinctive winter garment—a padded, quilted jacket which reaches just below their hips. This gives them a boxy look—ungainly and sexless—like walking pincushions. And to a woman, *Muskvitchas* wear *valenki*, mostly heavy gray felt boots that reach to the knee and double the size of their great calves.

Few Moscow women wear lipstick, except for dress-up occasions. All I saw was orange—or foreign loot. Orange is the only cosmetic color manufactured in the Soviet Union. Exceedingly few wore nail polish, also orange but light in tone. Their perfumes, again unless foreign, are heavy and sweet, almost barber-shop tonic scents, bearing such political names as Red Moscow and October Revolution.

About May 1, the ladies begin to peel for the summer. My first May Day was warm and sunny and I had gone for a walk around the Kremlin. Suddenly I was conscious of seeing again the normal outlines of the female figure. The girls had probably been shedding under-layers for weeks before sloughing the outer padding of jackets and coats. But to me it was a startling and pleasant sight to see legs bare of *valenki* and bare arms swinging as the big girls came jostling and giggling four abreast down the sidewalk.

DESPITE ALL one hears about "free love and promiscuity" in Russia, I never knew a Russian who took marriage or divorce lightly. Quite the contrary, and for a very simple reason. We in America think we have a housing problem. But we can't hold a candle to the Muskovites, whose housing shortage has had a discouraging effect on marriage. There is no such thing as an empty apartment in Moscow. Every square foot of space is assigned to someone, though it is possible to "buy" a room illegally—and pay through the nose for it.

Suppose a woman has a two-room flat—living room and bedroom. Her husband has been transferred to Kiev for two years. She cannot leave her job to join him, and she wants to buy a piano. So she decides to sell the bedroom and move into the living room. She sets the price at 20,000 rubles—a very stiff figure—because the "sale" is for life. The purchaser will be registered as her cousin, nephew or niece and will thereafter be the legal resident of that room. The seller is gambling that her husband will qualify for a better apartment by virtue of his two-year hitch in Kiev. If he doesn't, they will be stuck with a one-room home.

News of the room for sale spreads discreetly by word of mouth. The woman is besieged by buyers. She likes best the young couple who want to get married. But they cannot meet her asking price. So she settles for 15,000 rubles, 10,000 down and the rest on terms. After that the room is theirs, and they are luckier than most young couples.

Marriage almost always means doubling up in the home of whichever partner is less crowded. Often newlyweds move into a single room with parents, a brother or sister, or even another young couple. Whole families groan in unison when the bride announces she is going to have a baby. But the baby, on arrival, is not only adored but absorbed—somehow.

One might think that such crowded conditions would not only discourage marriage, but make for divorce. They don't. One *can* divorce a man—though the process is expensive and long-drawn-out—but one can't get him out of the house.

For instance, Tatiana goes home from the courthouse, released at last from the brute, but there he sits in his regular chair, reading the *Evening Moscow*.

"Hey, we're divorced!" she cries.

"Yeah? So what? Where do you think *I'm* going to live? Under a tree in the Park of Culture and Rest?"

Of course, if Tatiana marries again, she can bring her new husband in to protect her against the insults of her ex-spouse. And if he remarries, he can bring his bride home, too. So . . . as an apparent result, marriages are pretty well stabilized in Moscow.

Before the war, of course, one could get a divorce for a post card. And one could have an abortion simply by applying for it and agreeing to pay 10 per cent of one month's salary. Today a divorce costs 2,000 rubles, and an abortion—an *illicit* abortion—costs up to 10,000. Naturally, at those prices, there are few abortions and the birth rate is rising.

Of course, more births make for ever more-crowded quarters, but then, only really crowded rooms were livably warm in the wartime winter. No matter how tightly squeezed they are, most Russians shun the outdoors in cold weather. In summer, however, they flock to the parks, the river beaches, the outlying villages. Only men and wives with husbands can, with propriety, go to restaurants, but everybody can go picnicking and swimming, and go together. In the "all-together," too, with qualifications.

Americans seem to have an almost insatiable curiosity about nude bathing in the Soviet Union. Here's what I saw of it.

I lived one summer with some other Americans on the banks of the Kliasma River, in which we—with other foreigners, the members of a Russian summer colony, scores of Red Army convalescents from a near-by hospital and about 100 neighborly cows—all took a daily dip. Except for the children under 10 or 12 and a group of young men who swam in the raw a hundred yards or so from the rest, there was no nude bathing. However, there were very few bathing suits—unless what I took to be bloomers, rayon undershirts and bras are a new style in bathing costumes.

One day when I had gone walking along the river unprepared for a swim, a group of young people asked me to join them. I merely peeled my cotton dress over my head and dived in, in panties and bra. There was no comment other than that my panties were much briefer than theirs. I was as covered up as I would have been in almost any suit in America, but I couldn't have appeared that way back home.

The only really nude swimming I saw was after the war, at Batumi, a Black Sea resort. The beach was divided into three sections—*Ladies*, *Ladies and Gents* and *Gents*. Elma Ferguson, one of the editors of *British Ally*, a Russian-language weekly published in Moscow, joined me on the *Ladies Only* beach the first day.

We changed into our suits in little cabanas and afterward paraded out among the sprawling multitude of bronzed, naked Russian women. Our suits were more than cute—they were downright fetching. But after an hour of being stared at, we slunk back into the cabanas, stripped, and sauntered out again, feeling foolish but far less conspicuous.

A limp strand of barbed wire separated ours from the mixed beach. There, families sat around in odd bits of costume, eating pickles and buns and going for an occasional dip in the cold Black Sea. Up beyond them, another 50 or 75 yards, was the beginning of the men's beach where nude bachelors by the dozen were sunning themselves in absolute un-selfconsciousness.

Twice during our ten days there, newly arrived Red Army groups blundered—I'm sure by accident—onto our beach, clumping along in heavy boots. A shower of stones and a chorus of indignant feminine imprecations—"Louts! Lecherous ones!"—sent them running, with tunics flying, all holding their caps over the near side of their faces.

IF IT WAS DIFFICULT to meet Russian men at the beaches, it was quite the opposite in a Moscow night club. My first visit to one was within a few hours of my arrival. D-Day—the actual opening of the long-awaited second front—obviously called for celebration. I was invited to a restaurant for dinner and dancing by a group of young men—American sergeants in the military mission, boys who worked in the Embassy, a couple of engineers from the wilds of Siberia and a French sergeant.

We went about 10 o'clock. Earlier the place would have been empty. Just off Gorki Street we entered the Astoria, pushing by two Red Army men standing in the entryway with mounted bayonets. I got used to seeing these M.P.'s in all restaurant lobbies, and learned they were there to squelch fights that inevitably broke out among the hearty guests, most of them soldiers on leave.

The boys checked their caps with two bearded old men behind a coat counter, and we went up six steps into a brilliantly lit hall. I caught my breath, both at the gayety and the decor. The room was large and long, its ceiling held up by great columns ornamented with voluptuous stone beauties.

Along the right side of the room stretched a row of little cubicles made private by dark red draperies—and at the rear a mixed male and female orchestra was playing very bad jazz.

Almost none of us could speak more than a few words of Russian, but we managed to get served with enormous quantities of food and drink, simply by leaving the matter up to the waiters, who brought what the same number of Russians could put away. And that's a lot.

First we were supplied with two plates, one on top of the other, an array of silver and a myriad of glasses—vodka glasses, champagne glasses, wine glasses for red and white, and liqueur glasses. We started out with *zakuski*, which consisted of several huge plates of lettuce, lamb, chicken and potato salad, onions and cucumbers, all arranged in towering pyramids. Plus a big bowl of caviar, a little dish of chopped onions and great piles of white bread with little squares of butter.

With the *zakuski* came carafés half-filled with vodka. This—unlike the Russians who tend to dash it back against their tonsils—we sipped while we nibbled at the salad.

Such behavior! Every Russian eye in the room was on us. I could see that surrounding parties had stopped eating to watch us. Some walked casually by our table. Others, bolder, simply walked over and stood near us, getting a good eyeful of the *inostranki* (foreigners).

After our *zakuski* the waiters brought steaming cabbage soup. Then big, thick, juicy steaks—each with a fried egg on top. On the side, fried potatoes, fried carrots and dry, red Russian wine. For dessert there was ice cream with canned fruit on it, with which we drank Soviet champagne in tall Russian champagne glasses. We finished, three hours after we began eating, with demitasse of thick, black ersatz coffee. Even in a commercial restaurant like the Astoria, you couldn't get real coffee. But that was about all you couldn't get.

During all this time, between courses, and even between bites, I had been dancing with the Americans. Whenever we danced, the Russians withdrew to the side lines to watch and applaud after each number. Word spread that it was, without question, a *nastoyashaya Amerikanka*—a real American girl—who was dancing. That brought more onlookers and finally, probably as the result of a bet, a Red Army lieutenant came smiling to our table and inquired of my escorts if they had any objections to his asking the *Amerikanka* for a dance.

The boys all agreed that he might ask me, and I was enchanted. So we danced. He got a firm grip around my middle, stretched our arms straight out, and spurted toward the far end of the dance floor, his shiny black leather boots sometimes coming down hard—and there's nothing harder—on my feet. But he loved it and so did I.

When the music ended, my beau gallantly took my right hand in both of his and tenderly kissed it, looking me straight in the eye. Then he guided me back to my table, kissed my hand again, thanked the whole table for the pleasure, and disappeared.

That started it. My friends quickly made a rule that I might dance only every other dance with the Red Army stag line which swarmed about our table. Each Russian cavorted as ebulliently as the first, and each kissed my hand at the end of the performance.

Red Army officers far outnumbered civilians that night at the Astoria—and generally in Moscow night clubs, I was to learn. Many had their wives with them, bulging, drably dressed women, who were as energetic in the dance as their husbands. Some had their girl friends, and some had tramps—who looked just about like tramps anywhere, except that these had more than their share of shiny gold teeth and stiff-braced bosoms. They wore more of the orange lipstick than nice girls would—and, anyhow, nice girls did not go to restaurants unchaperoned.

Being the only American girl free

to go where I wished, I had numerous opportunities to learn about Moscow's night life. There were scarcely more than three restaurants open when I arrived. The Moskva was the hot spot during the war and afterward. It was the largest restaurant—with the largest dance floor and the biggest, noisiest crowds. It was rowdy and expensive and promised a *skandal* (fight or furious argument) at any moment.

During the war there was a 1 A.M. curfew. And strict. It meant that the Metro, all street traffic, everything but military movements stopped at that hour. The result was that the night clubs stayed roaring full all night long. The orchestras quit at 3, but the waiters kept on bringing drinks, and the celebrants guzzled themselves sleepy, quarrelsome or amorous until the curfew lifted at 5 A.M., when those who still could, made their way home.

Foreigners could get away after 1, often just by showing their identification cards, very impressive with big red seals. We Americans could argue that we lived just across the square. Once outside, we generally were able to talk the bayonet teams into passing us.

Though D-Day night was a special exception, I seldom went to a night club where Russian fighting men did not dance with me. Always, and punctiliously, they asked my escort's permission first, and generally they left me afterward. But on a few occasions, vodka-emboldened warriors heavy with medals braved the foreigner taboo and remained at our table to talk, and sometimes hopefully offered to take me home.

One cold blustery night, an American who lived next to me in the Hotel National knocked on the wall. He had some extra rubles, no desire to sleep and a craving for a midnight steak. Would I go to the Moskva with him?

We took a table in the rear, far from the crowded dance floor, and attacked our beef. But in the middle of it, a stocky, black-haired Red Air Force pilot came over to our table and asked for a light. Then he sat down and helped us finish our bottle of wine.

By the time the NKVD* (secret service) spotters caught up with him—all waiters were required to shoo Russians away from foreigners—we had decided to hell with it! We were a threesome and so we would remain.

For some reason, perhaps because the little pilot had about 20 medals jingling on his chest, we got away with it. He ordered a steak and vodka, scorning our wine, and talked about his friends in the French Normandie Squadron fighting in the north, and his dream of flying an American four-motored plane.

At 2 A.M., after we had eaten and danced till we were tired—the Russian pilot insisting that only he and the American *tovarisch* should dance with me—he said he had a friend we should call on. We left the restaurant, persuading him that it would be unwise to wake a friend at that hour, particularly with two foreigners. He agreed, but insisted it was much too early to go to bed. Besides, his bed was about 13 miles outside Moscow at an Air Force barracks and his only chance of getting there now was to hitchhike. Couldn't he please come home with us?

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*In 1946, the NKVD was succeeded by the MVD, the Ministry of Home Affairs.

So we let him. When we reached the hotel we again tried to send our pilot on his way, but he was just tight enough to be tearful, and he painted such a grim picture of icy roads and unfriendly patrols that finally my escort said: "Okay, tell him to come up and sleep on my couch. But it's on his head if he gets into trouble."

I translated, and the weepy pilot swore that nothing could be worse than going home. "Besides," he added ingenuously, "if they get tough with me, I'll just tell them I was drunk and don't remember anything."

We walked past the policeman at the door as if we didn't know each other and the pilot followed us upstairs, all of us tiptoeing past the little old man on night duty whose inquisitive, terrier-like face was buried in his arms; he was asleep.

Fingers on lips, constantly shushing our talkative guest, we made it unchallenged up the four flights to our floor, where we hid the Russian pilot around a corner while we awoke the old woman who served as floor clerk to get our keys. Barely waking, she handed over the keys and resumed snoring.

I went into my escort's room, where I helped him fix covers and a pillow for the hard little couch. As I left, the pilot was already out of his boots and stripping off his blouse. We never learned just how he managed to get out of the hotel undetected next morning, but he made it. Two weeks later I met him again at the Moskva. He was still on furlough and having a fine time. He danced once with me, but he didn't ask again if he could see me home.

BECAUSE Moscow's young ladies cannot be seen in night clubs without loss of reputation, home parties are a big social item. But they are likely to be crowded. Even a small guest list packs a two-room apartment. At that, it's safer for an American new to Moscow to attend a party where guests sprawl on the floor than a more formal sit-down party, for Russians take an unholy delight in ganging up on strangers at such affairs—just as Stalin's aides are reported to do at the big shindigs in the Kremlin.

My friends, Alexander and Olga (nicknames Sasha and Olia) once staged a party for six Americans and six Russians. We Americans parked a block away and arrived in pairs so as not to attract attention. The main room, about 12 by 16 feet, was crowded with furniture and guests. A dozen chairs and stools were drawn up around a big table and a small phonograph was squeaking out Russian jazz from a warped record. There were plates full of appetizers and black bread and, at every third place, a bottle of vodka and one of wine.

As soon as the last guest arrived, we were seated. Apparently there was no formal seating plan, but it happened that every American found a Russian on either side.

Then the toasts—and the fun—began. I knew what to expect. I saved my concern for an American major opposite me, a man who had just arrived in Moscow and obviously had not been told the facts of Moscow night life. He was flanked by two cute, chubby, ex-Red Army girl officers who saw their duty—and did it.

For once I was first with a toast—to Olia's mother. That started things. I had the woman's prerogative of toasting in wine and refused to be drawn into a vodka drinking bout with blond Sasha on my left or Misha, a dark, gay, big-eyed Red Army tank man, on my right. Instead, I kept my eye on the major.

First one of his pretty companions tapped him on the wrist and proposed a toast: "To the American Army and the Red Army." The major, being a man, had to drink the toast in vodka. Moreover, being a member of one of the organizations toasted, he had to drink it *do dna*—to the bottom.

Meantime, the girl who had wisely ignored the first toast had been stowing away *zakuski*, including a stable drinking-base of black bread. Three minutes after the first toast, she proposed a toast to Victory over the Fascists. The major drank another one—*do dna*.

He turned now to the pickled fish on his heaping plate. Meanwhile the first girl had practically polished off her first full plate of everything. Now she returned to the contest and, engaging the major in casual conversation, discovered he was the father of four children.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "in all the world there is no better toast than one to children. I drink to your children and to all children."

The beaming major agreed, and downed his third straight vodka in less than 15 minutes. He had scarcely touched his food, but his two companions were already at work on their second helpings. Now the other girl tried him out again.

"To DROOOOZHBA!" she cried with a flourish, holding out her small glass of wine. "To friendship between our two great peoples!"

By now the major was cocky. He winked at me. "Say—this is the way to drink. I could go on like this for a *long* time."

He did. The girls kept thinking up toasts that no gentleman could ignore—to Stalin and Roosevelt, to peace, even to health. The major was quite a man, but. . . .

The rest of us, knowing what our partners were up to, managed to drink in wine or not to drink *do dna*. The Russians were a little piqued, but when the party broke up at 2 A.M., the major was our only casualty. We got him out, with a helper under each arm and a silk scarf stuffed into his mouth to muffle the wailing baritone in which he begged the world to "bury me not on the lo-oone prairie-eeee!"

I WAS ABLE TO GIVE a number of parties myself when I was at last assigned to an apartment outside the Embassy. My three-room apartment in a Russian apartment house—with no police guard at the door—was a magnet for the curious.

All my simple furnishings were American. Being used to quarters crammed with big leather chairs, stiff settees, monstrous tables and hip-high beds, my guests were fascinated by the "emptiness" of my home. Best of all, there was room to dance. Other attractions were American jazz records and home movies.

My practice was to invite one Russian whom I knew and have him or her invite the rest of the party. That way there was no danger of Russians bumping into others they didn't know or couldn't trust. On one typical occasion, the entire party of five Russian men and four girls arrived half an hour early, just as I had smeared my face with cream after preparing the drinks—grapefruit juice and bourbon—which had less authority but more zing than the Soviet *Koktail* of straight vodka in which orange peel has soaked for 24 hours.

I shooed the men into the living room and the girls all flocked into my bedroom while I finished dressing. In five minutes they had tried on my hats and shoes, tested the bed by bouncing on it, gone through my jewelry box and experimented with my makeup, then rubbed it off and replaced it with their own orange glow. They giggled over everything, especially my quaint practice of wearing my slip outside my pink snuggies. I giggled too when they flipped up their skirts to show me how they tucked their white cotton slips inside knee-length gray bloomers.

I finally got them away from the dressing table and into the living room, only to discover that the five men were crowded into my tiny kitchen. One had pulled the refrigerator away from the wall and was examining the motor on top; another had the door open and was extracting an ice tray. Two others had discovered the pop-up toaster, and the fifth sat on the window sill taking it all in.

I held the ice tray under the tap, put the cubes in a bowl and refilled the tray with water. (Later I noticed that a first-time guest named Sergei went several times to the kitchen, pulled out the tray and tested the process of freezing with his finger. Thereafter, at my parties, Sergei was official iceman and no one else could remove the cubes.) For the toaster addicts I demonstrated with a slice of bread. They goggled with gadget worship and insisted that I take the marvel into the living room to show it to the girls.

Eating was always a problem at my parties because uncorrupted Russians eat and drink simultaneously and copiously. But I served only *koktails* before the movie with a plate of hors d'oeuvres, usually dainty round bits of white bread with a smear of cheese or a slice of Spam. Strange Russians would be aghast at this queer cup of tea. Drinks but no food except these piddling tidbits? But one of the regulars would usually take them aside and spell it out for them.

After the movie, I would serve an American buffet supper. This, too, stumped the uninitiated. The food would be put on the table—meat pie, biscuits, pumpkin pie, apple pie—and the chairs placed around the walls. One of my older friends would explain that, since Lisa had such a small table and so few chairs, each was to help himself, then sit down where he could. The consternation never lasted long. Russians are good picnickers and mostly we ended up cross-legged on the floor.

The more sophisticated of my

guests liked to smoke my cigarettes—one of them always requested a "Looky Strooky"—but incautious first attempts to handle our cigarettes ended in confusion. The Russian cigarettes are called *papirosi*, and are mostly paper. Each has a two-inch cardboard *mundstuck*, an individual holder, attached to an inch-and-a-half of cigarette. Russians, consequently, are "wet" smokers. When they smoke our cigarettes for the first time, they wind up with their teeth full of paper and soggy tobacco shreds.

Most of the Russians I got to know in Moscow didn't go to work until 10:30 or 11, and this always constituted another party problem. They never wanted to go home. At about 1 A.M., therefore, I would give the high sign to one of my friends and word would spread that Lizotchka had to get up at the ungodly hour of 8 and be at work at the unheard hour of 9, so it was time to go home.

They would finally go, noisily shushing each other, down the stairs and out into the blackout. Some would return at the next invitation. Others never came back. Still others would risk three or four parties before, their curiosity satisfied, they would decide they had better swear off foreigners before they got into trouble with the NKVD.

As I made friends among the Russians, I came to be invited to nice, small, spontaneous evenings out. Someone I knew would call up and say that a friend was in unexpectedly, from Odessa or Leningrad or Omsk, and wanted to meet a real live American girl.

And often I'd be asked *not* to wear "that drab brown dress"—which I valued because it made me relatively inconspicuous among my shabby Russian friends. "Come looking like an American," they would say. "Put your hair on top of your head, put on a lot of make-up and wear your red suit with the pale blue blouse."

So I would dress as directed and go. Feeling a trifle silly, like something from the zoo, I would meet the visitor from Omsk and eye him as covertly as he did me. But usually, the problems of language broke down our embarrassment and we were able to accept each other as friends of a friend. We would talk of rationing, of German atrocities, of the differences between our two great countries. But we never got much beyond that.

FOR A YOUNG *Amerikanka* traveling about Moscow, a car is a luxury, so I welcomed the use of an office machine. But I never drove more than 80 miles outside Moscow. Russian roads do not arouse the tourist urge, even if you have permission to travel. Plane and train are the only conveyances for long distances and, until the summer of 1946, even these were restricted to priority travelers.

A year after the war, however, a formal announcement from the Kremlin lifted travel restrictions, so Elma Ferguson and I decided on a Black Sea vacation and set off by train. All went well at first. All would have continued to go well, no doubt, if we had not decided to test the amount of actual freedom given a foreigner by leaving the Intourist route. Moreover, we decided to see how far we could get without using our foreign diplomatic-identity cards.

In Tiflis, where we had given ourselves 24 hours for sight-seeing, we met a pleasant young Georgian woman who suggested we take a picnic lunch next day to Gori, a three-hour train ride, and visit the birthplace of Stalin. We did. We saw the works, including the humble cabin where Joseph Vissarionovitch Djugashvili was born and which is now enclosed in a fancy Greek temple.

We walked, viewed and picnicked our fill and, with a couple of hours to kill before our 6 o'clock return train to Tiflis (which would give us just ten minutes to make our connection to Batumi), we were back in the station. Our guide had gone off to see about tickets.

When a big, double-chinned, oily-skinned man in uniform entered, we paid no attention until he addressed us jovially in Russian and invited us to go out with him to "see something interesting." The day was hot and the man's uniform was not trig. I recalled afterward that his hat was pushed well to the back of his head. He led us through a trim lawn-garden and through a charming rustic stone doorway to a near-by building which I thought was perhaps a museum.

We entered a rectangular room containing a long table and an official-looking desk. The big man gave us chairs, sat at the desk and, taking off his cap, tossed it top downward on the table. I stiffened. It was red and blue. An NKVD cap! Our jovial guide was really a lieutenant in the secret service.

I looked up at the window. It was barred. The door was shut. I nudged Elma. "Do you see what I see? We're in jail!"

The boorish lieutenant didn't approve of our speaking English. He growled: "You both speak Russian?" I answered that I did, but my friend only a little.

He smiled. He had thick lips and his smile wasn't friendly. "Very well, talk. Who are you? What are you doing here?"

I told him my name was Elizaveta Eagan, that I was an American from Moscow on my way for a vacation at Batumi; that my companion was Elma Ferguson, British, also from Moscow and going to Batumi. We had been routed by Intourist by way of Tiflis, where we had decided to make a side trip to the birthplace of Marshal Stalin. We had now seen the sights and were waiting for our train which would make connection at Tiflis for the Black Sea.

"Now," I said, "I see you are NKVD. Will you please tell me why we are being held here and how we are going to make our train?"

"Train?" He grinned. "You have no need to worry about trains."

He tossed a chuckling comment to a swarthy little man who had entered the room as the questioning began and was sitting silently. I took it that he was the local Communist Party secretary, just observing.

I began again pointing out that we were legal travelers with Intourist tickets, that Moscow had lifted wartime restrictions on travel, and that he had no right to restrain us.

"Now *Tovarisch Elizaveta*—" the lieutenant interrupted.

I interrupted right back: "I'm not your *tovarisch* and, to you, I am not Elizaveta. You will please address me properly."

That stung him. After a few flustered words in Georgian to the party man, he returned to the attack.

He asked for our passports. I told him he should know that Intourist had taken them away as soon as we registered at the Tiflis hotel, and we wouldn't get them back until we checked out.

By now it was nearing time for our local train to Tiflis. I said as much to the lieutenant and demanded that a decision be made. I insisted that, if we were to miss our train, I must at once be allowed to call Intourist in Tiflis and friends in Moscow. That stumped him. He said he would have to submit the matter to his *kapitan*.

"Bring on your *kapitan*," I said. "I'd like to discuss this phony arrest with him. You were going to show us 'something interesting.' Show us your *kapitan*."

Soon he came back with a tallish, sparse-haired captain. The lieutenant was talking volubly. The captain was looking worried. They stopped in the corner and held a conference in mumbled Georgian with the party man, then the captain came to the table and addressed me. He asked all the questions the lieutenant had asked, and got the same answers. Then he asked the one his fat aide had not: "Did Intourist route you to Gori?"

I admitted it had not. He shrugged. "See?"

"I do not see," I snapped. "Is it forbidden to go on a picnic without a special pass? We have ridden an interurban train up here from Tiflis to have a picnic and see the great Stalin's birthplace. What is so illegal in that?"

The outburst got us nowhere. Mumbling a few words, the captain left the room. At 15 minutes of train time, I insisted that the lieutenant go get *Kapitan*. He left. The party man left. The train came and left. Elma and I could hear it through the barred window.

I *was* concerned then. How could Intourist, or our Embassies, trace us? Had we got ourselves in a jam we couldn't get out of? I confess we were worried and scared.

Finally *Kapitan* and the lieutenant returned. They had questioned our guide. Her story agreed with ours, but they were taking no chances. We were not to be turned loose . . . yet. At this point, I knew it was time to play our trump card—and hope for the best. I pulled myself up, took a deep breath and let my words rip:

"Listen, Mr. Captain, I am a diplomatic attaché from the American Embassy and editor of the magazine *Amerika*, published by the Bureau of Information and Cultural Affairs in Moscow. My friend is a diplomatic attaché of the British Embassy and an editor of *British Ally*, published in Moscow. Now, are you satisfied?"

Kapitan studied us and his lean cheek twitched. Then he turned on the lieutenant with cold fury. Even in Georgian, I knew what he was saying. "Great grunting son of a pig! Look what you have got us into with your clever spy catching. Diplomats! Immune diplomats! No one can arrest them. We shall be lucky if this does not cost us both our heads."

I broke in on the captain by asking if we could go now. "But certainly, certainly, a great mistake . . . You understand, of course, you have not been arrested . . ."

Not arrested? Then how explain the missed train, the missed connection in Tiflis? If he had released us in time to catch our train, we should not have considered ourselves arrested. As it was . . .

Kapitan bellowed for the station master. In a moment the little man appeared. "The express to Tiflis—when is it due? Stop it!"

The little man answered calmly: "Impossible, *Tovarisch Kapitan*. The express cannot be stopped."

What look the *Kapitan* turned on him then I do not know, but I saw the little man's face blanch. "Yes—yes, *Tovarisch Kapitan*. I shall stop the express."

Ten minutes later Elma and I were installed in a luxurious compartment, having been handed up the steps by the bowing, scraping captain. Behind him stood the lieutenant, timidly smiling and bearing Elma's coat. The captain tried to make his last smile friendly.

"And please bear in mind, Citizens," he said, "that you have not been under arrest. One so humble as I, a mere *kapitan*, could not presume, you know, so much as to question diplomats."

I did not sleep well that night. I kept wondering what might have happened if we had not been immune diplomats.

No Russian has immunity from arrest, and the fatalism with which they undertook friendships with Americans often astounded me. They risked their jobs, ration books, even apartment leases by befriending me. I felt impelled, in turn, to protect them. There is no one I am more concerned with protecting than the man who bought my Christmas tree decorations.

It was my second Christmas in Moscow. When I heard that the Mostorg (Moscow's Macy's) had the ornaments, I couldn't stay away. Around the counter where the baubles were on sale, the crowd was five deep.

I had pushed well to the front when it dawned on me that I did not know the Russian names for these things. I looked around for help. On my right was a short, shoving, Red Army pilot. On my left a studious-looking, pleasant, dark young man in civilian clothes. Perhaps because he was at least five foot ten, I turned to him.

"*Bute-lubezni* . . ." I began — which means something like "Have the goodness . . ."

He smiled a really warm, attractive smile and said, "*Pazhaluste* — Your pleasure, Citizeness . . ."

I told him, first, that I was an American and, second, that I wanted to get some of the ornaments but didn't know their names.

"Merely point out what you wish," he said smilingly. "I shall do the rest with pleasure."

I did, and he did, and I thanked him. Then we parted—as simply as that.

About a month later I was in

the between-acts promenade in the Bolshoi Theater. He was standing on the steps. Our eyes met. I smiled and his eyes lit up. He nodded, ever so slightly. Here was a cautious one, I thought; he'll have no dealings with an *inostranka.* And I decided to forget him.

Later, after we had taken our seats, I swept the theater with my rented glasses and saw him. He was looking at me. I lowered the glasses and smiled. So did he. And that was all there was to that.

THE NEXT TIME I SAW him, perhaps two weeks later, was when I was enjoying a manicure and he was having a haircut in the hotel barber shop. We paid our rubles at the same time and he followed me out. Instead of turning toward the Embassy and its vigilant guards, I turned in the opposite direction and started walking purposefully—nowhere. Within a block I heard his quick step crunching on the snow-covered sidewalk and, glancing sideways, met his shy grin.

"The Russian lessons?" he asked in English. "How do they go?"

As I fumbled for an answer, he went on in halting but correct American. He apologized for "accosting me," and when I brushed that off by asking where he had learned English and why he hadn't used it at the Mostorg, he explained, now in Russian:

"I speak English, though not well, partly because I am a metallurgist and must read it, partly because for several years I worked as an interpreter for an American mining engineer in the Urals. Also, partly because my mother's first husband was an Englishman."

He stopped speaking, but his eyes twinkled. Then he added: "But you are the only American I have ever spoken to since nine years ago when the mining engineer was ordered home."

"You know, of course," he added, "that we Russians are discouraged from having contact with foreigners—that I should not be walking with you. Do not think I disapprove of such regulations. I approve. I believe it is a good thing to discourage Russians meeting foreigners."

I took issue with that. In a world grown small by virtue of radio and aircraft, I argued, all the world's peoples needed to know about all the others, so as to create peace and brotherhood.

"No," he said. "Our country is young. Our political and economic system is the most advanced in the world, but it is still not strong. We do not yet have physical comforts. Our people are not yet wise. Many might become overcritical if they knew how great is the difference between the way we must live and the way the big capitalistic countries do."

He went on to say that he felt no qualms about talking to a foreigner because he was quite satisfied with his life and his future. He could withstand the "temptation."

"But I'm no fool," he added. "I know I am breaking the unwritten law in walking and talking with you. Anyway, may I go walking with you again some day soon? Sunday at 5 P.M., say, on Gogolovski Boulevard?"

I said yes, and that I understood

by Elizabeth Eagan

the situation, but wasn't he risking a lot just to practice his English?

He flushed, then grinned shyly and looked me straight in the eye. "It is not the English. I would like to know you. So—shall we walk on Sunday?"

I said what any girl would. Yes. It was only after we parted that I realized we had not even introduced ourselves.

It is dark in Moscow in wintertime at 4:30, but we had no trouble finding each other for our date. We struck across the little park above Pushkin Square and out the boulevard. This time I took the initiative. Perhaps he already knew my name, but I said: "My name is Elizabeth. What is yours?"

He told me—Alexei—and asked me my father's first name. I answered William, and he told me his father's name was Mikhail. That put us on a very formal footing and we remained Elizaveta Vasilevna and Alexei Mikhailovich for the next several meetings. For we made other dates and walked miles through the bitter Russian nights.

It was at the third meeting that Alexei brought me a bundle of press clippings—stories about Russian women scientists, doctors, writers, politicians, soldiers. I explained that we got all these stories at the office, and he rather lamely excused himself by saying that he wanted to be sure I saw what marvelous opportunities the Soviet Union granted its women.

Suddenly I realized that I was being wooed. Alexei Mikhailovitch had a motive in trying to sell me on a future in the Soviet Union.

We walked all winter—once or twice a week. When spring came we were still walking, though we had got to the Lisa and Alyosha stage. But Alexei never came to my apartment and I never met him anywhere but on the street.

One day in May, we took a train to the country. We got off at a little village station on the edge of a birch forest and walked through the sodden leaves to a hillock just beginning to green. We ate our picnic lunch. Afterward we strolled through the sunlight into the helter-skelter cluster of log cabins that was the village proper.

Alyosha stopped a sweet, wrinkled old Babushka and asked her if there was a place in the village where we could buy a glass of tea. She insisted we come into her house. As we entered the old lady's cottage, I whispered to Alexei that he must explain I was an *Amerikanka*.

So he did, and she did not seem to fear me. Instead she beamed all over and, turning again to Alyosha, asked: "And you, boy, you are the husband of the young *Amerikanka?*"

Aloysha turned to me. "What shall I say? May I tell her, Lisa, that I soon shall be?" Then, in a swift outpouring of persuasive Russian: "Let me say it, *Dorogaya moya* —my dear. Will you stay in Russia with me—be my wife—join me and my people? . . . "

I had known it was coming. But this was—literally—too sudden. I lost the words of Alyosha's impassioned plea, but the gist was that he was offering me the greatest gift in his power to bestow: that I should, by marrying him and becoming a Soviet citizen, fulfill the destiny of modern woman by renouncing the false idols and ideas of imperialistic capitalism for world-wide communistic brotherhood.

I don't know, really, how I should have reacted to such a proposal—by moonlight, say, on the banks of the Moscow River, or even if it had been offered in a peasant cottage without political orchestration. But I could not help looking beyond Alyosha to Babushka. I saw her eyes darting from his lean, strong figure in his dowdy, almost-threadbare civilian "uniform" of shiny blue-serge coat and worn brown trousers to my old, but still firm and well-cut, mustard-colored tweed suit.

I realized, which Alexei had not, that he was speaking Russian and that Babushka had anticipated my answer with her eyes.

"Alyosha," I said, and I spoke in English but my answer was American. "Alyosha, you are kind, considerate and most patriotic. But I cannot marry you. Not for the reasons I see in the eyes of our hostess—not for any reason that would occur to you, because it has nothing to do with clothes or food or housing—not for the reasons you defend as justified in keeping Russians and foreigners apart.

"Believe me, Alyosha, I cannot marry you—" and here my voice almost broke, because he had never before looked so admirable, so almost-heroic, so dedicated—"because you do not really love me. You love Russia. You would love to make a convert. You want a disciple, not a wife."

I had got a grip on myself now. I was filled with a rush of recollections of Red Army men and women—fliers, foot soldiers, policemen, housewives, students—all of them living in daily dread of a visit from the secret police.

"I am an American woman, Alyosha," I concluded, "and I have bred in my bones the conviction that a man—or woman—is not born to serve the State but that the State is born to serve the man or woman."

It sounds a bit pompous as I write it, I admit. But I don't think it really was—in that old woman's cottage among the birch trees. At least I have never regretted saying it. And I think—I almost know—that there is today one man in Russia who sometimes wonders whether he too will ever have the pleasure of living in a State where people are free to act and think as they please.

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Quotation: 2nd Cover, courtesy of *Think* Magazine.

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VOL. 22, No. 2; WHOLE No. 128

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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 for one year; $5.00 for two years; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request.

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This Month's Cover: Although the figures and locale a imaginary in Mary Blair's gay band-concert painting f Coronet's June cover, they are based on long observation the American scene. "This particular type of subject has bee the source of material for many of my paintings," says M Blair, whose oils and water colors have been exhibite throughout the U. S. A native of Oklahoma, she received h art training in California and now lives in New York Cit

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OHN W BARTRAM
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